

# A New Senate

# MACLEAN'S

APRIL 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

## I HATE DOGS

By Robert Thomas Allen



WORLD'S LARGEST TOTEM POLE  
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

# Something new in Parker "51" that's hard to believe!

How do we tell you about this? A new Parker point in our "51" and "21" Pens that we know by test is even better than the points that have made those famous writing instruments the world's most-wanted pens! Would you *believe* this remarkable news? Enough to try one? You should. It's an experience!

Searching for a better way to finish the nibs of our Parker "51" and "21" Pens, the researchers in our laboratory not only *discovered* such a process, they also found that the finished nibs wrote much *smoother* than any pen points they had ever tried before.

► **The process: "Electro-Polishing"**

They learned that by immersing the regular "51" and "21" nibs in a spe-

cial solution charged with electricity, it was possible to dissolve even the microscopic roughness that might linger on the points of these nibs. Result—glassy, ball-bearing smoothness all around each point, *even at the place where the nib is slit!* A thing heretofore thought impossible by all penmakers.

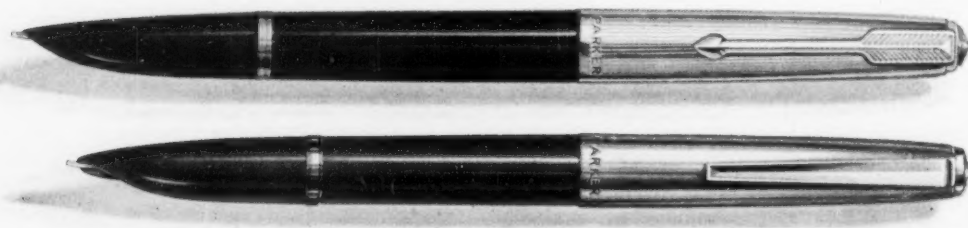
► **Another Parker first!**

These new Electro-Polished points are a *great* step forward. Greater than any mechanism change. You

write with the point of a pen, not with its filling mechanism, important as that is.

Try one of these new points soon! And remember, Parker is the pen name for the perfect gift. That's important for back-to-school giving, for anniversaries, or birthdays. The Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto.

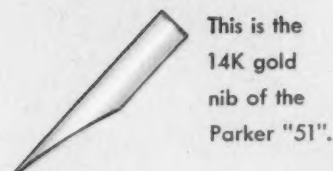
Parker "51" Pens, slim regular or slimmer *demi-size*, \$15.00 and up.  
Parker "21" Pens, \$5.75 to \$9.00.



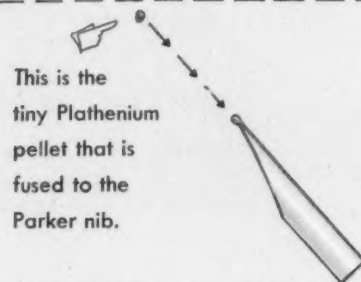
cial solution charged with electricity, it was possible to dissolve even the microscopic roughness that might linger on the points of these nibs. Result—glassy, ball-bearing smoothness all around each point, *even at the place where the nib is slit!* A thing heretofore thought impossible by all penmakers.

► **It's those Plathanium points again!**

What makes this possible is that tiny pellet of Plathanium (only Parker has it!) and its remarkable properties—among which is the now-



This is the 14K gold nib of the Parker "51".

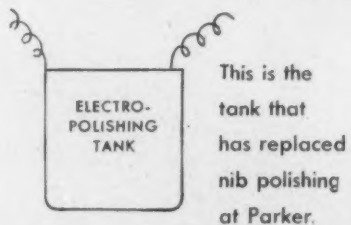
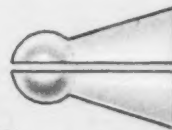


This is the tiny Plathanium pellet that is fused to the Parker nib.



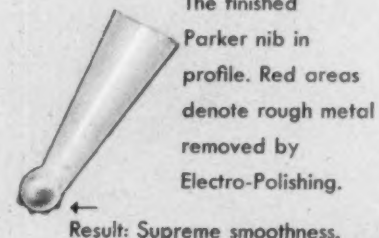
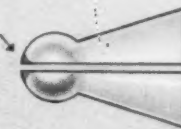
The nib is then slit to give it an ink feed.

Close-up of the slit nib. Note sharp tips, even after grinding.



This is the tank that has replaced nib polishing at Parker.

Electro-Polishing finishes the nib. Red areas denote sharp edges removed.



The finished Parker nib in profile. Red areas denote rough metal removed by Electro-Polishing. Result: Supreme smoothness.



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With 14kt. gold top,  
stainless steel back and 10kt.  
gold-filled bracelet, \$135.

In stainless steel, \$110.

Her watch, too, has a 17-jewel  
Challenger movement made in  
Switzerland's world-famous

**ETERNA** craftshops. The case is  
platinum, set with diamonds.

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### EDITORIAL

## Our Frosty Welcome to Richard Nowalinski

**W**HEN Richard Nowalinski came ashore in Vancouver last July 7 he knew he was breaking the law. He was entering Canada illegally—he admitted this quite frankly to Immigration officers the next day. He felt he hadn't much choice, for there was no country in the world which he could enter legally.

In his native Poland he would be guilty of the capital crime of having left, in 1949, to find a free country that would take him. In the intervening four years he had applied for legal entry in five countries; he had been refused in all five, imprisoned in four for the crime of illegal entry. He hoped Canada would let him in.

Nowalinski was released on a bond of a thousand dollars and had two weeks and one day of freedom, long enough to get a job with an employer who was pleased with his work and has been trying ever since to get Nowalinski back. Then his former employer, the shipping line whose ship he had deserted, requested that he be jailed to await deportation on one of their ships, and the Immigration authorities obliged.

For six months he sat in jail in Vancouver, waiting for the ship on which he was to leave Canada for nowhere-in-particular. The Immigration Department was willing to let him out for Christmas, but his employers the shipping company said "we regret that we cannot agree." On New Year's Eve they put him on another ship, and he's been trying ever since to find a port at which he could apply for legal entry into Canada.

General George Pearkes, VC, the Conservative MP for Esquimalt-Saanich, told this

story to parliament last month. Hon. Walter Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, answered in rather a reproving tone that if General Pearkes had given him notice, "we probably could have avoided this debate." Nowalinski was to obtain a visa from the Canadian Immigration Office in London, and Mr. Harris seemed to think it rather unsporting to bring up a case thus happily concluded.

We don't agree. Mr. Harris didn't explain the most puzzling question of all: why did it take so long? Why was it necessary to keep an honest man, a man whom we are now willing to welcome as a New Canadian, in jail for six months?

It is true, of course, that the Immigration Department has to be stern with ship-jumpers. Once a country becomes known on the international grapevine as a "soft touch" for stowaways and deserting seamen, the present trickle would become a flood. The end result would simply be to place a premium on illegal entry, by letting the stowaway in ahead of the hundreds or thousands who may be waiting their turn in the home country.

That's all right for people who have a home country. But what was a man in Nowalinski's situation to do? Where was he to turn, and where wait for the Immigration Department's mills to grind so slowly?

Surely we ought to have enough flexibility in the regulations to look after cases like this. Some country, somewhere, has to take refugees on trust for a while and give them shelter while their papers are checked and their stories investigated. It seems to us Canada could take a bigger share of this burden than she's taking now.

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Cover painting by Duncan Macpherson

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# INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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## new



## faces

**Never before** a refrigerator so lovely to look at!  
Its clean, new lines will give a fresh, new look  
to your entire kitchen. No other like it—anywhere!  
A refrigerator you just  
have to see!  
7 all-new models.

Smartest looking, most convenient  
home freezers ever! Work surface  
material can be applied to counter-top of  
all 4 chest-type models. Refrigerator  
styling in all 3 upright models.



## new

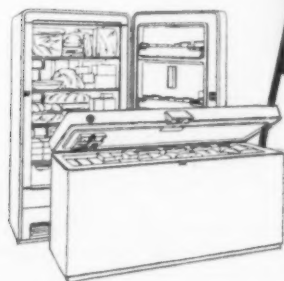
## spaces

**More room** for more food than in  
any other refrigerator—size for size!

Here's the refrigerator  
that was *planned* to hold tall bottles  
and odd-shaped dishes.

Planned to hold  
more of *everything*.

And planned to put it all  
right at your fingertips!



Still the World's Leading Freezers.  
All 7 models are real "space savers"—  
hold more food on less floor area. You eat  
better, live better.

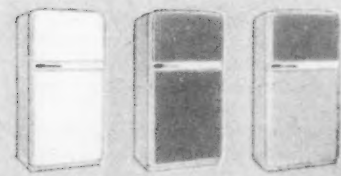
**Never before a door  
like this!**

Special 3-section door  
has exclusive "swing-  
out" mechanism to  
prevent warp, break  
or sag. Door opens  
flat and swings over  
other refrigerator at 90  
degree angle.



**New work-saving** refrigerator features include new  
automatic all-weather temperature control and push-  
button defrosting.

See the great new IH refrigeration line at  
your IH dealer's now. Available for 60  
cycle areas only.



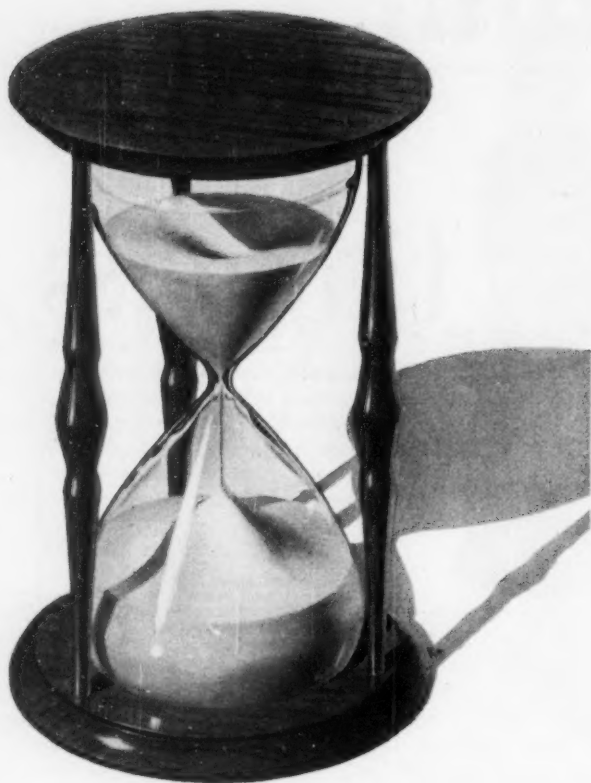
Door of refrigerator or upright freezer can  
be left gleaming white—or decorated to  
match kitchen color scheme. Top of chest-  
type freezer can be covered with work sur-  
face material.

Decorate if you wish



# International Harvester

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.



## TIME IS CANCER'S GREATEST ALLY...

ALL TOO OFTEN, a person who notices a symptom that could mean cancer delays seeing his doctor. In so doing, he allows cancer's greatest ally... time... to reduce the chances for cure or control.

You can easily see why time favors cancer when you consider its nature. It usually develops in just one place and as long as it remains localized, complete cure is possible by surgery, X-ray, radium and certain other radio-active substances.

If treatment is delayed, however, cancer can spread to many parts of the body and become incurable. This is why early detection of cancer is so important. While pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer, there are certain symptoms by which the commonest kinds of cancer can be diagnosed early. These warning signs are:

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

These danger signals do not mean that a person necessarily has cancer. Indeed, many people who suspect they have the disease find, upon examination, that they do not have cancer. However, the danger signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your doctor.

Being on the alert for cancer's warning signs is your responsibility in the drive for early cancer detection. In fact, Canadian authorities estimate that early cancer treatment saves the lives of thousands of our people in Canada each year, and many thousands could be saved if more people were aware of the danger signals of cancer.

Unfortunately, cancer often develops silently without noticeable symptoms. Here too, there is a safeguard—periodic medical examinations. These are particularly important for all men and women who have reached the ages of 40 and 35 respectively. The value of these examinations is underscored by the fact that half of all cancers occur in body sites that the doctor can readily examine.

You can deprive cancer of its greatest ally simply by acting promptly, should any of its warnings occur.



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"Cancer"

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## London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



### The bittersweet fruits of Berlin

ANTHONY EDEN had been to Berlin, had sat up late at nights with Dulles, Molotov and Bidault like chess players studying the next move and now he was back in London and here he was at the dispatch box opening the debate in the House of Commons.

But what has happened to the Foreign Secretary? Gone are the deep shadows under his eyes. Nor is his face drawn with weariness. His clothes have resumed that tailor's-dummy look which for so many years was the despair of so many of us.

But we did not send him to Berlin for a health cure. The world is sick and Eden is one of the physicians. What will he tell us about the condition of Europe, for it is still the heart of civilization?

For a moment we are tempted to hope that Eden's transformed appearance is due to some unrevealed success at the conference table, but that is unlikely. At any rate he looks like the Eden we used to know and we give him a friendly cheer.

He did not take long to dispel any hopes about something accomplished, something done at Berlin. Hardly was he on his feet before he said, "For those who took part in it the conference was frustrating, disappointing and at times near tragedy. But we did agree to call a Far East conference on Korea and we also agreed to discuss the war in Indo-China."

According to our individual vocabularies and outlook we can deal with that. If given to over-simplification one can say, "Birdseed!" or "Eyewash!" or something to that effect. Or if you are regarded as a bit of a wit you can say, "Tell me the old, old story." Of course if you are given to classical quotation you can mutter, "The mountains are in labor and a ridiculous mouse will be born."

After listening to Eden in public and some of our other chaps in private I agree that nothing tangible was accomplished in Berlin. Yet it is the intangible, like the imponderable, that so often affects human destiny. In fact we may yet find that this stalemate conference achieved quite a lot even though no such claims are made for it.

It may not seem vastly important but at least the Big Four spoke courteously in public and in private. Above all they talked! And what is also significant, Molotov answered questions without ever going to the telephone and asking the Kremlin for his orders.

Why do the nations so furiously rage together? Those words were spoken when the world was young, but they have been bitterly topical in the world of our time. It is something that the foreign ministers of Russia, Britain, the U. S. and France can sit down and talk together like civilized beings.

Yet nothing happens. Nothing is decided. Nothing is accomplished. One half of the world blames Russia for the lunatic condition of Europe today. The other half blames America. And for the moment I want to deal with the case made against America.

The Americans are bad propagandists. In fact they are experts in making themselves appear to disadvantage even when playing Father Christmas. Politically they have not the experience of the British nor the discipline of the Russians. Nor does the individual American who goes abroad—be he a civilian or a soldier—always remember that he is an ambassador for the U. S. A.

And even America's warmest friends cannot look with complacency upon the activities and extraordinary power of a man such as Senator McCarthy.

Therefore, when the Russians scream that it was America that started the cold war the whole world is apt to nod its head in at least partial agreement. But it is not true. The cold war was created by the decision of the Kremlin alone. America did everything possible to prevent it.

In 1947 Russia was asked to accept

Continued on page 103



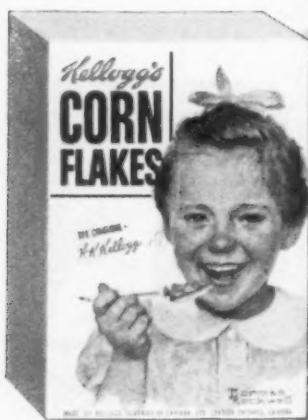
Amid the frustrations and disappointments, Eden posed with Dulles and Bidault.



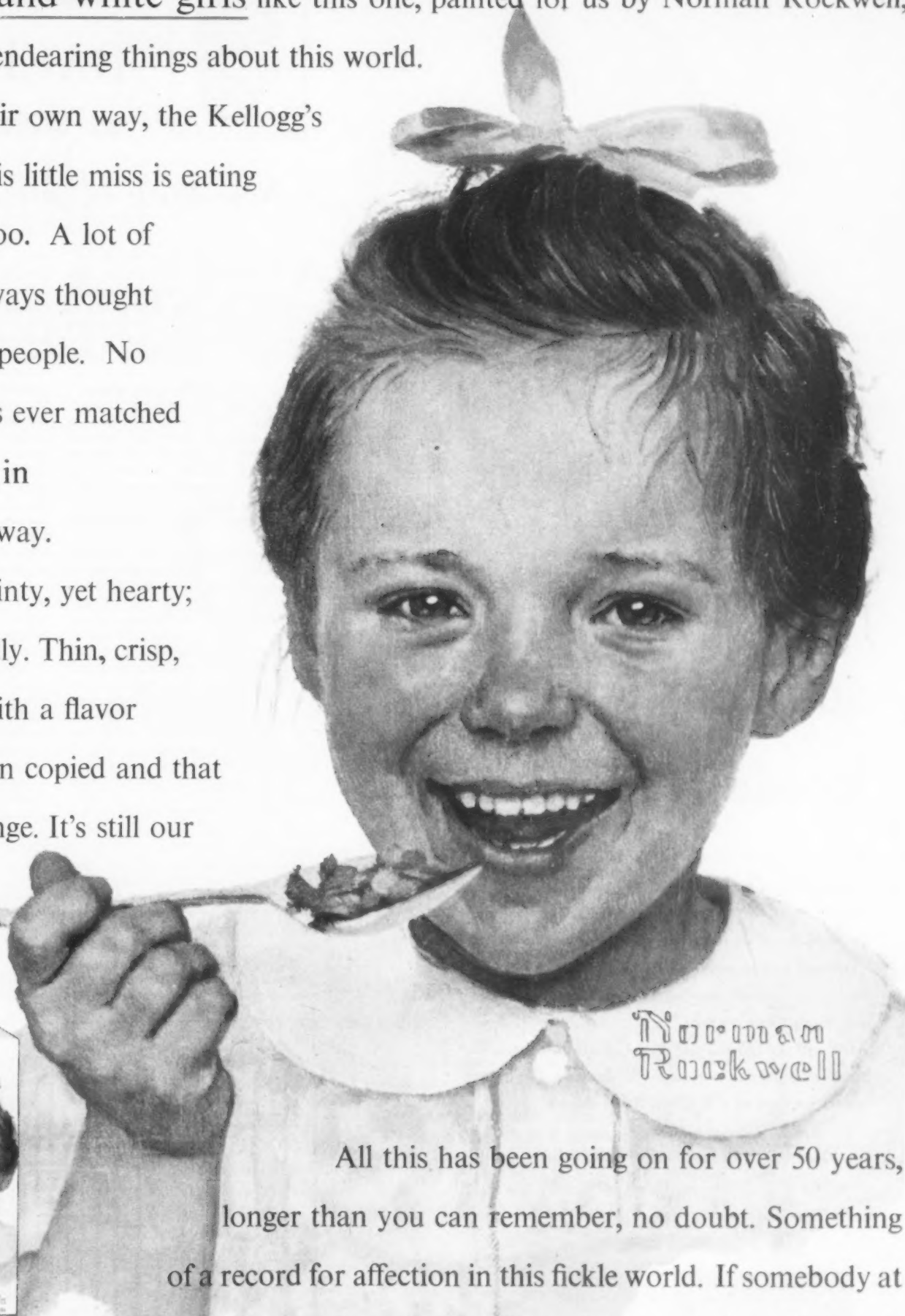
Little pink and white girls like this one, painted for us by Norman Rockwell, are one of the endearing things about this world.

And in their own way, the Kellogg's Corn Flakes this little miss is eating are very nice, too. A lot of people have always thought so, all kinds of people. No other cereal has ever matched peoples' taste in quite the same way.

They're dainty, yet hearty; fresh, but friendly. Thin, crisp, golden flakes with a flavor that's never been copied and that we'll never change. It's still our secret recipe.



Now on Kellogg's Corn Flakes packages—four Kellogg's Kids by Norman Rockwell. Pick your favorite; win cash prizes (\$2,500 first prize). Details on package backs.



All this has been going on for over 50 years, longer than you can remember, no doubt. Something of a record for affection in this fickle world. If somebody at your house got up tomorrow morning with his mind on Kellogg's Corn Flakes, would you be ready for him? How are you fixed?



## A question for married women

What will happen after your husband's Will is read? . . .

Will you, personally, have to struggle with all the details of Succession Duties, taxes, transfers . . . and raising the needed cash to meet immediate and urgent expenses?

OR will you be at the whim of a "spare-time" Executor . . . whose service will be at your disposal only when "time permits."

OR will the burden and worry of administration be lifted from your shoulders by the capable, kindly and expert services of a National Trust Officer?

We think women should have a say in who will be appointed Executor for them, or co-Executor with them. And we find that most husbands agree.

Your inquiries are invited.

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**BLAIR FRASER**

## BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

### *A New Link in our Penal Chain*

**A**DD TO THE Four Freedoms: the Canadian Automobile Association told the Government last month that "the modern car is part of the Canadian way of life, with Canadians convinced that owning a motor vehicle is a basic right."

WHILE the parliamentary committee on capital and corporal punishment starts work with considerable fanfare, another body is plugging away quietly at a somewhat similar task. This is the informal committee set up last November to advise the Minister of Justice on a system of granting remission of penitentiary sentences.

Remissions policy is the last item to be tackled, in the quiet cleanup of the Canadian penal system which has been going on since the war. Under Commissioner R. A. Gibson and his former deputy Joseph McCulley (now warden of Hart House at the University of Toronto) the emphasis in penitentiaries has been shifted from punishment to rehabilitation. By segregating young first offenders from hardened criminals and generally by treating prisoners as human beings the new regime in the Penitentiaries Branch has effected some remarkable "cures."

But a cure won't stick unless there's some way of getting the reformed man out of prison within a reasonable time. When he's been there long enough to feel the error of his ways, and when no more gain can be expected from confining him, the effect of keeping him in for years longer may only be that the whole effort of rehabilitation is wasted. Instead of improving further and becoming a useful citizen, he breaks

down in discouragement and goes back to what he was before.

So it's important to have flexible, well-co-ordinated machinery for letting such men out. Until lately this has been a missing link in the Canadian penal system.

Remissions—more than 1,200 in an average year—are granted by the Governor-General on the advice of the Solicitor-General. In practice the advice normally comes from a civil servant, the director of the Remissions Branch in the Justice Department. Up to last year this official was M. F. Gallagher who had small sympathy with the new program of the Penitentiaries Branch and whose attitude toward his own job was one of extreme caution, to say the least.

It was in his time, though against his advice, that ticket-of-leave was given to Red Ryan, a notorious bandit who committed a murder during an armed robbery before his ticket-of-leave expired. Perhaps because of this never-forgotten case, the policy of the Remissions Branch remained pretty rigid and unyielding for nearly twenty years.

Gallagher retired at the end of 1952. His successor is A. J. MacLeod, a young man whose personal relations with the Penitentiaries Branch and such welfare organizations as the John Howard Society are excellent. But all concerned now feel that this is not enough, that the time has come for a major overhaul of the whole system of granting remissions. This is why the advisory committee was appointed six months ago.

It's a very well-balanced group of men. The chairman is Mr. Justice Gerald Fauteux, who before he became a

*Continued on page 105*

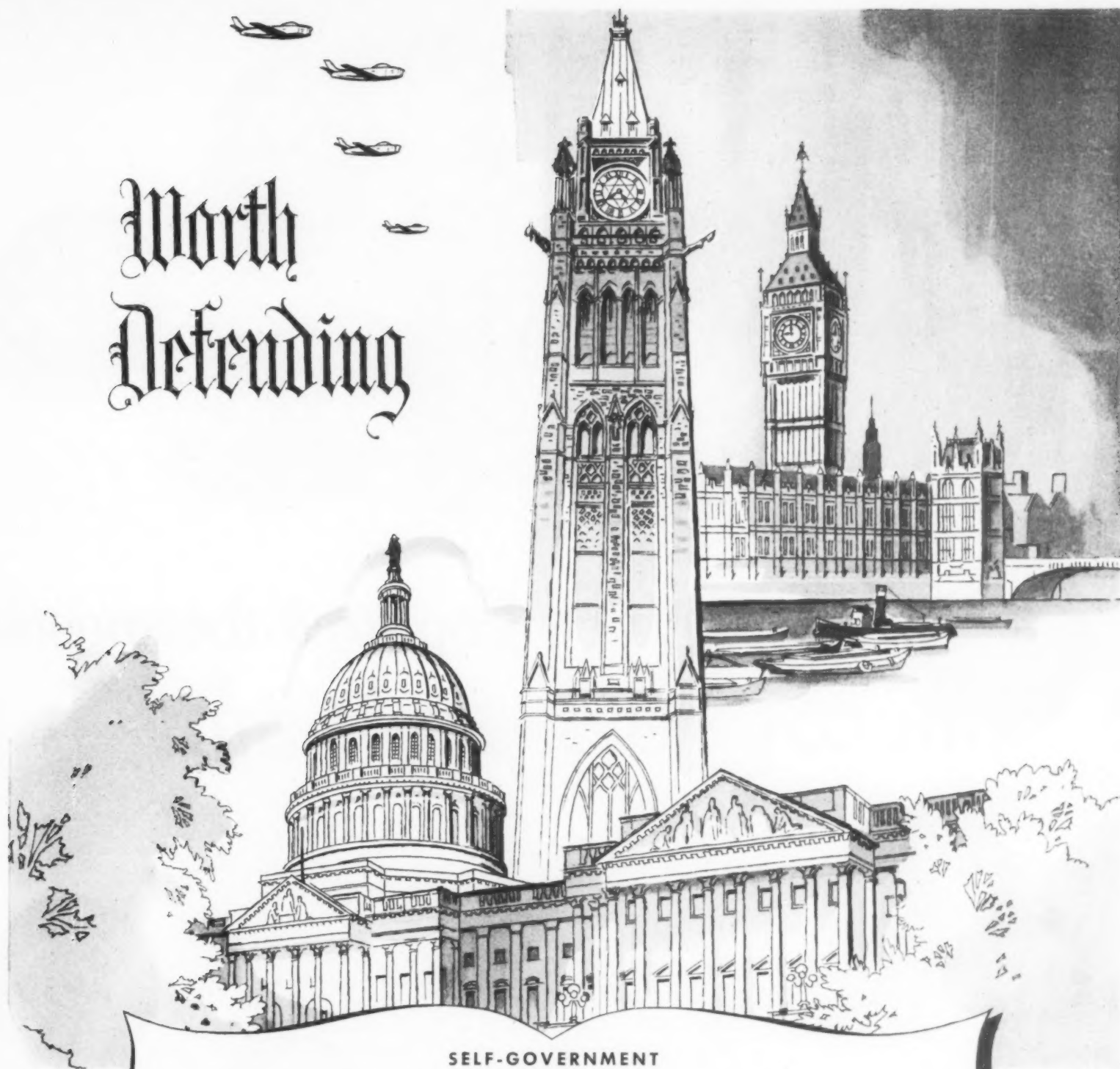


Cartoon by Grossick

A common-sense parole system can help salvage the first offender.



# Worth Defending



## SELF-GOVERNMENT

"... that government of the people, by the people,  
for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The whole point of democracy is the happiness and freedom of all  
citizens... not the glorification of rulers, races or creeds.

The responsibility of the government to the people is the cornerstone of  
democracy and the biggest obstacle in the paths of communism and fascism  
today; that's why self-government is *worth defending!*



## CANADAIR

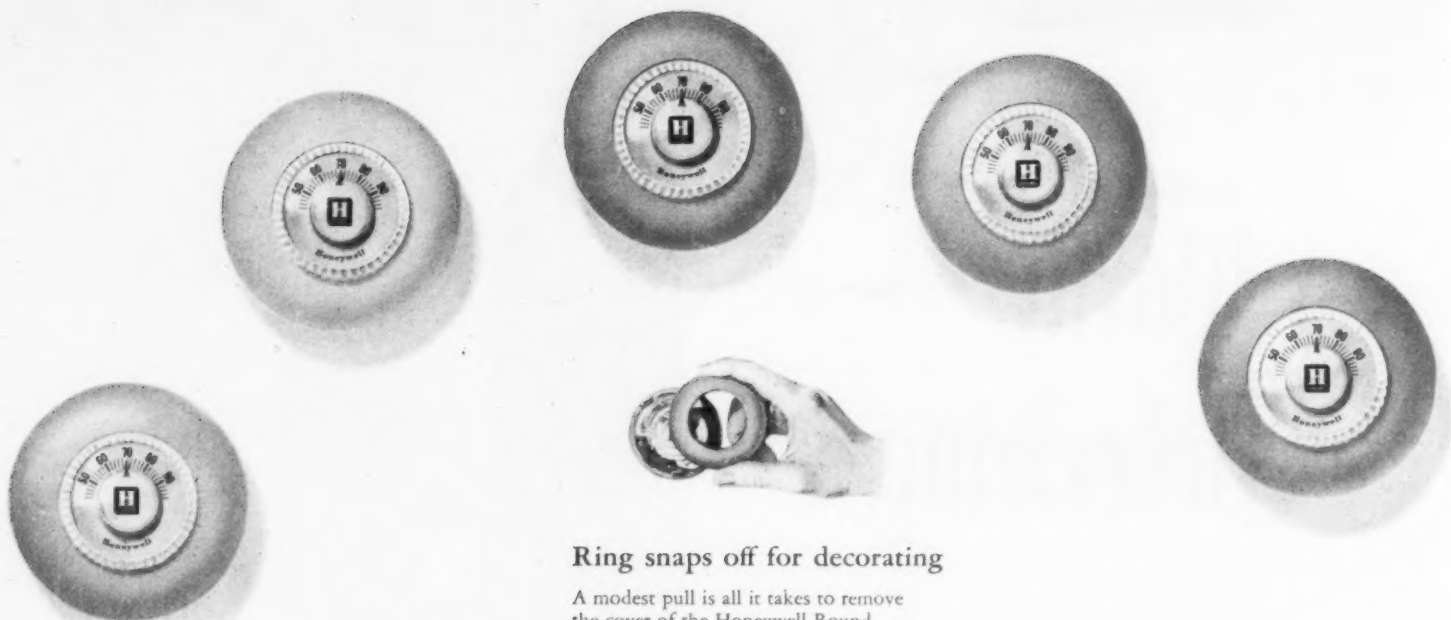
— AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURERS —

LIMITED, MONTREAL



ONE OF A-SERIES DEDICATED TO THE SURVIVAL OF FREEDOM — Reprints on request.

CAS4.



#### Ring snaps off for decorating

A modest pull is all it takes to remove the cover of the Honeywell Round. Long-life spring steel clips hold it firmly in place when you snap it on again.

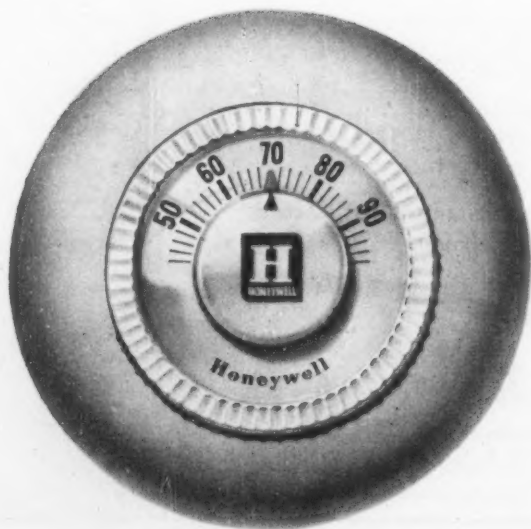
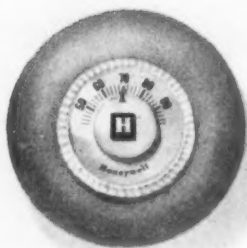


## A new improved thermostat



#### It's easy to paint

In just a few minutes the silver-bronze plastic cover can be easily painted to match your color scheme. No special paints are required.



#### Actual size

New, more visible dial and temperature indicators make settings easier. The Honeywell Round is available through any heating dealer.

**\$15<sup>35</sup>** plus sales tax and installation

\*A base plate (not shown) is also available at slight extra cost to cover any hole left by old-fashioned installation.





# that matches any color scheme— the Honeywell Round

*Here it is—the first really new idea in thermostats in years.*

It's now available—through your heating dealer—to replace the old-fashioned thermostat on your living room wall.

Different from any thermostat you've ever seen, its pleasing round lines lend themselves to any decorating plan. The snap-off cover of the Honeywell Round makes it easy to paint the silver-bronze cover to match any decorating scheme. This means you can paint it to blend with any wall.

And there are real improvements *inside* the Honeywell Round—engineering improvements that give greater comfort by cutting down see-saw temperatures, an enclosed, dust-free mercury switch to lower maintenance costs.

*What's it cost* to replace your old-fashioned thermostat with the Honeywell Round? Only \$15.35, plus sales tax and installation.\*

*When's a good time* to have the installation made? When you're decorating or having the furnace checked. But there's no need to wait for a special occasion. Your Honeywell Round can be installed any time in a few minutes, with no muss or fuss.

So why not call your heating dealer and have him show you the new Honeywell Round—the new, beautifully styled thermostat that's made all other standard thermostats obsolete!



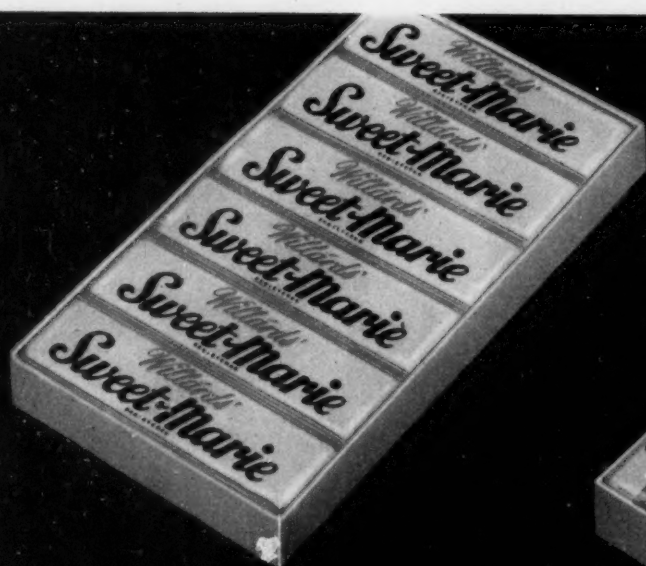
Designed by  
Henry Dreyfuss

Credit for the "new model" appearance of the Honeywell Round goes to designer Henry Dreyfuss. Known around the world for his work in design, Mr. Dreyfuss spent many months in research and design development for the new thermostat. The final result, as seen at left, was a thermostat wonderfully different, completely modern.

MINNEAPOLIS  
**Honeywell**



*First in Controls*



Make friends with...

# Willards

## NEW family-paks

Save shopping time—have your favourite candy bars, always handy in the new king-size Family-Paks by Willards. Your choice of several popular assortments. Whenever you're shopping—remember the family—with Family-Paks by Willards



WILLARDS — MAKERS OF FINE CONFECTIONS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 15, 1954



# A NEW SENATE

**As cries for Senate reform increase, Maclean's presents nominations for an entirely new Senate, chosen from all walks of life by a special panel of non-partisan contributors representing all ten provinces**

**E**VER SINCE it was created by the Fathers of Confederation in 1867, the Canadian Upper House has been under almost constant fire from all political parties. The latest burst of criticism came just a few weeks ago when the members of the Senate had their pay raised—without a dissenting murmur in their own ranks—from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a year. As a result the cries against the Senate sprang up anew—that it be reformed, that it be made more useful or that it be abolished out of hand.

Those who condemn the Senate claim it is used as a stable for retiring politicians or deserving party stalwarts. These critics believe senators should be named for talent and merit—not on political service to the party in power.

To find out what kind of a Senate we might have if appointments were on a non-political basis, Maclean's asked ten well-known Canadians of varying points of view whom they'd nominate as senators from their own provinces. It is a measure of the complexity of the Senate problem that the members of our panel—even though starting out with a clean slate and no axes to grind—couldn't reach agreement on certain fundamental aspects.

The ten members of the nominating panel are: Jack Scott, columnist for the Vancouver Sun; Basil Dean, associate editor of the Calgary Herald; Jim Greenblat, editor of the Swift Current (Sask.) Sun; Carlyle Allison, editor-in-chief of the Winnipeg Tribune; J. B. McGeachy, a member of the editorial board of the Globe and Mail, Toronto; Roger Lemelin, novelist, of Quebec City; Dr. George Frederick Clarke, dentist, poet, author, historian and archaeologist, of Woodstock, N.B.; Mrs. F. Abbie Lane, broadcaster and alderman, of Halifax; Dr. Frank MacKinnon, principal of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown; and Ruth Campbell, parliamentary correspondent for the St. John's Daily News, Newfoundland.

These ten could make good senators themselves. Novelist Lemelin agrees, and nominated himself "because my father would be proud," while Dr. Clarke nominated his wife because she has "sound judgment and is not swayed by sentiment." In general, Maclean's panel nominated a Senate remarkable for its variety, its youth and for the number of women it contains.

This new Senate would include four poets, seven journalists, six professors, a tenor, two painters, two historians, five clergymen, the world's strongest man, two publicity men, seven farm experts, a philanthropist, two scientists, five doctors, four novelists, two athletes, a labor leader, Miss Canada 1953 (and her runner-up), two generals, a wharf-sitter, two judges, a retired sea captain, a prison administrator, two housewives and a ghost. The more traditional occupations of senators are represented by four lawyers, ten businessmen and nine professional politicians.

Only two members of the present Senate, Hon. Muriel Fergusson, of New Brunswick and Hon. Cyrille Vaillancourt, of Quebec, are renominated. The new Senate would include Jews for the first time: Sigmund Samuel, Ontario philanthropist, and Abraham Moses Klein, Montreal poet and lawyer. Eleven women are nominated, more than double the number of women in the present Senate.

The oldest member nominated (Sigmund Samuel) is 86 and the youngest (Kathleen Archibald, Miss Canada 1953) is 19. The new Senate's average of 55 years is thirteen years below the present Senate's average of 68 years.

In addition to their nominations, Maclean's asked its panel to comment on the Senate as an institution. What they have to say—and they have a lot to say—covers most of the variety of criticisms made of the Senate since it was created in 1867. The major argument through the years, though, has been about the method of appointment where, for all practical purposes, senatorships have become the personal gift of the prime minister.

Basil Dean, associate editor of the Calgary Herald, made the point clearly: "The only thing wrong with the Senate is the way appointments are made. The authors of the British North America Act, when they wrote in the sections concerning the Senate, made a single grievous error: they assumed that governments, in appointing senators, would be guided by a sense of decency. It probably never entered their heads that any government would have the gall to go on appointing nobody but its own faithful hacks for eighteen years at a stretch and thereby so annihilate Opposition views in the Upper House as to make it a laughing stock."

Why has there never been any *Continued on page 112*

**TURN THE PAGE TO MEET THE HAND-PICKED NEW SENATE ►►**

**MACLEAN'S**

CANADA'S  
NATIONAL  
MAGAZINE

# Here is the new Senate chosen by ten well

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

Six senators nominated by Jack Scott, columnist, Vancouver Sun

**EARLE BIRNEY:** poet; professor; Vancouver  
**DOUGLAS HEPBURN:** weight lifter; Vancouver  
**ALFRED LAW:** retired locomotive engineer; Kamloops  
**DAVID ORMISTON:** old-age pensioner; wharf-sitter; Saltspring Island  
**JAN STEPANIUK:** farmer; Saltspring Island  
**LEO SWEENEY:** president, Sweeney Cooperage Ltd.; Vancouver



Earle Birney



Leo Sweeney

## MANITOBA

Six senators nominated by Carlyle Allison, editor-in-chief, Winnipeg Tribune

**R. H. G. BONNYCASTLE:** president, Stovel-Advocate Press Ltd.; Fort Garry  
**REX GROSE:** assistant deputy minister, director, Department of Industry and Commerce; Winnipeg  
**W. R. LESLIE:** superintendent, government experimental farm, Morden  
**W. L. PALK:** superintendent, T. Eaton Co. store; Winnipeg  
**D. BRUCE SHAW:** businessman; director, A. E. Ames and Co.; Winnipeg; Toronto  
**W. J. WAINES:** dean, Faculty of Arts and Science, University of Manitoba; Winnipeg



W. R. Leslie



W. J. Waines

## ONTARIO

Twenty-four senators nominated by J. B. McGeachy, editorial board, Toronto Globe & Mail

**D. W. AMBRIDGE:** president, Abitibi Power and Paper Co.; Toronto  
**DR. CHARLES H. BEST:** co-discoverer of insulin; Toronto  
**L. W. BROCKINGTON, QC:** president, J. Arthur Rank group of companies; Toronto  
**FAT CONROY:** former labor leader; labor attache, Canadian Embassy, Washington, D.C.  
**GENERAL H. D. G. CRERAR:** Canadian Army, retired; Ottawa  
**ROBERTSON DAVIES:** playwright, author, editor; Peterborough  
**MAZO DE LA ROCHE:** novelist; Toronto  
**JAMES S. DUNCAN:** president, Massey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd.; Toronto  
**H. N. HANNAM:** president, Canadian Federation of Agriculture; Ottawa  
**DR. ARTHUR E. M. LOWER:** historian; professor, Queen's University; Kingston  
**DR. C. JACK MACKENZIE:** president, Atomic Energy Control Board; Ottawa  
**J. V. McAREE:** journalist; Toronto  
**DR. EDGAR MCINNIS:** professor, University of Toronto

## ALBERTA

Six senators nominated by Basil Dean, associate editor, Calgary Herald

**DONALD CAMERON:** director of extension, University of Alberta; director, Banff School of Fine Arts  
**HON. MR. JUSTICE W. G. EGBERT:** Supreme Court of Alberta; Calgary  
**C. S. NOBLE:** farmer, inventor of the Noble plow; Nobleford  
**DR. E. P. SCARLETT:** chancellor, University of Alberta; Calgary  
**CHARLES WILLIS:** editor and publisher, The Stettin Independent  
**J. J. ZUBICK:** field manager, Aid Association for Lutherans; Calgary



C. S. Noble



Donald Cameron

## QUEBEC

Twenty-four senators nominated by Roger Lemelin, novelist; Quebec City

**PAT ALLEN:** grocer; Quebec  
**KATHLEEN ARCHIBALD:** Miss Canada 1953; Kelowna, B.C.  
**BONA ARSENAULT:** member of parliament; Bonaventure  
**BETTY BILLYARD:** Miss Canada's runner-up; Welland, Ont.  
**JEAN-CHARLES BONENFANT:** librarian, Quebec Legislature; Quebec  
**JEAN BRUCHESI:** historian; Quebec  
**CLAUDE CHAMPAGNE:** composer; Montreal  
**CHARLES DE KONINCK:** Thomist philosopher; Quebec  
**GERARD FILION:** journalist; Quebec  
**RAOUL JOBIN:** tenor; New York City  
**ABRAHAM MOSES KLEIN:** poet; lawyer; Montreal  
**ROGER LEMELIN:** novelist; Quebec  
**FATHER GEORGES-HENRI LÉVESQUE:** dean, Faculty of Social Sciences, Laval University; Quebec  
**HUGH MacLENNAN:** novelist; Montreal  
**J. A. MONGRAIN:** former mayor of Three Rivers



Georges-Henri Lévesque



Roger Lemelin

**JACQUES NORMAND:** TV star; Montreal  
**DR. WILDER PENFIELD:** neurologist; Montreal  
**DEAN ADRIEN POULIOT:** dean, Faculty of Sciences, Laval University  
**MAURICE RICHARD:** hockey player; Montreal  
**GABRIELLE ROY:** novelist; Montreal  
**FRANK SCOTT:** poet; professor; Montreal  
**JEAN SOUCY:** painter; Montreal  
**HON. CYRILLE VAILLANCOURT:** Senator; Lévis  
**MSGR. FERDINAND VANDRY:** rector, Laval University

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Ten senators nominated by Dr. George Frederick Clarke, poet, author, historian, archaeologist; Woodstock

**HON. NORMAN BUCHANAN:** Minister of Lands and Mines; St. Stephen  
**MRS. KENNETH CAMPBELL:** housewife; Saint John  
**MRS. MARY S. CLARKE:** housewife; Woodstock  
**HON. MURIEL FERGUSSON:** Senator; Fredericton  
**HARRY GREENLAW:** agriculturalist; Millville  
**EMERY LeBLANC:** journalist; Moncton  
**JOHN McNAIR:** ex-premier of New Brunswick; Fredericton  
**DR. R. R. PROSSER:** psychologist and psychiatrist; Fredericton  
**W. J. SMITH:** professor of economics, University of New Brunswick; Fredericton  
**ROBERT A. TWEDDIE:** director, New Brunswick Travel Bureau; Fredericton



Norman Buchanan



Muriel Fergusson

## NOVA SCOTIA

Ten senators nominated by Mrs. F. Abbie Lane, ex-newspaperwoman, radio actress and commentator, alderman; Halifax

**MRS. J. E. (ALLIE) AHERN:** housewife; Halifax  
**ERNEST BEATON:** superintendent, industrial relations, Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation; Glace Bay  
**CECIL DAY:** editor, Liverpool Advance  
**GHOST OF JOSEPH HOWE:** occupation and current residence unknown  
**BRIG. H. V. D. LAING:** secretary-treasurer, Maritime National Fish; Halifax  
**REV. NELSON MacDONALD:** United Church minister; Dartmouth  
**ISABEL MACNEILL:** superintendent, Ontario Training School for Girls; Galt, Ont.  
**JUDGE GEORGE MORRISON:** District No. 7 County Court; Sydney  
**MRS. MARGARET NORRIE:** farmer; North River  
**CAPT. ANGUS WALTERS:** seaman; Lunenburg



Isabel Macneill



Angus Walters

## SASKATCHEWAN

Six senators nominated by Jim Greenblat, editor, Swift Current Sun

**HON. T. C. DOUGLAS:** Premier of Saskatchewan; Regina  
**JAMES FRASER:** farmer; Pambrun  
**DR. OSCAR M. IRWIN:** physician; former alderman and mayor of Swift Current  
**ANDREW KING:** editor, Estevan Mercury  
**A. W. (PALLIE) PASCOE:** retired postal department inspector; Moose Jaw  
**ARIEL F. SWALLOWS, QC:** businessman; North Battleford



A. W. Pascoe



T. C. Douglas



# known Canadians . . . and Blair Fraser tells



Maze de la Roche



Healey Willan

RT. HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN: president, Canadian General Securities Ltd.; Toronto  
GLADSTONE MURRAY: public relations consultant; Toronto  
L. A. C. PANTON: principal, Ontario College of Art; Toronto  
E. J. PRATT: poet; professor; Toronto  
SIGMUND SAMUEL: philanthropist and connoisseur of art; Toronto  
B. K. SANDWELL: journalist; Toronto  
R. S. K. SEELEY: provost, Trinity College (Toronto)  
DR. SIDNEY SMITH: president, University of Toronto  
CHARLOTTE WHITTON: Mayor of Ottawa  
DR. HEALEY WILLAN: musician, composer; Toronto  
DEAN CECIL WRIGHT: dean of the Law School, University of Toronto

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Four senators nominated by Dr. Frank MacKinnon, principal, Prince of Wales College; Charlottetown

J. O. C. CAMPBELL: lawyer; former deputy attorney general; Charlottetown  
FRANK W. CURTIS: engineer; president, County Construction Co.; Charlottetown  
WALTER R. SHAW: deputy minister, Department of Agriculture; Charlottetown  
FRANK WALKER: assoc. editor, Charlottetown Guardian



Frank Curtis



Frank Walker

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Six senators nominated by Ruth Campbell, Ottawa reporter, St. John's Daily News

G. S. DOYLE: businessman; publisher, Family Fireside; St. John's  
RAYMOND GUSHUE: president, vice-chancellor, Memorial University; St. John's  
HENRY M. S. LEWIN: general manager, vice-president, Bowater's Pulp and Paper Mills; Corner Brook  
HENRY G. R. MEWS: mayor of St. John's  
ARTHUR MONROE: president, Fishery Products Ltd.; St. John's  
DR. JOHN McKEE OLDS: surgeon; Twillingate



H. G. R. Mews



R. Gushue

## THIS IS WHY WE NEED IT

The controversial life story of the Canadian Senate which was once happily described (by a senator) as the "finest old-age pension club in the world"

**F**OR EIGHTY-SEVEN years next July the Canadian taxpayer has been providing serenity and comfort for a group of elderly statesmen called senators, at a cost which they have just increased to \$1,020,000 a year. For almost all of that time Canadians have regarded their Upper House with varying degrees of derision and distaste and have discussed means of improving or abolishing it.

The Senate was not yet seven years old when, on April 12, 1874, the House of Commons first debated Senate reform. Liberals have twice made Senate reform a plank in their party platform, both times when they had been out of office for years. Conservatives, when they were out of office, have moved resolutions to abolish the Senate. So far all these debates have ended where they began.

Our Senate is still composed of elderly folk appointed for life, who need do no more to hold their jobs than make one appearance in the Senate every second year. Some years ago one centenarian was wheeled on a reclining chair once each year into a sitting he could neither see nor hear; this was enough to earn his annual indemnity. At the moment our oldest senators are a spy trio in their eighties but more than half the present membership is aged 70 or over and the average age is 68.

Most senators feel this situation merely guarantees to the Canadian people the fruit of maturity and experience. Three years ago Sen. Adrian Huggessen ventured to suggest a retiring age, but colleagues shouted, "Non-sense."

"If any member is not satisfied," said one, "let him resign."

The Senate spends less than half as much time in session as the House of Commons in order to draw the same pay. Last year, for instance, the Commons sat for 108 days, mostly of six and a half hours each. The Senate held 59 sittings that averaged about an hour and a half. Normally the Senate works a three-day week, with several adjournments of a fortnight or more in each parliamentary session.

Nevertheless the recent bill to increase senatorial indemnities to \$10,000 a year, to match the new rate for MPs, went through the Senate in 31 minutes and 27 seconds. Almost all of that time was spent debating a point of order. The Speaker later explained that there was no delay because there was nothing to discuss. All senators agreed that senators were entitled to the new scale of pay, which probably gives them more money for less work than any other occupational group in Canada.

Elsewhere, ten special contributors to Maclean's, one from each province, set forth their

own ideas of what should be done with the Senate and who should sit there. It's no coincidence that the contributors are laymen unconnected with politics. Politicians' views had become fully developed, and embalmed in the clear amber of Hansard, before Confederation was ten years old. By 1893, when the Liberal Party first made Senate Reform a plank in its platform, the argument among political orators and between the two Houses of Parliament had become as strictly formalized as a Morris dance.

The Senate's own view has been unchanged from the beginning. By and large it is well pleased with the Senate's record and composition. With few exceptions senators believe there is nothing wrong with the Senate that a little more attention from government and public won't fix. But senators have been aggrieved and puzzled by a certain lack, which they sense, of public enthusiasm for the Senate and its work.

"It is time we spoke freely on this subject," Sen. Alexander told his colleagues in 1882, "because the people could not elect a body such as the members of this House are, for intelligence and experience, and we ought to desire to raise the Senate in the public estimation so that they will love and honor this body."

## "The Gate To Extinction"

Senators have been speaking freely to this effect ever since. Recently Hon. Wishart Robertson, Speaker of the Senate, gave a radio audience five reasons why senators were actually more deserving of the new pay scale than were MPs. But although many other equally flattering appraisals can be found in Canadian political literature, most of them were uttered by senators to senators. Outsiders generally take a less indulgent view.

Occasionally even its own members have let the Senate down. Sir George Foster's entry in his diary, when he was about to become a senator, is recorded in Robert Hamilton's book, *Canadian Quotations*:

"I have today signed my warrant of political death. How colorless the Senate—the entering gate to coming extinction."

Others have been blunter and less elegant. The late Gerry McGeer, of Vancouver, soon after his move from the Commons to the Upper House, said, "It's the finest old-age pension club in the world." Sen. John Haig, Opposition leader, once said much the same thing to the scandalized Senate itself: "We members of the Senate are the highest class of pensioners in Canada."

But a year later the *Continued on page 107*



## THE WHITE AND THE GOLD • PART THREE

By Thomas B. Costain  
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

# "MONTREAL CAN NEVER SURVIVE"

Warned that the Mohawk waited in the far forests with gun and scalping knife, Maisonneuve still pressed on to where the broad St. Lawrence meets the Ottawa. In the shadow of a cross he placed on Montreal mountain, his settlers braved death to found a great city





On the sunny morning of May 17, 1642, Maisonneuve led his party ashore on Montreal Island. While a Jesuit said Mass, guards watched for the Iroquois.

**I**T WAS NOT strange that Hochelaga exerted a deep influence on those who saw it. Here two mighty rivers meet. The St. Lawrence, carrying on its broad bosom the excess waters of the Great Lakes, flows in a northeasterly direction on its majestic way to the sea. The Ottawa, rising in the northern wilds and gathering volume from the tributaries which empty into it, comes down to mingle with the St. Lawrence.

It is not a peaceful union. The Ottawa is like the irruption of galloping bandits onto the sedate front street of an orderly town. As though angry that it must surrender its identity, it flings itself into the waters of the parent stream with tumult and violence. It plunges down so bitterly that it cuts the land into many channels, thus forming islands at the point of union. To increase the drama of its last phase, it tears out hills and broadens into lakes and it cuts gorges through the high ground, and in places it tumbles so excitedly over rocky bottoms that it forms rapids where the lashing white waters boil and foam and set up a continuous roaring.

The islands thus created are, by way of contrast, peaceful and lovely; and the most peaceful and the loveliest of them all is the Island of Montreal. It is the largest of the group, oval in shape and thirty miles long, with a hump in its centre like a great natural sentry post which is called the Mountain. It was ordained from the first to be the site of a great city.

Montreal Island was known as Hochelaga when Jacques Cartier visited it and found so much to astonish him in the size of its Indian village. The beauty and fertility of this island on the sun-drenched slopes appealed equally to Champlain, although Hochelaga village had disappeared. The free traders who came up in their *barques* and *bateaux*, trolling their earthy songs and slaving for a share of the furs, were likewise impressed and awed. Here, they all agreed, was one of the natural crossroads of the earth; and here, if anywhere, the wealth of the new continent would collect so they could lay their avid hands on it. Here, in other words, was the

greatest natural trading post that the North American continent had to offer.

The story of the island which had been formed in the death throes of a powerful river had a magical effect in France as well. Men and women spoke of Hochelaga with reverence. They read the published letters from the priests who had gone out into the wilds and they pictured the meeting of the two rivers as a place which God had created for a much greater purpose than the stimulation of trade.

On August 7, 1640, the Island of Montreal passed into the hands of Monsieur Jerome de Royer, Sieur de la Dauversière and his good friend, the Baron de Fancamp. Although neither man had seen New France, both were devoted readers of the chronicles of the Jesuit missionaries; they had come to share a vision in which the far, exotic island shone like a cross in the wilderness, calling a pagan continent to the worship of the true God. To help finance the super-mission they envisaged, they formed a semi-secret organization called the Montreal Company.

The need was now faced for a man to act as governor of the proposed colony. It was realized that the right man would be hard to find, that in

addition to being a good soldier and administrator he must be animated by a religious zeal in keeping with the spiritual aims of the founders. Dauversière went to Father Lalemant for advice and found the latter ready with a candidate. "I know a gentleman of Champagne," said the Jesuit procurator, "who may suit your purpose." He then mentioned the name of Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a soldier who had fought with distinction in the Dutch wars, a man moreover of high character and clean heart.

It happened that the Sieur de Maisonneuve was in Paris at the time and living at one of the larger and more reputable inns. In order to judge of his merits at first hand, Dauversière took lodgings there also and made a point of eating his meals in the common room. One day the company around the long



Pilot's nose unerringly caught the scent of the redskin. And she gave her pups the same talent.

# I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE

*The story of the gold rush has often been told. But here is the fabulous Klondike through the eyes of a woman who went there to teach school, fell in love with the north and with a penniless sourdough, and stayed twenty-five exciting years*

By LAURA  
BEATRICE BERTON

## PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

I SUPPOSE in everyone's life there eventually comes a moment when one's future is suddenly changed. My own moment came one hot morning in Toronto in the summer of 1907. A voice on the telephone asked if I could leave at once to take charge of the kindergarten in Dawson City. As the salary offered was four times what I'd been getting I accepted immediately. Men rushed to the Klondike for riches; why not a 29-year-old school-ma'am?

My plan was to go for just one year and then return to Toronto. But I was never to live in Toronto again. I could not know that I would marry a sourdough, drive across the roof of the world in an open sleigh, spend a three-month honeymoon in a tent, raise a family in the north, float down the Yukon in a poling boat and live for twenty-five unconventional years in the unconventional little city of Dawson. If I had been transplanted to another planet the contrasts could not have been stranger.

I still remember my first sight of the town, as the stern-wheeled steamboat chugged around the bend of the Yukon River and the Klondike Valley lay spread out before us. Dawson lay sprawled along the beach and scattered over the hillsides—an odd untidy assortment of grey buildings. There were large square government buildings, innumerable long low warehouses, irregular rows of frame stores with rickety false fronts, two-storied log hotels, banks, saloons, dance halls and—tucked in everywhere, squeezed between shops, oozing out of alleys, squatting on the water's edge, overflowing the hills, clinging to the cliffs and the opposite shores—were hundreds of small log cabins and tiny shacks not unlike enlarged dog kennels.

I had been in both London and Paris in my youth and yet Dawson, a city then of around 12,000, turned out to my surprise to be the most cosmopolitan town I had ever seen.

There were Americans from every state and Canadians from every province. There were monocled Englishmen, Latin Americans, South Africans and Japanese by the score. One of my first escorts was an Italian who taught me to make spaghetti. I still remember the sight of a handsome turbaned East Indian who used to mush in from the creeks, standing erect behind a long team of huskies, the frost on his eyebrows contrasting with the brown of his face. Jock Spence, our leading grocer, had to order delicacies from all over the globe—top-grade anchovies, lobster, caviar and shrimp—to satisfy the town's expensive tastes. One drab little store on Second Avenue contained a



*We were so proud of that white cape of Miss Hamtorf's! This was snapped in Dawson in 1908 and we were going to a skating party.*





*This is the open stagecoach that took us 316 miles from Whitehorse to Dawson. It was fifty below and the trip took five days.*

glittering array of handmade French evening dresses which Madame Aubert, the proprietor, brought back each year from her buying trips to Paris. In another unpainted shop a little Japanese named Kawakami did a thriving business in silks, kimonos, parasols, incense, porcelain and lacquer work.

Dawson was not a beautiful city but it certainly had character. It was bordered on the north and east by the Yukon hills, on the west by the grey Yukon River and on the south by the famous Klondike. It had been laid out neatly on a checker-board plan but there was no real feeling of neatness about the townsite for the buildings all nudged each other crazily or spilled into back lanes and narrow alleys. Many of the houses were built of the roughest kind of lumber, often old packing cases. One had a front wall consisting of the entire stern of a ship. There were huts made of stripped poles cemented by mud and clay, others composed wholly of tar paper on a frame, and some made of gasoline tins opened up and flattened out. The neat log cabin with its mud roof and moss-chinked walls and its carefully notched and matched logs was the

aristocrat. There was one next door to the house where we teachers lived and it was an incongruous sight in the early summer to see the owner in his dressing gown on top of his roof at three o'clock in the morning in the bright sunlight, planting pansies and nasturtiums and schizanthus in the rich loam.

I had a curious experience on my first night in a Dawson boarding house, with what Klondikers called "telephone walls." In almost every Dawson dwelling the interior walls were simply made of cotton stretched on thin rough boards with wallpaper pasted over it. There was no plaster anywhere in the north. Through these paper-thin divisions every whisper was transmitted and each house was nothing more than a great partitioned tent. All night long—on this first night—my slumber was haunted by the heart-racking sobs of a young mining engineer, whose wife had died in a log cabin on the creek. Sometimes in my dreams today his sobs come back to rack me across the decades. His mother was with him through the night and I can still hear her serene and beautifully modulated voice reading the verses of *The Light of Asia* to him against the harsh counterpoint of his sorrow.

There was no building in Dawson that in any way resembled the solid Georgian mansions which I had known in Toronto. The major structures belonged to the rococo school of architecture common to frontier towns of the period. One night I trudged about town counting the saloons. There were twenty-eight of them.

Thus it was an eye-opener to me to discover that within this motley collection of log cabins and rickety frame dwellings, the most elaborate social events proceeded without cessation in the grandest Edwardian style. This transplanted sophistication existed happily alongside the simpler pattern of the basic sourdough society. I received my initiation at a reception at Government House given by the wife of the federal commissioner of the Yukon. I arrived at the door preceded by two gentlemen in morning coats and silk hats which contrasted strangely with the surroundings. They were mining engineers.

I can still remember this first reception: the immaculate Japanese servant in white who ushered me inside, my hostess in a gown of soft grey voile and lace standing aristocratically in the wide door-



*I used to take my kindergarten class for picnics on the edge of town. This was taken 42 years ago; I wonder where they are now?*

## We Spent a Three-Month Honeymoon at Sourdough Gulch



What memories these pictures bring! Here's Frank unloading all our belongings from the buggy after our wedding.



He carried everything into this tent, with its proud little Union Jack, and we spent the summer of 1911 in it.

## I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE

*Continued*

way, the silver salver piled with engraved calling cards, the two big rooms gay with pink-shaded lights and huge bouquets of asters, the tea served in delicate porcelain cups poured out by two regal women in hats which fairly dripped willow plumes, the buzzing crowd of fashionably dressed women and impeccably tailored men.

Soon I was caught up in the ornate labyrinth of Dawson society. As a single woman teacher I found myself a member of what was called, in Dawson, "the crowd who went out." This was also known as "the young crowd" and included anyone of any stature who wasn't married, no matter what age. There was indeed one government man who was over sixty but who was still considered a member of the young crowd.

The crowd who went out, went out every night. We went snowshoeing, skating, sleighriding and bobsledding. We went on elaborate sleighing parties. We sat on the sidelines in our best suits and huge hats at the skating rink, waiting for a young man to walk up and bow and ask, "May I have the pleasure of the next skate?" We went to fancy-dress winter carnivals, dressed as old-fashioned widows complete with weeds, or as French nursemaids in starched apron and cap, complete with pram and dummy baby. We went on fast dogsled rides with two to five dogs to a team, wearing long heavy dresses and French-Canadian scarlet toques, and when the night was over we lay down in the moonlight and made angels in the deep snow. We were, needless to say, fully chaperoned.

When the snow fled and the perpetual daylight of summer was upon us we went hill climbing. June 21, the summer solstice, was a day of considerable celebration in Dawson. It was the habit of the entire town to climb the eighteen-hundred-foot Midnight Dome behind Dawson and celebrate this longest day of the year with an all-night picnic. We left town usually about ten, wearing the absurd clothes of the period, so unsuitable for mountain climbing. None of us wore skirts less than an inch from the ground, for the Bloomer Age had passed and slacks, of course, were unheard of. As it was warm we wore a simple white shirtwaist and carried a "shortie coat" in case it grew chilly. There were no roads up the Dome but plenty of narrow trails built by those pioneers who preferred to live far

from the madding crowd. Up we climbed, our skirts dragging in the mud left by the spring freshets, until we reached the top where at midnight we amused ourselves taking photographs and picnicking until three or four in the morning.

There was always a smattering of the young crowd at the great formal dinner parties that continued to surprise me with their lavishness. We sat down at long polished mahogany or oak tables, covered in net or fine Irish linen and proceeded through eight-course meals served from Limoges china and accompanied by wines and liqueurs. We went from canapes to clear soup to fish to salad to wild duck to brandy pudding to fruit to nuts. There were always place cards and specially made shades for the lamps and the invariable artificial flowers in great bouquets at the table. These were purchased from Turner Townsend, the local florist, who in turn bought them from the wholesale milliner-supply companies Outside (as we called the rest of the world) and fashioned them into exquisite arrangements. After dinner we played auction bridge. There were elaborate prizes: sterling cigarette cases, good pieces of china, sterling salts and peppers, teaspoons with nugget handles. In short, we lived to

the hilt and nothing was too good for us.

We saw a good deal of a group of young Englishmen of the peculiar stamp one finds, or is supposed to find, in the far places of the earth. One of my most frequent escorts was an immaculate man named Howard Grestock whose family were prosperous London jewelers. I suppose he was a remittance man. He never seemed to work at any regular employment. He lived alone in a log cabin, seldom rose until early afternoon, dressed leisurely and carefully, then strolled down to the Dawson Amateur Athletic Association where he played poker until the small hours of the following morning.

Then there was Fred Chute, another Englishman of impeccable manner. He, too, played poker and occasionally did a little mining. He came into a title—a baronetcy I think—during this period but refused to use it. He tried to keep it a secret but as usual the whole town knew the details almost as soon as he did.

Another who was a member of the young crowd was E. H. Searle, the scion of a wealthy coal-owning family, a public-school boy and a champion cricketer. His entire energy and fortunes were bound up in a mine called the Lone Star. For all of



Dawson had an almost unbelievable social life for a town so remote. Dances were held in the grandest Edwardian style. This was the Bal Poudre, a lavish annual event.





*I posed for Frank holding this book but I never remember reading it.*



*I was kept busy sewing, baking bread and going berry-picking.*



*I even tried panning for gold but really I had my hands full just becoming a housewife.*

my time in the Yukon, Searle kept working away on his mine without success, his money slowly dwindling away, his hopes ebbing. His family in England kept writing him, pleading with him to come home, but he refused to return a defeated man. His bones lie in a Yukon grave today.

I had decided to go to the Klondike for one year but at the end of this trial period I found myself wedded to the country and I had no thought of leaving. The contrasts between my old sheltered Toronto existence and the new one I had chosen were brought home to me in striking fashion one bright summer's day almost exactly a year after I had first made my decision to go north. I, who had been carefully reared to observe every Victorian propriety, spent this anniversary in a red-light district.

It came about in this way: my Klondike cabin mate and fellow schoolmistress, Isabel Hamtorf, and I were fond of taking a long daily walk for our health. A married friend of ours used to poke fun at this custom. "You make me laugh," she said. "Look at the women in Klondike City. They don't bother with exercise. They work hard all night, sleep all day, drink and eat all they can get and

they're always the picture of health."

We blushed at the mention of Klondike City. As a rule it was not spoken of in polite Dawson society. In impolite society it was referred to as Lousetown. It was here that the town's considerable population of painted ladies had their domicile. It lay on the far side of the Klondike River, connected to the town proper by a splendid cantilever bridge—a forbidden but very sunny-looking land beyond the pale.

We had to agree that the *demi-mondaines* from Klondike City, who were to be seen strolling along Fifth Avenue in the centre of town in pairs on shopping tours, were strapping-looking specimens, invariably with peaches-and-cream complexions. The thought whetted our curiosity. Their little houses, as those virtuous ones who remained on the right side of the river could easily see, stood in neat rows, each with electric light and telephone and with the occupant's name plainly painted on the door.

Miss Hamtorf and I soon became consumed with curiosity to see at close range something of the setup of the forbidden city and so she and I one afternoon set out on what was ostensibly a berry-picking expedition along the banks of the Klondike.

But as soon as we were rid of the prying eyes of the town we faced about and slinking along by devious paths and rocky hillsides reached the plateau directly above Lousetown.

Climbing steadily, and a little shamefacedly down the rough bush-enshrouded bluff which backs the area, we soon found a secluded clump of shrubs from which we could observe, unnoticed, the goings-on below.

If we anticipated any shameful sights we were disappointed and confounded, for the scene below was one of unparalleled gaiety. Indeed it might have been lifted straight from a Breughel canvas. At the back doors of the tiny frame houses the women, laughing and singing, calling out to each other and chattering like bright birds were making their *toilettes* for the evening. Some were washing their long hair—invariably bright gold or jet black—drying it in the sun and leisurely brushing it out. Others were just reclining languorously and gossiping with their neighbors. Some were singing lyrically. All were in their chemises. Our eyes started from our heads as we gazed down on them for these garments were quite short, scarcely down to the knees, and every woman's legs were bare. The chemises were also sleeveless, which seemed equally immodest, and cut with a low round neck. As they were made of colored muslin—pink, blue and yellow—the effect was indescribably gay.

This cheerful picture was further enhanced by the comings and goings of waiters from the neighboring hotel, carrying trays of bottles and glasses and platters of food covered with linen napkins. I must say that as the scene comes back to me now after forty years, the bright colors, the cheerful sounds, the brilliant sunshine, the great Yukon River flowing majestically in the background and the encircling shoulder of the green hillside carpeted with wild flowers—it is more reminiscent of a gay Technicolor movie than the setting of the largest red-light district north of the fifty-four-forty line.

And that's how we left it, climbing quickly up through the bushes and out of sight, feeling unusually tired and disheveled, our long skirts clinging to us like cumbersome shackles. We slunk home quietly and told not a soul of our escapade, nor did we mention it again to each other.

The following winter an incident occurred which changed my life. One week end I was invited by the commissioner of the Yukon to sing at a concert and dance in Granville, about fifty miles away. I was delighted to accept for I had never been to Granville, which was the centre of the Dominion Creek mining district on

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*The Klondike summers with their midnight sun never ceased to fascinate me. This snap was taken at one o'clock in the morning as we danced happily on the tennis court.*

*Extra useful years have been won for the swelling ranks of Canada's older people. But they can be years of tragedy unless the under-fifties make a fresh attempt to learn*

# HOW TO GET ALONG WITH OLDER PEOPLE

BY JULIETTE K. ARTHUR

**I**F YOU ARE under fifty you're going to find yourself living in a state of constant civil war unless you realize that a new "breed" of older people is developing before your eyes. If you are among the one quarter of our population that's over fifty, chances are you already know that the battle lines are drawn up.

The apple-cheeked snowy-haired grandmother of fiction, arm-deep in flour and pumpkin pies in an old-fashioned kitchen, still appears on many magazine covers. In real life, however, she is much more likely to take as her model, or at least her mouthpiece, a woman like Mary Heaton Vorse. Mrs. Vorse was well into her sixties when she worked as a war correspondent during World War II. When her juniors tried to make much of that fact she brushed it aside.

"It's high time," she said, "that young people stop treating able elderly ones like a nine days' wonder!"

Newspapers nowadays report the exploits of septuagenarians, octogenarians and nonagenarians almost as matter-of-factly as they do wars and threats of wars. The reason is a simple statistical fact. There are so many older people, and there are going to be more. They are increasing more rapidly than any other portion of our population—a fact which is bound to have powerful repercussions on your family life.

The 1931 Canadian census showed, for instance, that 344,839 people were over the age of seventy; twenty years later the census showed that this age group had swelled to 652,776. Any startling development in medicine or public health—such as a cure for cancer or the heart diseases, which chiefly attack the ageing—would send these figures skyrocketing.

To younger Canadians these statistics reveal the most powerful incentive any of us can have to live on amicable terms with the generation just ahead. Your parents and grandparents may have been able to take their older relatives for granted. You cannot afford to. The ageing people around you, who will probably live ten to twenty years beyond the Biblical three score and ten, are persons to reckon with in ways your father never

knew. They probably have healthier bodies; at a comparable age most of them have livelier minds. They are likely to demand more than the back seat their elders were content with (possibly because the time was so short between their elders' maturity and the grave).

Statisticians predict that by 1975 one out of every four in the population will be sixty-five years old or more. In the meanwhile, we and our elders are caught in a transitional period. There is much greater tension now between the old and the young than there ever was before, and more reason for it. Unless people under fifty are willing to make the effort to find out why, and then act on their discoveries, life with mother or father, or any other older individual, is going to be a continual struggle.

Even the most saintly have asked at some time or other, "Why are so many people difficult to get along with when they are old?" Dr. Erwin Ackernecht, of the University of Wisconsin, believes he has the answer. He said: "Two thirds of old persons feel unwanted and many of them are right . . . The attitude toward old age is contradictory and lukewarm at best, often negative and scornful."

Psychologically, North America is geared to the young. Movies, sports, advertisements, fashions and most other facets of our life emphasize the importance of youth. Our society, which regards youthfulness as its top asset, nevertheless puts emphasis on an ever-increasing life span. It is expecting millions of old people to be added to the present millions—yet gives them less of a role to play than any other older generation ever had.

In educational circles much emphasis is put on "discovering the child." We have succeeded so well we are quite self-conscious about the frustrations and complexes of small boys and girls and their adolescent brothers and sisters. But what about the complexes and frustrations of their grandparents and great-grandparents?

If your elderly relative is unhappy and is "taking it out" on his family, it is probably because he is one of millions of ageing men and women baffled by the swiftness

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Movie sets are "just like home" to the five Crawley children. Here Budge and Judith run over a script with girls Jennifer and Michel, and boys Rod, Pat, Sandy.

# The home movies people pay to see

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

**A camera record of the Crawleys' honeymoon developed into Canada's biggest commercial film business. They use their kids for the cast, their Ottawa back yard for the set and they've won enough awards to paper a room**

**L**IKE MANY a couple who own a movie camera Budge and Judith Crawley took it with them on their honeymoon. Like many another they wanted to make pictures that could stand unblushingly beside some of the best work on movie-house screens.

That was fifteen years ago. Today the Crawleys have fulfilled at least part of their ambition in a Hollywood release called *The Sea Around Us*. The compelling scenes that show a harpooned whale in its death throes were bought from Budge Crawley by RKO producers who combed the files of the world's great movie studios and settled on the Crawley version as the best.

People interested in educational movies are even more familiar with the Crawleys' work. Such child-care films as *The Terrible Twos* and *The Trusting Threes*, and *The Frustrating Fours* and *The Fascinating Fives* were filmed by Judith Crawley. They star the five Crawley children and—to quote the movie section of the *Saturday Review*—they are "unrivaled throughout the world."

From the time the Crawleys set out on their honeymoon they have made every part of their lives serve their film-making. Their children, their relatives, their friends and their home have supplied them with scenarios, casts and props. In their 200-acre back yard in the Gatineau hills north of Ottawa they stalk wildlife for their series of nature films. As their children grow older they help supply

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# What you should know a

You can't tell the new test-tube fibres without a program. So here's a consumer expert to steer you through the maze from Acrilan to Terylene. He answers such questions as: "Will it wash?" "Will it wrinkle?" "Will it melt in the sun?"

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

RECENTLY I looked over some suits in the men's department of a leading Windsor, Ont., store. I picked one out and asked an elderly salesman what it was made of. He fished around for the tag. It carried only the manufacturer's coined trade name.

"This is what it is," he said. "It's good material."

Maybe it was. But the trade name had no relation to the actual fibre content, which was partly one of the new synthetics.

The salesman studied the label on another suit. "This one is viscose," he announced. He had no idea that viscose is rayon, nor would most of his customers know.

The confusion of this willing but mystified clerk illustrates the dilemma in which Canadian shoppers are finding themselves. All kinds of new materials

The famous leader of radio's Don Wright Chorus dances his wife Lillian through a room furnished by Eaton's in the new synthetics.



UPHOLSTERED CHAIR—NYLON

CUSHION—NYLON

DON—NYLON-TRICOT SHIRT  
DACRON TIE  
RAYON AND ACETATE SUIT

LILLIAN—NYLON AND SILK DRESS  
NYLON STOCKINGS

RUG—RAYON AND WOOL

PILLOW—

CHESTERFIELD—SPUN SARAN

STRIPED DRAPE—ROME



# about the "Miracle" Fabrics

are being thrown at them these days, but if even the people selling them don't understand what they are, how can the consumer?

Actually, a fundamental change in what you wear and how you will look in it is being wrought by the increasing availability of synthetic fibres: Orlon, Acrilan, Dacron (also known as Terylene), Dynel, and a few other names which are strange to the average consumer now but soon will be rolling off his tongue like household words.

For men, there are pants that can be worn for weeks without pressing. For women, permanent pleats in skirts and blouses that need little ironing. For children, garments that resist mud. For the house, covers and curtains that stay fresh-looking longer and save housework.

Like rayon and nylon, the dramatic new syn-

thetic fibres are products of the chemical laboratory. In fact they are industrial byproducts of coal and lime, natural gas and hydrocarbons, and oil-refinery gas. Various chemicals derived from these raw materials are catalyzed and the resultant substance is forced through a spinneret to form a thread, much as a spider extrudes a glandular secretion to make the strands of a web.

The new group of fibres are all made from basically the same or related chemicals. But they are engineered in different ways to acquire their own special characteristics. For example, a benzene product is used in the chemist's brew for Dacron to make that fibre comparatively hard to bend. From that simple twist of chemistry's brave new world, you get pants that resist wrinkling.

The new man-made fibres have been slower in

appearing in Canada than in the U. S., because the limited production so far has been consumed right in the States. But production is rising in the U. S., which now has more synthetics for export. A factory for producing the British Terylene (Dacron) is being built at Kingston, Ont. With each season, Canadian stores have more suits, coats, sweaters, blouses, curtains and other products made from these revolutionary new fibres.

For consumers, they are full of surprises, not all of them pleasant. You'll have the delightful experience of wearing a suit that stays wrinkle-free a long time. But you'll get the shock of your life if you carelessly flick a cigarette and see a hot ash melt an irreparable hole in your miracle pants. Your jacket may not get threadbare so quickly at the cuffs. But it may tend *Continued on page 95*

Their clothes—plus those of daughter Priscilla and sons Timothy and Patrick—are also wholly or partly made from chemical fibre.



PRISCILLA—ORLON AND COTTON DRESS

WHITE SHEER CURTAINS—DACRON

PATRICK—NYLON AND WOOL PANTS

ARMCHAIR—SPUN SARAN

APES—ROMESPUN ACETATE RAYON

TIMOTHY—RAYON PANTS  
NYLON AND ACETATE PUCK SHIRT

OCCASIONAL CHAIR—NYLON CORD

# The Strange Case of the Mail-Order Prophet

The mysterious letters promised to foretell  
the future and make Ronald Gubbins wealthy.  
And their prophecies kept coming true. Now  
his very life depended on the unknown seer

BY ANTONY FERRY

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY PETER CROYDON

**H**E WAS waiting out the final moments of Cristiani's prophecy and trying very hard to be calm about it. Having a final coffee with George Benedict, he stared hungrily at the bright mirrored reflection of the magazine rack and nodded whenever Benedict required his agreement. It was a stupid way to spend the time waiting.

Benedict made him feel uneasy because he was talking office policy. Gubbins did not care to talk about that. He wanted to tell someone he had stolen fifteen thousand dollars from the company and he was desperate to explain the circumstances and his motives. But Benedict had no idea. No one had any idea.

Years he had spent drawing himself into a drab piece of scenery called Environment only to step out of it completely in four weeks. He had groped his way down a logical sequence of gradually overpowering reasons until, in forty minutes, he would become either a very rich man or else a very dead one.

Sitting out the last moments before knowing, listening to Benedict's trifling remarks, he regretted that he might have to kill himself without giving anyone an adequate explanation. Still, what could he say *now*? Nothing. It was too late.

Benedict, for instance: the only way he could make *him* understand would be to take him down that same order of events he had traveled to arrive at his faith in J. Cristiani. He could not explain in forty minutes what it had taken him his whole life to become. Anyway Benedict was not interested in his life story.

"You know, basically they don't want to understand our problems. Head Office tacitly refuses to accept the fact that an independent branch like ours must have the power to decide for itself."

"Yes. The power to decide."

"We don't want to run to them every time we come up against a big problem. The idea is to operate indep—."

The power of decision, Gubbins was thinking, is something you search for frantically all your life; and then when you're ready to give up you find it in the right-hand pocket of your suit coat along with your matches and the key to the front door.

Something urged him, Show it to Benedict why don't you? Show him how you decided to boil down twenty-five sleeping pills and carry the concentrate of

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A MACLEAN'S SHORT STORY

PERSONAL

Ronald J. Gubbins, Esq.,  
Peers & Quartz,  
Investment Brokers,  
320 Bay Street,  
TORONTO, Ont.

Dear Mr. Gubbins:

It may surprise you to know that I have the ability to look into the future and accurately forecast events that have not yet happened. Unfortunately, I am not permitted to use my exceptional gifts to my own advantage, but I can, if you are willing, make you the sole beneficiary of my powers.

I can solemnly promise you that if you sincerely believe in me I can make you rich beyond your wildest dreams.

You may care to test my powers and prove your faith in me. I will therefore predict to you that His Worship, the Mayor will in the civic election next week be defeated decisively by his obscure opponent Dillingford.

I ~~would~~ would suggest you test me by making a small token bet on the outcome of this election.

Yours sincerely

J. Cristiani



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

After half a lifetime of being  
barked at and bitten, pawed and  
petrified, Bob opens his  
counterattack on dogs and dog lovers  
with an impassioned plea  
for equal rights for human beings

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON







# I HATE DOGS

**W**HEN I was a boy I used to believe that anybody who didn't like dogs was probably a sniveling coward, Bolshevik, murderer, rustler, foreigner, dress designer, liar, Hun, or playboy. As I grew older I changed my mind. Now I think that's what dogs are. I think they're worse. I think they're the greatest pests of the twentieth century. I think they're smug, arrogant, deceitful, troublesome, shameless, anti-social, selfish, reactionary, lazy, dirty, two-faced, big-mouthed and phony. But I don't hold it against the dogs. Dogs can't help being dogs. I hold it against the people who own them.

I think dogs do something to people's brains that isn't good for people. I've seen a fat lady sit smiling on her porch while I tried for ten minutes to get past a cross between a chow and a nightmare, and finally get up and tell me just to walk backwards! I've seen a fatherly gentleman watch impassively while his fat terrier put my kids off their bikes every day on their way to school and on their way home from school. When my kids finally picked up a rock to brain it, the guy jumped off his porch and remonstrated with them. "Never throw stones at dumb animals," he said. I've known dog lovers to look on wordlessly while the dogs they loved ran frenetically at my car and I drove up on the sidewalk trying to avoid killing them. Once I nearly killed a baby in a carriage in the process.

I've sat smiling till my jaws ached, passing up conversation with two people I hadn't seen for six years while I waited for a spaniel to speak.

I once had a dog owner sit in my car impatiently waiting for me to drive him to work while he watched me restuff my garbage can with frosty orange peels, potato peels, used Kleenex and sardine cans that his dog had spread out like a smorgasbord during the night. I've strained my ears and my disposition trying to catch what a woman in curlers and kimono was yelling at me over her veranda railing while her wire-haired terrier barked at the wind, trees, leaves, rain and sky; and I've lain in bed at night listening to the same dog continue on with the moon, stars, planets and aurora borealis until I started moaning and having dreams of tying knots in his ears.

I've watched dogs bite gasmen, bakers, breadmen, salesmen, Salvation Army workers, paper boys, grocery boys, old boys and old ladies. I've watched dogs dig up my lawn just after I seeded it, and when I reseeded it, dig it up again to see if I'd planted anything new. And I'm through. I give fair warning. I've reached the end of my leash. I'm going to start to bark. And my bite's going to be even worse.

Next time I catch your dog bothering my kids, looking crossways at me or chasing my car I'm going after him or you or both. I've fallen in with the dismal fable that a dog is a man's best friend till I'm ashamed of myself. I'm through pretending. From now on my kids are going to go to school normally and happily. I'm going to walk down my street normally and happily. Starting now, I'm going to report dogs so often the police switchboard will be warm, and if the

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Almost broke in 1910 Ben started serving sandwiches to girls in Montreal's garment district. Now his downtown restaurant is jammed, even at 2 a.m.

## BEN KRAVITZ' CONQUEST OF THE NEW WORLD

BY KEN JOHNSTONE PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV



In 1949 Ben opened a second place behind the Mount Royal Hotel. The top floors are offices.

There were DPs fifty years ago and they, too, found this a strange and wonderful land. One of them was a young Lithuanian who had two great assets: a passion for work and the recipe for Ben's Smoked Meats. This is his story





Before they met in Montreal Ben and his wife Fanny both fled from oppression in Europe. Now they plan a million-dollar building with their family, Al, Sol, Gertrude and Irving, all of whom work at Ben's.



Ben and Fanny like to assist Chef Réal prepare some of the 5,000 smoked meats sold every day.



Ben is happy only when he's in his store. He's heeded family pleas to cut his day to 17 hours.



Now 71, Ben occasionally cat-naps in his white coat over a snack. He can't refuse a panhandler.



What began as a shoestring business now employs 110 people. Waiters collect \$7 to \$8 a day in tips.

AT MONTREAL'S Metcalfe and Burnside Streets, directly behind the Sheraton Mount Royal Hotel, there's a place called Bens De Luxe Delicatessen-Restaurant where more than 8,000 customers daily come to pack themselves into a 150-chair capacity space, pausing an average of precisely 12 minutes to consume a smoked beef brisket sandwich on rye with a dill pickle on the side and, of course, a cup of coffee.

Other sandwiches are served there, and soft drinks. You can order pastrami, salami, corned beef, liverwurst or smoked whitefish, or you can have a steak. But eighty percent of the customers—who range from elegant socialites in evening clothes and silk toppers to ragged bums, from businessmen breaking away from a smoke-filled convention room to ladies of pleasure resting their weary feet, from blasé college boys and their chattering co-eds to starry-eyed tourists seeking a glimpse of sports or theatrical personalities whose autographs adorn the restaurant's walls—will end up by ordering a hot smoked-beef sandwich, dill on the side and coffee.

The sandwich will cost them thirty cents, the dill will cost a dime and the coffee another dime. Between two slices of round rye bread baked especially to Ben's specifications the dark red smoked meat, slice upon slice, almost half an inch thick, protrudes from the sandwich, and its tantalizing aroma is akin in quality to its taste which some people say is akin to nothing less than ambrosia in a kosher form.

Paul Whiteman has called Ben's "the place where I fall off my diet." Veteran vaudevillians Benny Field and Blossom Seeley called it their "other home." Burl Ives threatened to compose a song in celebration of Ben's, and Charles Laughton has passed his august English approval. A restaurant owner in Miami offered to buy Ben's smoked-meat recipe on a royalty basis. A magician playing a date in Hong Kong wrote to tell Ben that the Chinese owner of the establishment where he was playing had been in Montreal and thought that Ben's smoked meat was superb. A skiing party from Boston, passing through Montreal on the way to the Laurentians, wrote in advance to order large quantities of sandwiches to be picked up between trains. Sally Rand sent an eyebrow-raising

Christmas card. A Kirkland Lake businessman wrote an urgent letter confessing that he had boasted so vigorously of his expert knowledge of smoked meat that he had become committed to throwing a party to prove his point; he needed an immediate shipment from Ben's. Outside a large San Diego, Calif., restaurant there is a sign, "Ben's—3,018 miles northeast."

All this has had singularly little effect on the proprietor of Ben's, a 71-year-old slight grey-haired long-faced man in white coat and apron who greets his customers at the door or wanders almost aimlessly from table to table, mopping up spilled coffee here, removing a dish there, filling a water glass, lending a hand to hard-pressed waiters whose job it is to keep the customers fed, satisfied and moving. When Ben Kravitz came to Canada 55 years ago he was happy and grateful that at last he had found a country where he could work as long and as hard as he wanted to without anyone stopping him. His only grievance today is that his wife, his three sons, his son-in-law and the 110 employees who call him Pop seem to be in a gigantic conspiracy to prevent their beloved boss from continuing to put in the hours and do the kind of work which has given him his deepest satisfaction. Already they have cut down his 20-hour work day to a mere 17 and if they had their way they'd reduce it still further. Because for all the success that has come his way in recent years Ben still has a heart like a balloon, has never learned to say no to a panhandler and is essentially the same person as the boy of 16 who earned two dollars a week at his first job in Montreal.

The story of Ben Kravitz, his wife Fanny, daughter Gertrude and sons Solly, Al and Irving is one that has a remarkable parallel with the story of New Canadians today. For it is more than the story of a successful restaurant owner. It is the story of how a penniless immigrant family licked the New World through extraordinary courage, sagacity and humanity; of how the family became both commercially successful and fine citizens.

The Europe of Ben's youth was a hostile and unhealthy world for Jews without position or influence; it was the Europe of the ghetto and the pogrom, as it was so

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# MISTER McINTOSH'S MARVELOUS APPLE

Every McIntosh Red in the world sprang from one wild tree on a backwoods farm in Ontario. Here's the romantic story of how John McIntosh, his family and a wandering stranger saved and spread their one-in-a-million find

By JAMES BANNERMAN

**T**HE LITTLE Ontario village of Dundela is tucked away in the upper St. Lawrence Valley, a few miles inland from the river near Prescott. The general store and the handful of houses are grouped together at a crossroads, with a placid air of having wandered there to graze on their own front lawns. Passing motorists drive through the whole place in less than a minute and seldom notice that what appears to be the village war memorial is a monument to a tree.

It was put up more than forty years ago by people who wanted to mark the spot where John McIntosh, clearing land for a farm in 1811, found a young apple tree growing wild, a tree with fruit that was honey-sweet yet delicately sharp, tender but crisp, with a glowing crimson skin and cool white flesh that smelled faintly of blossoms. From that tree, a chance-grown miracle, have come the millions of trees which now bear the annual harvest of McIntosh Reds—the best-loved apple in Canada and, with the Delicious, one of the two most famous apples in the world.

Sixty years ago the McIntosh had hardly been heard of beyond Dundela. Now it is the mainstay of Canada's twenty-million-dollar-a-year apple industry, both for the domestic market and for export. In 1953 it accounted for more than a third of Canada's entire apple crop of more than eleven million bushels, outdistancing such rivals as the Jonathan, the Snow, the Spy, and even the proud Delicious. It has edged out dozens of other kinds of apples from the Annapolis Valley to the Okanagan, swept triumphantly over the border into the United States and across the Atlantic to Europe, and now is almost as well-known a Canadian product as wheat and bacon.

Nobody knows how this horticultural marvel first came into being, or how it happened to be growing on the land John McIntosh took up in Dundela when Ontario was still Upper Canada and Toronto was Muddy York. Apple trees can be grown from seed, but there's no way of knowing



John McIntosh's son Alan posed beneath the famous tree in 1896, twelve years before a fire cut short its yield.

how they'll turn out. To make sure the characteristics of a given tree will be faithfully repeated in its descendants, slips of wood or buds from the original have to be transferred by budding or grafting to little trees whose growth has already started. And there is nothing to suggest that the first McIntosh Red had been cultivated in this deliberate way.

Its superlative qualities astonished John McIntosh and other simple-hearted folk, but the history of apple growing is full of just such discoveries. Ben Davis made one on his farm in South Carolina in the early 1800s, and today the Ben Davis is a great and widespread variety. Thomas Grimes, of Virginia, strolling around his property one day

long ago, came across a little chance-seedling tree that became the direct ancestor of the famous Grimes Golden. A farmer of Newport, Vt., found the first of the Scott's Winter apples that bear his name. There are Mann apples, Swayzie apples, Wagner apples, and a long roll call of others named for the men who found them. Most are more or less flourishing to this day. But none have ever flourished as amazingly as the McIntosh Red.

Most authorities believe it grew from a seed of the Fameuse, which is also called the Snow—a fine red apple brought to Canada in the 1600s by the early French colonists. That seed may have been planted by some long-forgotten farmer who had moved up the St. Lawrence Valley to settle and gone homesick back again to Quebec. It may have been dropped by a bird, or by someone who was eating a Fameuse as he passed.

For John McIntosh the discovery of the tree was a boon and a blessing. Pioneers of his day had to build their houses with their own hands; and they often had little more to furnish the kitchen than an iron pot and one or two pans, and a few thick cups and plates for the table. All winter they ate meat that had been salted down in the fall. When the winter cabbage was gone their only vegetables were potatoes and carrots and turnips. Oranges were unknown, and so indeed was any fresh fruit—except apples, if people were fortunate enough to have them on their land, or could afford to buy them. Sugar was a great luxury, and an apple was a kind of sweet which took the place of candy. For McIntosh to have found an apple tree at all, even a poor one, would have been good luck. To have found one with such wonderful fruit must have been like finding a treasure.

The chain of events that led him to the tree began in 1795, when he was eighteen. That year a vague restlessness made him leave his home in the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and drift north to Canada, where he worked as a farm hand in various places for the next six years. Then he married a girl named

*Continued on page 99*



# Nature's Indispensable Fall Guy



By THOMAS WALSH

The rabbit keeps the wolf from the door, covers women in mink, puts chicken on the table, advances medical research and leaves kids helpless with laughter. But, except at Easter, all anybody remembers is that he's the animal kingdom's Caspar Milquetoast

**A**LTHOUGH the beaver may have the dignity appropriate to Canada's coat of arms, and look suitably solvent on the back of a Canadian nickel, in real life he isn't nearly as important as his fellow-rodent, the rabbit. Few living creatures are.

The rabbit is one of the least heroic figures in nature but, like a lot of unheroic figures, does more for his country's economy than all the muscle men and bully boys put together. He can lick nothing but another rabbit, yet he protects our poultry and livestock by feeding himself to wolves, lynx, coyotes, foxes, owls and hawks. He and the mouse are the two most important links in nature's food chain. If it weren't for the rabbit, the wolves would wipe out all the moose, deer and caribou, and then join the other predatory creatures to wipe out pheasant, partridge, sheep, cattle, chickens and geese.

The rabbit is the chief nourishment of Canada's other fur-bearers and if it weren't for him most of

them would disappear. Not only do most of the fur coats on Canadian women's backs trace back to a diet of rabbit but 25 percent of them *are* rabbit. When times get tough the figure goes as high as 60 percent.

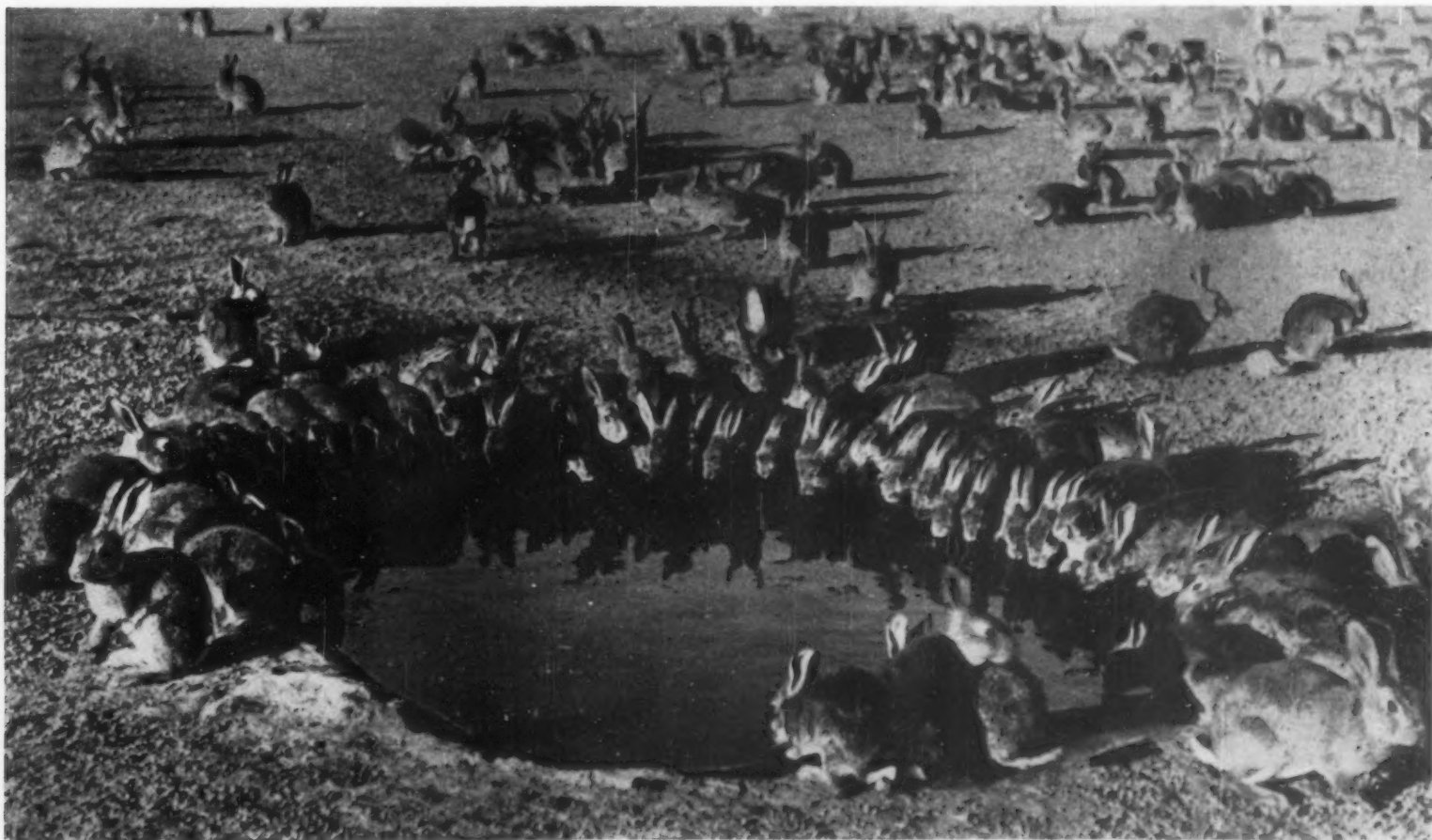
Only for a few days at Easter does the rabbit receive either the attention or respect that is his rightful due. At all other times he is notorious only as the Caspar Milquetoast who freezes with fright, faints at the sight of blood, stamps his feet when he's mad and says "Whoops!" when he's caught.

Oddly, the rabbit will fight ferociously with another rabbit. Two bucks put in a cage together will lie on their sides and start kicking until one of them is maimed. But the only really tough breed of rabbit is on record as Laboratory Race 10. It originated at the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Cancer Research Laboratory, in Bar Harbor, Maine, where the director of rabbit genetics, Dr. Paul E. Sawin, accidentally bred a small orange-colored rabbit that growled, snapped its teeth,

crouched like a panther and tried to get at human beings through the wire of its cage.

Ordinarily the rabbit is a natural-born coward and most of his physical attributes stem from his cowardice. He often jumps 15 feet straight up in the air to see who's after him and some of his family have attained a height of 18 feet. He's been known to swim a mile, and one species, the cottontail, is nature's expert at concealing himself by squatting stone-still, or "freezing." The white-tailed jack is the fastest thing on four feet in the northern prairies. He can run faster than a coyote or fox, has been known to beat a greyhound and in a race with an ordinary dog has such an edge of speed that he lets the dog get close just for fun, then turns on the taps. All in all it's about the only fun a rabbit has, although occasionally even that turns out badly. In November 1948 a rabbit tried it on a cop, PC Dennis Traynor of Peterborough, Ont., while Traynor was hunting deer near Wolfe's Lake. The rabbit popped up in front. *Continued on page 45*

Rabbits bred from a few pair imported from England multiplied into Australia's No. 1 headache. Even the longest fence in the world couldn't hold them back.





# Her Garden is the Sea

By DAVID MacDONALD

Connie MacFarlane weighs a sample of kelp to help compute the amount of seaweed Nova Scotia has.

**If there's enough food  
for the future's  
booming populations  
some credit should go to  
Connie MacFarlane, an  
ex-professor in hip boots  
who ignores scoffers  
as she clambers around  
Nova Scotia looking for  
seaweed sometimes worth  
\$200 a ton**

**E**ACH YEAR, from spring until fall, a trim white 38-foot fishing boat named the Marg and Carl nudges along Nova Scotia's jagged 4,600-mile coastline on an odd but important task that may someday help feed and clothe an overcrowded world.

At the wheel is Mac Greenwood, a stocky powerfully built Bluenose in his late thirties. Mac's lanky elder brother Wib hovers watchfully over the gasoline engine, like a seagull circling a herring weir. At the bow, sweeping the shore with binoculars, are Constance Ida MacFarlane, a short plump pleasant-looking woman in her middle forties who is an international authority in an unusual field of science, and her assistant Aubrey Shane, a Dalhousie University medical student.

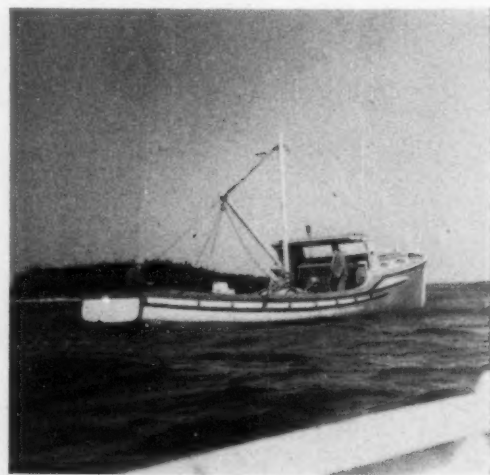
Mac Greenwood has a Maritimer's pride in being master of his own ship, however small, but he's only half in fun when he calls Connie MacFarlane "the admiral." She gives him his sailing orders. His boat is chartered for her by the Nova Scotia Research Foundation, an organization set up and financed by the Nova Scotia government to develop industries. She is NSRF's algologist, or marine botanist. Her garden is the sea. The things that grow in it range from brilliant-hued flowers that can't be seen without a microscope to giant kelp taller than trees.

Connie's job is to measure the billowing masses of seaweed in Nova Scotia waters, to ascertain the special qualities and rate of growth of each variety and to collaborate with other experts in finding out how the crop can be turned to economic advantage. She has been at this since 1948 and it's now evident to Nova Scotians that the seaweed they once considered worthless may be a valuable asset.

As an indication of the possibilities, Nova Scotians earned \$150,000 in 1953 picking Irish moss, a seaweed that yields a jelly used in many food and chemical preparations. The Irish moss was ex-

ported to the United States to be processed but this year the processing will be done in plants being built in Nova Scotia, one of them at Kentville, another at Clarke's Harbour. The plants won't be big enough to create much employment but will provide a ready local market for seaweed gatherers. This market could be suddenly and greatly expanded by recent experiments that show that good results can be obtained by feeding livestock a mixture of ten percent of seaweed and ninety percent of grain. It could also be expanded by experiments in which textiles have been made from seaweed.

Connie MacFarlane's own short-term objectives are modest. She and her boss, Dr. H. D. Smith,



She hunts seaweed in a fishing boat named Marg and Carl. Sometimes she's out for thirty hours.



president of the Nova Scotia Research Foundation, hope for a sound but minor industry that will benefit fishing communities, which often have hard times.

But the long-term significance of Connie's work stirs the imagination of men like Donald Putnam, professor of geography at the University of Toronto. Putnam knows that the world's population has increased in the last century from a little more than a billion to nearly two and a half billion, and that the increase is continuing at an accelerated pace. He also knows that of the world's 197 million square miles, just 58 million miles are land and a mere five and a half million miles are capable of growing wheat.

"The day may come," he says, "when we will have to try to control the biological productivity of certain sections of the ocean." He sees Constance MacFarlane as a pioneer whose research is likely, in the remote future, to be incorporated in textbooks on ocean farming. Others hold an equally high opinion of what she's doing. She has been invited to address the British Association for the Advancement of Science and later this year will present one of the principal papers at an international seaweed symposium in Norway.

Yet, close to home, she's occasionally ridiculed. At Middle West Pubnico, N.S., an elderly man stopped her in the street and asked, "Are you the lady that fishes for kelp?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then you must be crazy," he snapped.

Connie drew herself up to her full five-foot-one and let the old gaffer have the dignified glare she cultivated when she was a teacher at the swank Toronto girl's school, Branksome Hall; when she was principal of the Mount Allison School for Girls in New Brunswick; and when she was dean of women at the University of Alberta. The man cowered and retreated.

But it was Connie who cowered and retreated from an encounter with the wife of the lighthouse keeper at Sambro Island, off the mouth of Halifax harbor. She had located a bed of Irish moss on the shore of Sambro Island. "Your husband," she said, "could probably make himself \$500 in three months, picking seaweed for an hour a day."

"What," demanded the woman, "would he want \$500 for?"

"Why," said Connie, "he could buy you a fur coat with it."

"Hah. And what good would a fur coat be on this island, where nobody would see it?"

But in most places to which her research takes her, she's had better luck spreading the message that there's money in seaweed (there's up to \$200 a ton, dry) and telling fishermen what to pick, where to sell it, how much to charge for it.

Fishermen used to hate seaweed because it gets tangled in their nets and lines but Connie has taught lots of them that it can pay doctor bills, buy new boat engines and put sons and daughters through



Not all seaweed is ocean-bred. Connie and her industrious crew plant some in her own experimental garden. Sometimes fishermen, trying to help, root them up and deliver them to her. Then she starts all over.

college. They're so grateful that they send her hundreds of samples of seaweed they think might interest her. One man sent her a bit of seaweed sprouting from a very dead lobster; another sent her seaweed attached to the flipper of an equally dead seal.

Near Pubnico, a fisherman who was anxious to aid her ruined one of her experiments. She had dropped cement blocks into the water and marked them with buoys. She wanted to see whether seaweed would grow on the blocks and if it did to record the rate of growth. The fisherman, who decided she had forgotten the blocks, went out in his dory and hauled them up. He wrote her that he was keeping them safe for her.

He had some reason for jumping to the conclusion that Constance MacFarlane had forgotten the blocks. She's so absorbed in her work, so fascinated by seaweed, that she's notoriously absent-minded. She even forgot her assistant Aubrey Shane one day, rowing off and leaving him on a reef that is exposed only at low tide. When she finally remembered him and hurried back the tide was up to his knees.

Most of her friends envy Connie. To them her job consists of touring Nova Scotia's lovely seacoast in Mac Greenwood's rakish boat, nosing in and out of picturesque coves, exploring lonely and beautiful islands. But the truth is that this diminutive woman, with her gentle face, soft hazel eyes and dark hair that has turned silver at the temples, has a job that would tax the strength and courage of the average man.

She has ridden out fierce Atlantic gales, she has bruised herself from head to foot falling on the

slippery rocks to which seaweed clings, and, because it is easiest to gather seaweed at low tide, her day often begins at four o'clock in the morning. In one experiment she plucked samples of dulse from a breakwater every twenty minutes for thirty hours, staying awake by drinking gallons of black coffee.

Delphis D'Eon, of Pubnico, who was her boatman before Mac Greenwood, recalls the time she insisted that he take her out in weather that wasn't fit for a sea gull. D'Eon took her, but not until they'd had a fight. The weather got worse and worse and D'Eon's boat was pitching around like a chip on the angry waves. Aubrey Shane was with her and he was worried.

"Why don't you tell Delphis to turn back?" Shane asked.

"I'm not talking to him," Connie replied.

So Shane said to Delphis, "Why don't you tell her you're turning back?"

"I'm not talking to her," said Delphis.

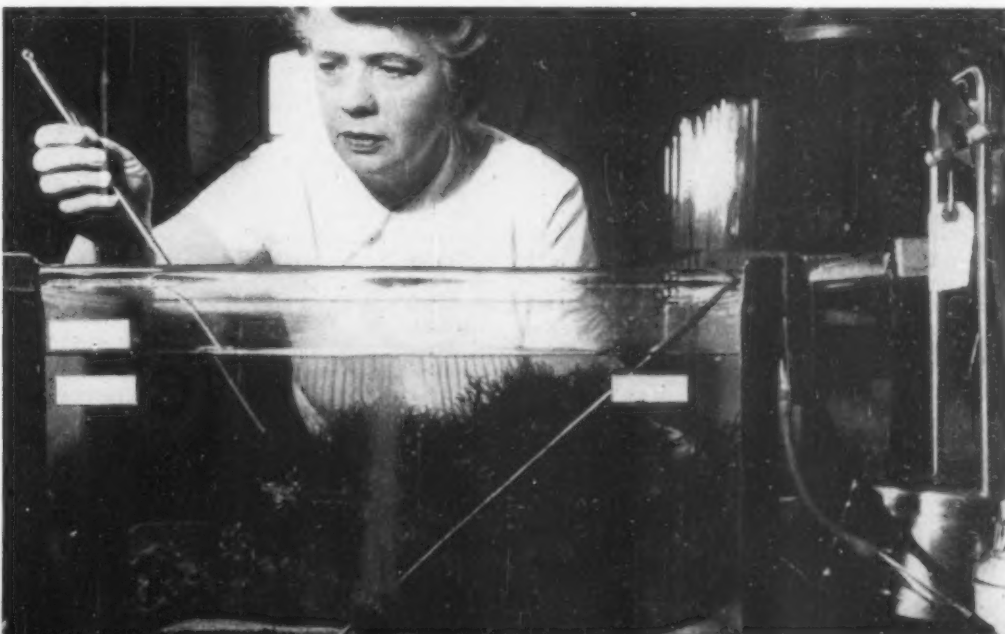
They did turn back eventually, by silent mutual consent, after the boat was nearly swamped. In spite of experiences like this, Delphis D'Eon enjoyed being Connie's boatman for Connie has an impish sense of humor.

For her seaweeding expeditions she wears hip rubber boots over old slacks, a heavy navy duffel coat and a wide floppy straw hat. One evening, dressed thus and accompanied by Delphis, she entered a posh inn outside of Yarmouth for a meal. The dinner was hot—but the reception was cold. The other guests and the waitresses looked at Connie with extreme distaste. As she was leaving Connie stopped at the cashier's desk and wrote in the open guest book: *Continued on page 80*

At sea or in her lab, Connie lives for seaweed. Once she was so absorbed she left an assistant marooned.



Wib Greenwood and his brother Mac steer Connie past 4,600 miles of coastline seeking seaweed.





In Britain, you can't escape Harding. His face and name appear constantly on billboards, marquees and newspapers, and he has four radio and TV programs.

# THE RUDEST MAN IN ENGLAND

Gilbert Harding, Britain's "bilious bachelor of broadcasting," has in six short years climbed to dizzy heights of popularity by demolishing with an acid wit anyone crossing his path. His considered opinion of Canada: Culturally, it stinks!

BY MARJORIE EARL

**T**HE MOST highly publicized man in England, next to Winston Churchill, is a huge unbearable bear of a broadcaster named Gilbert Harding. There are those who consider Harding the greatest phenomenon of his age. He has risen like a rocket in just six years from virtual obscurity in Canada to a dazzling limelight in Britain normally reserved for royalty. It is difficult to spend a day in the United Kingdom without being acutely aware of him. His photograph stares from billboards attesting to this and that; his name blazes on theatre marquees; his column runs in a Sunday newspaper; his autobiography appears in marathon installments in a mass-circulation magazine; his

hoarse Johnsonian tones blare out from the radio and his perpetually angry beefsteak face glowers from every television set.

Harding got where he is today through the use of a remarkably un-British trait. He is not only the most publicized man in England, he is also the rudest.

With an exhibitionism unique in English entertainment he consistently insults the vast audience of twenty-five millions who listen to him religiously on three national radio programs and one television show every week. As quizmaster of the radio feature, *Twenty Questions*, he once refused to give the audience the score. "If you have been listening you

won't need it and if you haven't you won't want it anyway," he growled.

He recently outraged the virtuously domestic British on his discussion program, *We Beg to Differ*, by his stand on the question, "Should the interests of children take precedence over those of their parents?" "Unquestionably those of the children," boomed Harding, stunning the panel to silence. "Conceived in casual lust or sullen habit they did not ask to be brought into the world."

It is the blushing frightened contestants who suffer the whiplash of his uncontrollable tongue on the television program, *What's My Line?*, where he is one of a panel guessing the occupations of half a dozen visitors. When a psychical researcher (ghost hunter) stumped the panel Harding asked incredulously, "You don't really believe in ghosts, do you?" To the contestant's timid "yes" he replied disgustedly: "You must be barmy!"

Harding was fated to become a national idol from the moment in 1947 when at the age of forty he got his first big radio job as the peripatetic quizmaster of *Round Britain Quiz*. For although he infuriates them his listeners love him in spite of themselves. If asked to explain their devotion they invariably reply, somewhat sheepishly, "Because you never know what old Gilbert will do next." This reason is understandable. An Englishman secretly admires a man who dares to break the rules of national self-discipline, particularly when he does it in an entertainment medium where the next line in the script is usually all too painfully predictable.

His meteoric rise has been a surprise to his friends and acquaintances in Canada, where bluntness is more common and therefore less saleable. But they are used to his rudeness. Twice Harding has been a temporary resident in Canada. For part of 1931 he was professor of English at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S. From 1945 to 1947 he was assistant to the BBC's Canadian representative in Toronto and his recollections of these sojourns in his recently published autobiography are headed by the statement, "Culturally Canada stinks."

Variations on this theme have made him memorable in the principal cities of *Continued on page 82*

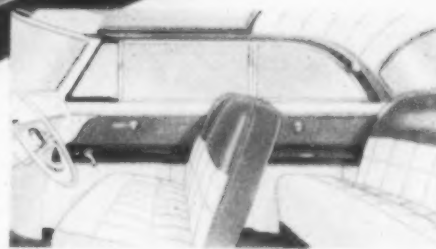


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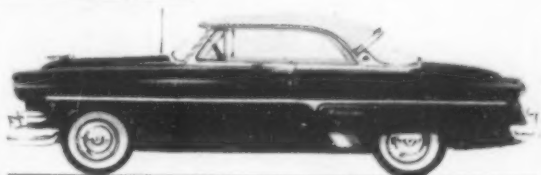
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"A wreck blocked the bridge, but thousands of movie fans couldn't be disappointed. We swung off the road and 'swam' the truck across! On the opposite bank the tires spun, then bit and held. Another load of movie film was safely on its way, thanks to Atlas tires."



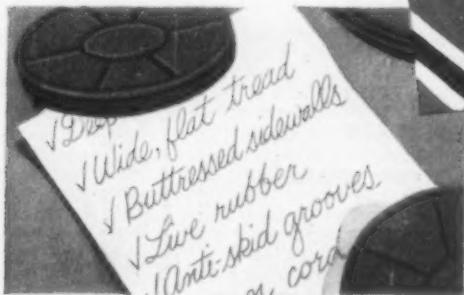
"Every night my company delivers movie films from Cincinnati to theatres in central Kentucky. Our tires *have* to be dependable."



"One icy night we ran 68 miles on tire pressure reduced to 15 pounds, but we went slow and it didn't hurt those Atlas tires!"



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## Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Old-timer Gilbert Roland descends Beneath The 12-Mile Reef.

**BENEATH THE 12-MILE REEF:** A fairly hackneyed melodrama about sponge fishermen in Florida, an uncommonly hot-blooded lot. The underwater activities, however, are quite spectacular on the sprawling CinemaScope screen, and old-timer Gilbert Roland does himself proud as the divers' lusty chieftain.

**EASY TO LOVE:** Another Esther Williams swim-musical, with an even sketchier plot than most of them. Miss W., as always, is a visual picnic, and some stylish troubadouring by Tony Martin also helps to pass the time agreeably.

**THE GLENN MILLER STORY:** If you are not bothered too much by a number of unexplained gaps in the supposedly authentic story, this affectionate biography of the late dance-band king can be enjoyed as a tuneful likable show. James Stewart and June Allyson impersonate Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

**HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE:** Burt Lancaster, swashing his buckles manfully, grabs a fortune in copra and a beautiful native gal as his "queen" in a preposterous South Seas adventure which never quite decides whether his tongue is in his cheek.

**PARATROOPER:** Alan Ladd woodenly depicts a bellicose Yank who is assumed to be a Canadian while serving with a British parachute regiment. There are some good war scenes and Leo Genn's portrayal of an English officer is expertly firm and funny.

**TAKE THE HIGH GROUND:** Once again a relentless military instructor (in this case top-sergeant Richard Widmark) finally convinces his pupils that he is a Right Guy underneath all those snarls. Rating: fair, no higher.

### Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.  
The All-American: Campus drama. Fair.  
All I Desire: Drama. Fair.  
Back to God's Country: Outdoor meller-drammer. Poor.  
The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.  
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.  
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.  
Blueprint for Murder: Mystery. Good.  
Botany Bay: Sea drama. Fair.  
Calamity Jane: Musical western. Poor.  
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.  
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.  
Conquest of Everest: Actuality drama of mountain climbers. Excellent.  
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.  
A Day to Remember: Comedy. Fair.  
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Indians. Good.  
Fall of Berlin: Russian drama. Fair.  
Folly to Be Wise: Comedy. Fair.  
From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.  
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.  
The Glass Web: Drama. Fair.  
Great Sioux Uprising: Western. Poor.  
Half a Hero: Domestic comedy. Good.  
Here Come the Girls: Comedy. Fair.  
Hondo: 3-D western. Good.  
How to Marry a Millionaire: Romantic comedy in CinemaScope. Good.  
Inferno: 3-D desert drama. Fair.  
Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.  
I, the Jury: Whodunit. Poor.  
It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.  
Jack Slade: Western. Poor.  
The Juggler: Drama. Excellent.

Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.  
Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good.  
Latin Lovers: Romantic comedy. Fair.  
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.  
A Lion Is in the Streets: Drama. Fair.  
Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.  
Made in Heaven: Comedy. Fair.  
Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.  
The Man Between: Drama. Good.  
Marry Me Again: Comedy. Fair.  
Martin Luther: Drama. Good.  
Miss Sadie Thompson: Drama. Poor.  
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.  
Money From Home: Martin and Lewis comedy. Poor.  
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.  
Phantom From Space: Fantasy. Poor.  
Remains to Be Seen: Comedy. Fair.  
Return to Paradise: Comedy-drama on tropic isle. Good.  
The Robe: CinemaScope epic. Good.  
Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.  
Royal Symphony: History. Good.  
The Sea Around Us: Actuality. Fair.  
Shane: Western. Excellent.  
The Sinner: Sexy melodrama. Poor.  
Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.  
The Sun Shines Bright: Drama. Poor.  
Sword and the Rose: Drama. Fair.  
Thunder Bay: Oil drama. Fair.  
Torch Song: Musical drama. Good.  
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair.  
Vice Squad: Police drama. Good.  
Vikki: Murder melodrama. Fair.  
Walking My Baby Back Home: Comedy and music. Poor.  
Wild One: Drama. Fair for adults.





**Toronto:** "Noxzema quickly helped heal my blemishes," says Jeanette Lee. "I use it faithfully every night and love the way it keeps my skin looking fresh, smooth and unblemished."



**Ottawa:** "I have a very fair skin that tends to be dry," says Elaine Rochon. "Noxzema gives my complexion the protection it needs from raw winter wind and hot summer sun. 'Cream-washing' with Noxzema is so refreshing!"



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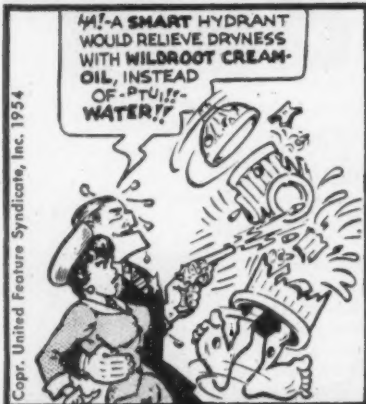


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## I Hate Dogs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

police don't do something about it, I'm going to report the police. If somebody reports your dog, don't blame your neighbor. It was me. I don't care if you stop speaking to me. I don't care if you have to bail your dog out every night on the way home from work. If you don't teach him some manners I don't care if he spends the rest of his life in stir. As far as I'm concerned, it will be just one less dog in the world. I'd rather have kids.

I'd like to be more friendly to dogs. If I had my way I'd give them all a fighting chance of going back to making an honest living with the wolves, from which they all came. But I can't, because dog lovers keep turning them loose on my lawns and kids, then forgetting them. Dog lovers seem to care less about dogs, about what happens to dogs, take less interest in dogs, have less feeling for dogs, are more bored with dogs and can forget dogs longer than any other group on earth.

For two and a half years now, every time I go down to the foot of my street shopping, a yapping, unfriendly, frosty-muzzled, brindle little bum comes out of a dark driveway at me like a hot-rod with hackles and does his best to stop me getting home. So far I've fast-talked him into letting me pass. I tell him to come here, to go away, lie down and shut up. I mesmerize him. He turns his tail on me and pretends he's going back into the driveway. If I take his word for it, he tip-toes up behind me and tries to get a free bite. All this time, in two and a half years, the owner hasn't once put his head out the door to see who's winning. As far as I can see, this guy lets the dog out in the morning and in again at night and forgets him in between, although somebody must feed him because he hasn't had a meal off me yet.

A little farther up the street there's another dog whose permission I have to get to pass. He's a brown dog with a head and a tail. Even saying that, I credit him with too much personality. This dog has one burning ambition: to see what's inside my varicose veins. The only reason he hasn't so far is that like all dogs he's a coward. The two of us often stand looking at one another for as long as ten minutes: one looking just as stupid as the other, although I can at least say I'm not barking. We do this till the owner comes out, a man six feet tall in his Merino underwear, which he frequently wears on hot summer nights. He calls to the dog, then turns and gives me a dirty look as if I'm probably one of those jerks who would report a dog.

I am. As far as I've observed, the sort of jerk who would report a dog is, on the whole, better than the sort of jerk who owns one.

When I was living in the country, friends of ours from Winnipeg, a railwayman, his wife, three boys and a little brown spaniel used to drop in to visit us each year on their way to the Gaspé. Each time the spaniel tore around on flower beds as if he had a firecracker tied to his tail, while farm animals watched with dignified amazement. Cows stopped chewing their cud and watched him go by covered with burs. Birds stopped singing to watch him rocket beneath them, looking down as if they'd dropped an egg. Cats drew themselves up like society girls at a Saturday night fish fry. Horses lifted their noble heads as if they'd heard Roy Rogers. He was the most undignified thing for miles. Not that I minded this. A dog can't help

being undignified. What I minded was the tooth-marks he left on the furniture, the carpets and even my wife's prize delphiniums.

Next time someone behaves like a bum in my house he gets booted out, and I include your dog. And don't start apologizing for him. I'm not interested. I'm not interested in anything that has to be explained so much. Dogs probably require more explanations than any other living thing on earth. I don't care if your dog was once kicked by a little boy, dropped on his head, hit by a bone, or was misunderstood by a drunken father. So was I, but nobody excuses me. If he's going to hold his phony position as a member of society, teach him the rudiments of civilization or take him out and get lost.

I was visiting a woman friend a little while ago with my two daughters. She had a dog built like an old homespun sock stuffed with apples. Its top lip perpetually quivered with suppressed rage at not being free, wild and independent like the rest of the animals. The woman introduced us. She intro-

## CLEAN GETAWAY

Where is the woman who once arose At 4 to wash the family clothes? Nobody knows her habitat, But her husband goes to the

laundromat!  
IVAN J. COLLINS

duced the dog ahead of her husband. Fudger, his name was. My youngest girl reached down to stroke him. Fudger whipped around and tried to rip her arm off.

I waited for the woman to go after him with a poker, the way you would a panther. She looked down at him in mild reproach.

"Fu-u-u-u-u-dger!" she said. "Aren't you asha-a-a-a-amed of yourself!"

Fudger saw that he might have some of his free meals cut off and slunk under the table, snarling. The woman turned to us brightly and explained the whole thing.

"He doesn't like children," she said. Well I do. I like them better than dogs. And I intend to keep them, with both arms. The more impossible dogs become the fancier the explanations get. The latest one is that dogs reflect the personality of their owners. If I were a dog owner I'd spike that one right now. According to this hypothesis, all dog owners want to dig up other people's lawns and eat human flesh, something that wouldn't altogether surprise me.

I have a friend in Connecticut, a middle-aged woman who teaches ballet. For a year every time she went shopping a dog that looked like a black mongoose two feet high followed her with its fangs six inches from her legs. She complained to the owner. He gave her that smile that dog owners give people who don't like being bitten by dogs. He wouldn't bite her, he said. Just talk to him. The woman talked to him. While she was talking to him one day he laid her arm open from elbow to wrist, the cute little thing. When he was taken to a veterinary to see that he was free of disease and could go on biting people safely, he bit the veterinary. The owner kept the dog in for two weeks, then let him out on the prowl again and stopped speaking to my friend.

I know a dog that looks like a combination of a fox terrier, a wolverine and a cheap haircut. He has bitten six people that I know of. He bit a little girl who won a medal last

year for piano. He bit a man eighty-five years old. He bit a gasman, a paper boy, a crippled girl who had had polio and my mother. The owner always explained.

"The children have been throwing stones at him," he'd say. "What would you do if somebody threw stones at you?"

I don't know, but I know what I'm going to do from now on with people who throw dogs at me.

One place I lived I had to walk past a big collie that had a look in his eyes as if he'd just had four Martinis. One day he came roaring out at me, sixty-five polished teeth showing. The man came out and called the dog off. I tried to be polite. I said something like, "Seems a bit upset today, heh heh."

The man was patient and reasonable. He liked me. He explained that I was carrying a rolled-up magazine and the dog doesn't like people to carry anything. He thinks he might be brained with it. And with good reason. The implication was, of course, that I should stop carrying things as long as his dog was alive.

While I was in Florida, every day when I drove to the post office a great handsome dog who had been left over from the last war but thought it was still on, ran out at my front wheels. He hid behind a bush to do it and always took me by surprise. He nearly put me into other cars, citizens with two legs and ditches. The owner never looked up from his lawn sprinkler. Everybody knew the dog was going to time it wrong some day and get hit. My kids knew it. A five-month-old baby would have known it. The dog was hit. The owner threatened to sue the motorist. "Damned fools on the road these days," he said. "Ought to be locked up. No respect for other people's rights."

I don't think dogs have any rights, except the right to be dogs. I don't think dogs have a sixth sense. I don't think they have any senses that we haven't got except the desire to taste human flesh. I don't think they are psychic. I know a dog who gets lost if he gets more than a block from home and another one who is always giving the death howl when nobody is dying. I don't think dogs are any more loyal than people, although they have a stronger instinct for what side their bread's buttered on.

One of my earliest recollections is that of a French kid I camped with up north who had three huskies that he claimed would rescue him if he ever got into trouble. In spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, he persisted in hopefully moaning in mock anguish, falling, clutching his leg and waiting for the huskies to run for help. The three of them, noble, beautiful-looking animals, always made straight for his porridge, which they were forbidden to touch when he was alive.

I don't think dogs are infallible judges of character, and I'm getting tired of people who do. I've known dogs to wag their tails at people who built spite fences, fought with their neighbors on both sides, burned garbage in the back yard and reported kids. I know a guy who loves dogs who is such an all-round stinker that the neighbors took up a petition to have him kicked off the street. I know another guy who loves dogs and who doesn't even like anything else. He will play out in the back yard for an hour and a half with his airedale, bouncing a ball and congratulating the dog on how clever he is. But when his own son comes out, a shy brow-beaten kid who has been convinced by his father that he is stupid, the guy loses his temper right away and tells



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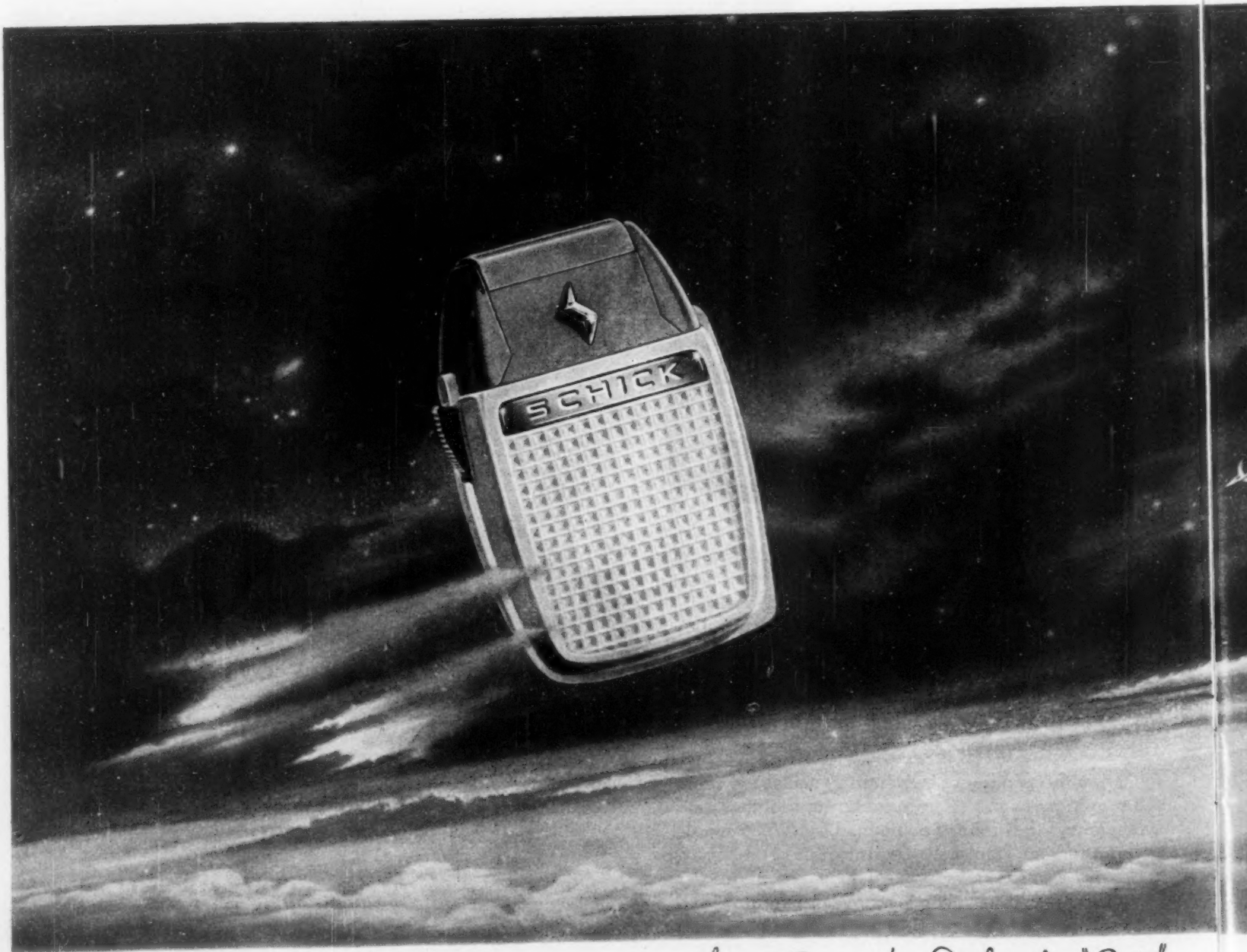
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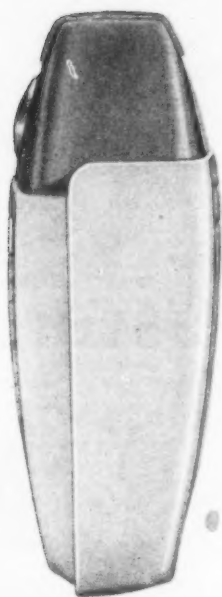


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him to get right back into the house.

I've sat and listened incredulously to one of the most brilliant surgeons in Canada tell with chuckles about how his old dog Rags catches people by the seat of their pants and holds them there till the doctor comes out and makes him let go. One of my wife's best friends has to phone her dog-lover husband at least once a week to get him to come home and get her out of the pantry where she is being held at bay by a bulldog that she despises and which despises her.

I've listened to a grown man say with tears in his voice that every boy should have a dog, buy a dog that looked like a kangaroo, then both the guy and his boy forgot it and left its care, feeding and welfare to the boy's mother, who didn't want it in the first place. I know a lawyer who has a dog built like a bottle brush and about as cute as a hungry jackal that has so far bitten the lawyer, the lawyer's father, his wife, his baby and his neighbors on both sides. I know a woman who uses some of the most expensive and alluring perfumes I have ever smelt, who owns a spaniel that just lies in a great glittering chrome-and-plastic kitchen offsetting the strongest scent made by Patou.

#### Fonfer Lived In Fear

I've heard a man who shoves pennies in fuse sockets tell how dogs are useful for saving people from fires. If he is an example, I'll bet statistics would show that the reason dogs save so many people from fires is that most fires happen to people with dogs. I'll also bet that for every person a dog saves from a fire, five persons are burned to death running into fires to save their dogs.

Once when I lived in Kitchener I spent a lot of evenings with friends who owned a dog that had been biting people in the family ever since he was six weeks old and to which they had all become very attached. He was fat, ugly, lazy, sulky, smelly and stiff-legged. Every night when I went to visit him he came at me like a wild pig, all his decayed old teeth showing. When he didn't bite me, these people sat around beaming with their hands folded in their laps saying, "You see, Fonfer likes you."

The only reason Fonfer didn't bite me, of course, was that he was afraid of getting his ears batted down. But he hated me. And I hated him. He hated me because he sensed that I could see through him. He sensed that I was as cold-blooded about him as a woman meeting her son's first girl friend. He knew that I knew he couldn't hold his own with a raccoon for intelligence, a woodchuck for stamina, a cat for speed, style, grace, class or fighting heart.

Not that I'm against dogs as such. As long as a dog leads a dog's life, is treated like a dog, and doesn't enjoy any privileges that shouldn't happen to a dog, I can even find them rather handy at times for my feet on cold winter nights. I can mildly enjoy reaching down and kneading their ears. But any deal I make to accept a dog from now on, it's going to be on the understanding that he keeps out of my way, wipes that cocky look off his face, wags his tail when I pass and gives me at least half of the street. ★

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## Nature's Fall Guy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

of him and looked as if he were giving him the raspberry. Traynor, a very sensitive cop, sprinted, zigged when the rabbit zigged, zagged when he zagged, wore him out, and caught him with his bare hands.

The varying hare or snowshoe rabbit, besides having extra big feet that will carry him over deep snow at forty miles an hour, turns white in winter. Science believes that the white coat is more for warmth than for camouflage; in winter pigment gives place to a tiny gas bubble which acts like rock-wool home insulation. Whatever the reason, the snowshoe rabbit is one of the few living things that can get a new-style fur coat by just throwing away the old one. If a brown hair is pulled out of his coat, a white one grows in: if a white one is pulled out, a brown one grows in.

Rabbit is a loose term for a large, world-wide family called Leporidae, which includes both hares and rabbits. Hares are long-legged, big-eared and built for speed over a long distance. Hare babies are born covered with hair. Their eyes are open at birth and they are able to run around by themselves. Of Canada's seven members of Leporidae, six of them, although often called rabbits, are hares: the prairie hare, arctic hare, Greenland hare, snowshoe rabbit, blacktailed jack and brush rabbit.

Rabbits on the other hand are built for quick getaway but not for sustained flight. They are born naked, blind and helpless. There are no true rabbits in North America, except pet bunnies, which were bred from the true European rabbit somewhere around the western Mediterranean at the beginning of civilization. The only Canadian Leporidae that comes close to being a rabbit is the cottontail, the little brown-grey, short-legged rabbit with the powder-puff tail which came from the southern U.S. Like the true rabbit, the cottontail likes a burrow but unlike him doesn't dig his own but weathers the winter by using the holes of woodchucks.

The cottontail spends his whole life within an acre or so, hippity-hopping along the same paths, feeding at the same places and following the same routine. An exception was reported by a CPR freight engineer, A. R. McDonald of London, Ont., who adopted a baby cottontail he found on the tracks. The rabbit, named Sandy, traveled CPR for four years in the caboose on McDonald's desk, covering 100,000 miles, bracing himself for stops and starts every time he heard the whistle blow. One time when McDonald put him in a field, feeling that he might want his freedom, Sandy nibbled grass calmly until he heard the whistle blow. Then like an old hobo he sprinted and caught the caboose as it was pulling away. He disappeared in disgust at the outset of the rail strike in August 1950 and hasn't been seen since.

Rabbits are alternately scarce and plentiful in ten-year cycles which directly control the lives, habits, habitat and numbers of all predatory animals and indirectly of many other forms of wildlife, including the deer, whose numbers often depend on how easily the wolves can pick off a rabbit. It also controls the sport of a lot of hunters, as the rabbit is Canada's most plentiful game animal. It influences the economic life of Canada's northern Indians and Eskimos who depend to a considerable extent on the rabbit for food and clothing. Although they claim that rabbit is not very nourishing and have



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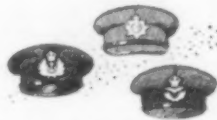
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For full information write to the Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or to any of the following:—

The Registrar,  
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## QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE...



## When do you send a "Bread and Butter" letter?

When you have been a guest in someone's home for an overnight stay or longer, it is always proper to send your hostess a "bread and butter" letter. This short note expresses your thanks for being invited to share her hospitality... and it should be written within a day or two of your visit.

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a saying, "I'm starving on rabbit," Indian and Eskimo women are so deft at trapping and snaring rabbits that they pick them up outside the door in the morning the way most women pick up their morning milk. They eat its flesh and cut its fur into strips and weave it into a coarse exceptionally warm cloth.

In spite of being preyed on by everything with talons, claws or fangs, the rabbit has an unbeatable card up his sleeve that has kept the world well populated with rabbits for thirty million years: he can produce more rabbits at a rate that has made him famous as a parent. A rabbit has a gestation period of only thirty days and breeds four to eight times a year, averaging three to eight babies to a litter. A doe is ready to breed again within an hour of having a litter.

In Australia a few imported English pairs, turned loose, began to breed at such a rate that it was estimated that each pair could have held a family reunion in five years of twenty million descendants. They overran the country, ate so much greenstuff they caused dust bowls, erosion and financial losses in the sheep industry. They became the country's No. 1 headache. They were trapped, shot, poisoned and gassed. A fence was built four and a half feet high and 1,139 miles long at a cost of \$1,343,966 to try to keep them in one place. It was the longest fence in the world but it didn't work. After a long struggle the Australian government seems to have beaten the problem by attacking rabbits with a brain disease borne by six types of mosquito and one kind of flea.

But the new method of rabbit control is backfiring in other parts of the world. In June 1952 a retired French pediatrician, Dr. Armand Delille, caught two estate-marauding rabbits and injected them with the virus used in Australia. Delille has since become the unhappiest man in France. Tens of millions of French rabbits have died and the disease has spread to Belgium, Holland and Germany and has crossed the Channel to England. Gamekeepers unions, felt and fur interests and sportsmen are threatening to sue Delille for an amount that is currently quoted at \$150 million. His only hope lies in the fact that there are two French laws, one encouraging the extermination of rabbits as pests, the other protecting them as game. The Canadian cottontail is not susceptible to the disease.

There are fifty breeds of domestic rabbits. Generally the bigger breeds are docile, the smaller ones inclined to be quick and snappish. Standard favorites are the Dutch, a white rabbit that is solid-colored a third of the way from each end; New Zealand whites, the big, pink-eyed albino Easter rabbits; the chinchilla rabbit, which has a grey, glossy fur similar to that of the real chinchilla, a squirrel-like animal native to South America. Rabbit crazes come and go. During World War I the big boom was in Belgian hares; now there are few to be found. On the up-swing are silver-fox rabbits, with white-tipped black hair.

Rabbit raising as a hobby has many ardent devotees. The Dominion Rabbit and Cavy (guinea pig) Breeders' Association, with 250 Canadian members, holds meetings every month in the Coliseum in Toronto's exhibition grounds, has get-together meetings at picnics, corn roasts and summer bus trips, and competes in rabbit shows both in Canada and the United States. Breeders claim they are as peaceful as their pets, and add that cat and dog breeders are jealous and quarrelsome by contrast. The association includes many women members who as a rule can breed better rabbit stock than men.

"The way I figure it," one member says, "suppose a man has a good doe due to kindle. He goes downstairs and has a look before he goes to work. She hasn't kindled. So he forgets about it until suppertime. But a woman is home all day and she keeps going down, maybe taking little tidbits till the doe has kindled. She gets interested. She can't help herself. It's just that mother instinct."

Rabbits should be greeted by name and allowed to get to know their owner gradually. They are very nosy, make friends with cats, like to be petted, to go on automobile trips and are natural air travelers. They'll sometimes learn a simple trick, such as opening a little door, but aren't too bright in this field and prefer to remain dumb bunnies. They are easily bored, according to Dr. Ray G. Williams, of the University of Pennsylvania. Williams was using a rabbit in cancer research observing cells on the rabbit's ear through a microscope. Every time he got the microscope in position the rabbit sighed, settled into his daily position, fell asleep and began to snore so loud the doctor couldn't keep the microscope focused.

Rabbits should never be picked up by the ears. It hurts them and they'll thrash around and sometimes break their necks. They should be gripped by the scruff of the neck and supported underneath. They should be housed on hay or shredded newspaper, well off the ground in a wire hutch, with a hinged top and a place for them to hide. Draughts give rabbits colds, although they thrive on cold temperatures. Temperatures of 15 to 20 degrees below for a night or two don't bother them. Baby rabbits are kept snug in a nest of fur which the mother plucks from her breast. It can be used as a barometer. If the young are covered deep, it will be cold by morning. If they are left uncovered, the weather will be mild.

### One Bred Doe Will Do

Rabbits should be given lots of water and fed twice a day, with the biggest meal last because the night is their busiest time. They eat carrots, grass, turnips and sweet potatoes. They love lettuce, which gives them little nourishment, and dandelions, which make them sick. They won't eat meat, so should have a supplement of bread soaked in fresh milk, and salt, peanuts, commercial food pellets, whole grain, clover or alfalfa. They shouldn't be fed between meals although they have no objection to it themselves. A silver-fox rabbit in Lorne Park, near Toronto, eats olives, dill pickles, cheese, bananas, oranges, preserved peaches and pears, cake, icing, oatmeal, grapefruit and dried apricots. He begs food at the dinner table and stamps his feet and growls when he doesn't get it.

Rabbit experts advise beginners in the rabbit-raising business to start with one bred doe. Or if they have a little more space and money they can buy a trio, two does and a buck. Plenty of beginners overreach themselves and find themselves in trouble.

"My wife had a man in here who wanted to know where he could buy a hundred bred does," one man said. "A hundred bred does would bring 600 baby rabbits. One more generation and he'd have rabbits coming out of his ears."

The rabbit is a traditional favorite with children, both as a pet and as the hero of stories. Some rabbit characters have become syndicated in newspaper columns, such as Uncle Wiggley, a bespectacled unrabbit-like gentleman; and Thornton W. Burgess' Peter Rabbit, who moves in a more realistic





# They helped Canada grow

*John Cabot \* Henry VIII*



I BESEECH THEE SIRE TO LET ME SEEK THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO THE FABULOUS ISLES OF THE EAST

WE REQUIRE THEE THEN TO SET FORTH UPON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY!

HENRY VII instructed his "well beloved John Cabot" to "seek out whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathens or infidels, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." Without Henry's backing, Cabot might never have discovered Canada.



WE, THE MERCHANTS OF BRISTOL, WISH THEE EVERY SUCCESS,

On May 1, 1497 Cabot sailed from Bristol, then second only to London as a great English port. The merchants of Bristol, eager to expand their trade, equipped Cabot's ship, the *Mathew*, though it was the King of England who financed the voyage, for he was very eager for his country to expand.



For two months the *Mathew* tossed in the high seas. Cabot could navigate only by the compass—which does not always point due north. Hence he headed slightly southwest instead of west, and so made his great discovery.



THEY DO SAY THE WORLD IS ROUND, FATHER BUT FORSOOTH I FEAR WHAT MAY BETIDE.

HAVE FAITH, SON E'ER LONG WE SHOULD SIGHT LAND

It took courage to set upon unknown waters hoping to sail around the world and appear on the other side of the horizon, for in those days the idea of a round globe was still new. Cabot had a crew of only eighteen men, including his three sons.



At last, on June 24, 1497 land was sighted. "It is a very good and temperate country," Cabot wrote, "Brazil wood and silks grow there, and the sea is covered with fishes." Cabot thought this land was connected with the East.



I PROCLAIM FOR THE KING OF ENGLAND DOMINION, TITLE AND JURISDICTION OVER THESE LANDS.

On the new land, far from the old world, Cabot planted the flag of England and also the banner of St. Mark, patron saint of his native Venice. Cabot was the first to unfurl the flag of England on soil which Jacques Cartier, Champlain and others later opened up.



Instead of finding a route to the isles of the east, Cabot discovered a land richer by far. Cabot has won his niche in our history. But without the help of Henry VII of England, he could not have financed his expedition. Henry, also, "helped Canada grow."

THE CABOTS of today have plenty of adventure ahead, as Canada's rapid development demands initiative in every field. New Cabots are venturing in to both charted and uncharted areas of financial risk.

Who are the Henry VII's of today?

The lending institutions of Canada!

Every day they help Canada grow. For the savings of Canadians are invested by the banks to

turn the wheels of progress.

When you deposit your savings, whenever you do business with your bank, you are contributing to the funds available for Canada's growth—for your growth with Canada.

Drop in for a chat with your Bank of Nova Scotia manager. Ask him to help you chart your course. You'll find him a good man to know.

## The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

*• Your Partner in Helping Canada Grow*



# SIMMONS MATTRESSES ...FOR YOUR MONEY

## BANNER

A new Simmons mattress with all white deep felt layer upholstery and quality woven striped ticking — taped roll edge — made with precision "auto lock" coil construction.

*Suggested price*

**\$42<sup>50</sup>**

## SLUMBER KING

New features have been added. Border is pre-built and now has the famous inner-roll construction. Uniform Jiffy-Join tufting — high quality woven striped ticking — "auto lock" coil construction.

*Suggested price*

**\$59<sup>50</sup>**



*When it comes to sleep, Simmons is your best buy!*

Only Simmons give you so much to choose from at any price. Every Simmons mattress is the finest in its price field. And new developments in mattress construction have made them even better buys than ever. Every one is the product of the unsurpassed experience and craftsmanship which have made Simmons "the greatest name in sleep".

*Each is available with matching box spring.*



# GIVE THE MOST VALUE AT ANY PRICE!

SEE THEM AT YOUR SIMMONS DEALER'S

*You name the price...  
we've got the mattress!*

## DEEPSLEEP

With its inner-roll, pre-built border and coil springs assembled in an "auto lock" unit, this famous mattress is more comfortable than ever! Uniform Jiffy-Join tufting — attractive damask ticking.

*Suggested price*

**\$69<sup>50</sup>**

## BEAUTYREST

Pioneered exclusively by Simmons, Beautyrest's 837 coils are individually pocketed, giving firm, restful, levelized support — for complete relaxation. Finest quality damask ticking.

*Suggested price*

**\$89<sup>50</sup>**

### Only Simmons makes Beautyrest

The world's most comfortable and most wanted mattress — with its 837 coils individually pocketed, giving firm, restful, levelized support for complete relaxation — the secret of luxurious Beautyrest comfort. (For those who prefer EXTRA firmness, "Beautyrest Extra Firm" has been specially developed.)

For the most for your mattress money — come *now* to your Simmons dealer!

Only Simmons  
makes  
**BEAUTYREST**

*Your choice of either*



Gentle-Firm  
(Standard)

Extra-Firm

world of North American mammals. Joel Chandler Harris' Uncle Remus, a southern colored gentleman, still tells his stories about Br'er Rabbit in almost undecipherable dialect. Garth Williams' rabbit, Benjamin Pink, lives on Clover Hill with his wife Emily. Beatrix Potter's Flopsy, Mopsy and Peter Cottontail still delight children. Among the most famous rabbits with both children and adults are the White Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland and the brash, carrot-chewing hot-shot of the screen, Bugs Bunny. Among the rabbits with a more adult message are

Aesop's hare that raced the tortoise, and Ernest Seton-Thompson's substantially authentic rabbit, Molly Cottontail of Toronto. Two rabbits have won literary prizes. Robert Lawson's Little Georgie, in Rabbit Hill, won the Newbery Award for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children. Mary Chase's invisible rabbit Harvey won the Pulitzer Prize as the best play of American authorship produced in New York in 1945.

The Easter rabbit, who keeps company with chickens, colored eggs and

pretty girls, is an outcome of his inevitable association by primitive man with the gods of fertility and creation. Easter is a lunar holiday; the hare was the symbol of the moon. On Egyptian tombs, Isis holds an egg on her lap with a rabbit at her side. Boadicea, Queen of Britain, carried a rabbit in her bosom which she occasionally set free to the delight of the enlisted men, who haven't changed a great deal.

One theory says that the Easter rabbit started laying eggs by mistake when a German noblewoman hid some colored eggs in the grass for her kids,

who stirred up a rabbit when they were looking for them and put two and two together and got the Easter bunny. But it is more likely that the rabbit became connected with eggs through the old tradition of giving eggs as a neighborly gesture on festive days.

In parts of Germany today kids are taught that if they are good a white hare will steal into the house on Easter Eve and lay eggs. Next morning the father starts looking for eggs, finds none, says things like "Oho! So I have no good children," then finds one egg, then another, making a production of it and building up suspense until the kids are nearly taking off.

But the rabbit's really big trick isn't laying Easter eggs. It is imitating other animals on people's coats. Over half of the 63 furs listed by the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce are rabbit, virtually all imported. If Hudson seal (died muskrat) is getting a brisk run at the sales counters the price begins to go up till it's around \$500. Women who can't afford that, yet who want to be in fashion, buy the working girl's muskrat, electric seal (died rabbit) at \$100 to \$150. The rabbit is also used for 15 other kinds of seal, as well as Baltic fox, Coney, Baltic tiger, Belgium lynx, Erminette, French chinchilla, French sable, Lapin, Moline, Squirrellette, Squirreline, Chinese lynx, seven kinds of beaver and three kinds of leopard, and is never more than a hop away from the fashion world. Just five years ago he accounted for 43 percent of the nearly 15 million skins treated in Canada. Even now, when he's between women's whims, he provides about 25 percent of the fur coats sold.

#### Not Much Money In 'Em

But even when he's popular the rabbit has to undergo 19 operations before he becomes a seal. His pelt has to be cured, softened and cleaned by being tumbled with sawdust; then brushed and blown to be freed of the sawdust, with the process being repeated many times. Then it has to be stretched, sheared, beaten, unhaired, dyed and matched. All of which takes about six weeks, or two weeks longer than it takes a rabbit to produce a rabbit. So much work is required to ready a pelt that pelts bring only twenty to thirty cents each.

The only way rabbits can be raised for fur profitably is to sell the meat, too. This is why there is little commercial rabbit breeding in Canada. Canadians as a rule don't like rabbit meat. When they do eat rabbit they want white meat which comes from types of rabbit that produce the poorest fur. In parts of the United States, particularly California, the people like dark-meat breeds, which produce a good fur. In California, rabbit raising for meat and fur has become a live and kicking industry. The meat is sold all fancied up under cellophane at 69 cents a pound, as compared to chicken friers at 50 cents. Californians can lay down a rabbit pelt in Canada for 15 cents each and still make a profit. Australia, which provides almost all the furs bought in Canada, exports rabbit meat too. Between the fur and the meat Australia's rabbits are the country's sixth biggest industry.

Throughout rural Europe domestic rabbits are kept in back yards ready to stew, roast or fry into a tasty answer to the cost of living. Europeans favor *hasenpfeffer* (hare and pepper) in which the rabbit is cut up and put in a crock, covered with red wine, flavored with cloves, pepper seeds, laurel leaves, chopped onion, let stand for a few days and stewed.

For rabbit pie the rabbit pieces are



## Your Credit is one of your biggest assets so, use it wisely

"Buying out of income" . . . comfortably, within that income . . . is how millions of Canadians actually save money by investing a reasonable portion of monthly earnings in an automobile, labour saving equipment and other durable things for the home. They build up "capital" . . . they have very real investments.

The IAC Merit Plan helps you to use your credit asset wisely . . . to protect and enrich your present . . . to enjoy the things you want and need while paying for them systematically within your income.

When you purchase such modern necessities as an automobile or new range, out of income, be sure you use an established, time-tested method such as the IAC MERIT PLAN. It is an open, easy-to-understand transaction completed right on your dealer's premises . . . rates are fair and reasonable.

Ask your dealer for details of the MERIT PLAN method . . . or phone the IAC office listed in your telephone directory . . . there are over 75 IAC offices right across Canada, waiting to serve you.

### Industrial Acceptance Corporation LIMITED

Sponsors of the Merit Plan for Instalment Buying • Executive Offices: Sun Life Building, Montreal 2.

CANADA'S MOST USED BUYING PLAN





dipped in flour and browned in bacon fat, seasoned, put in water and cooked gently in the oven for an hour, allowed to cool, then covered with pastry and baked until done. Roast rabbit is stuffed, seasoned, roasted and served with brown gravy and currant jelly. Fried rabbit is cut in joints, dipped in beaten egg and crumbs, seasoned and sautéed. Other rabbit dishes are rabbit soup, rabbit and rice pie, boiled rabbit with onion sauce, rabbit with macaroni, rabbit pudding, curried rabbit, rabbit sausages, rabbit salad, jugged rabbit, rabbit and vegetable stew, Spanish hare, pot roast, rabbit liver, Hungarian goulash and rabbit in tomato sauce.

Until Canadians start eating rabbit their surest bet in raising rabbits commercially is raising them for Angora wool. The Angora looks like a big powder puff with two eyes, a nose and tassels on his ears. He's raised indoors in cages with wire bottoms to keep his fur clean. He costs about three dollars a year to raise, and yields wool at two to two and a half months, and a crop about three inches long every three months from then on. Each rabbit gives about a pound of wool a year, which is enough to fill a supermarket bag. Top price now is seven dollars a pound.

Angoras are plucked by hand or sheared. A good rabbit plucker can pluck a rabbit in half an hour, grading the wool according to length, cleanliness and freedom from tangles all in the same process. In shearing, a quarter of an inch of wool is left on so that the rabbit won't catch cold. Most Angora breeders are women who do it as a hobby and many of them spin the wool on a small wooden spinning wheel and sell the yarn either directly to the public or through retail outlets. Angora wool can be dyed after washing in mild soap and water and treated to retain the dye but now Angora rabbits come in colored breeds, including smoke, blue, golden fawn, cream-sooty fawn, blue fawn, brown, blue grey, chinchilla, sable, cinnamon and chocolate blue. A reason that Angora raising is a consistent money maker is that the small operator can always step up or cut down production to meet market demands.

All in all, the bunny is a pretty busy character. He's one of the most valuable laboratory animals because of his high rate of reproduction, ease of handling and because his ears provide a handy means of marking. They can be held up to a light and give the exact location of the veins. Rabbits are now being embalmed, their veins filled with latex, and shipped to medical schools for study in anatomy. About 50,000 rabbits a year are used in laboratories in Toronto. Tests in which rabbits are used can tell with 99 percent accuracy whether a woman is pregnant. Rabbits are also used by psychologists to study emotional behavior, to provide evidence on what causes man to fight, experience fear and feel persecuted.

Perhaps there is something symbolic in the superstitions that have surrounded rabbits since the beginning of man. A particularly potent part of him, his foot, has always been regarded as very lucky, particularly if it's the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed in the dark of the moon. Superstition or not, it's a lucky thing for man that there still are and probably always will be plenty of rabbits. ★

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## Home Movies People Pay to See

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

material for new child-care movies.

Now in their early forties, Budge and Judith boss Ottawa's Crawley Films, Canada's biggest commercial studio. In the past two years their camera crews have made movies in England, France, United States, Brazil, Jamaica, Trinidad and in every

Canadian province plus the Arctic. Out of the Crawley studio has come *The Loon's Necklace*, an imaginative ten-minute color dramatization of an Indian legend, acclaimed by many critics as the finest Canadian movie ever made. The man-and-wife team now has 35 film awards to its credit.

They owe their success to a rare combination of talents. Not long ago the top brass of a Toronto company were seated around a table in their board room. The advertising manager was explaining that he thought the company should have a motion picture

made to tell the story of its product. The controller was unconvinced. The president was doubtful. Occasionally they would glance, slightly askance, at the foot of the table where a stockily built, carelessly dressed, boyish-looking man listened intently.

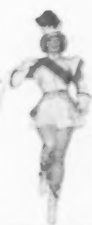
Suddenly the man begins to talk, rising from his chair. He places his palms to form a camera—he is taking motion pictures. He takes a high shot. He pans in. He crouches for a low one—he is taking them on a camera tour of their plant. He is loud, excited, sincere. "Say!" he cries at them,



"For a mild cigarette...  
Smoke a fresh cigarette!"

# SWEET CAPS

Always fresh and **TRULY MILD!**



IF THE CIGARETTE you smoke is going to be mild, it just has to be fresh... because it's freshness that keeps a cigarette mild. Sweet Caps come fresh from the factory... fresh to your dealer... fresh to you! This extra freshness guarantees Sweet Caps are always the truly mild cigarette you want. Best tobaccos... purest paper... you'll like Sweet Caps.

CORK or PLAIN

"ONLY A FRESH CIGARETTE CAN BE TRULY MILD" — Since 1887, Canada's First Cigarette

"that'll be great! This'll be wonderful!" They lean forward, carried away. He moves in for a close-up, and without losing a moment's enthusiasm concludes, "And we can make it for you cheaper than any firm on this continent." This is Frank Radford (Budge) Crawley—cameraman, chartered accountant, and salesman—selling a \$20,000, 20-minute product, sight unseen.

What Budge lacks, Judith supplies. Tall and slim, she balances Crawley's impulsiveness with quiet common sense. Like most wives she plays a background role. Unobtrusively she arranges the details for his deals, cautions his boldness, soothes his impatience, and keeps his erratic enthusiasm from shooting up some bypath.

Their entry into movie-making was in the great tradition of an industry whose founders were fur merchants (Loew and Zukor), a glove salesman (Goldwyn), and a cornet player (Jesse Lasky). Judith was a stenographer with a B.A. in economics. Crawley was an accountant who wanted to learn to swim better.

They grew up side by side, in two big old houses on Ottawa's scenic Driveway. Judith's father, the late Percy Sparks, was a well-to-do tariff consultant, an offshoot of the pioneer family which gave its name to Ottawa's main street. The Sparks children—Judith, Cecily and Rod—had a home background of culture, enhanced by McGill and polished by travel abroad.

Budge's father, Arthur Crawley (who now heads an accounting firm with branches in seven cities) has a Spartan concept of physical fitness. Mrs. Crawley is of Plymouth Brethren stock. The Crawley children—two boys and three girls—had Bible study at night; in the morning, cold tubs and calisthenics. Two of the girls are now missionaries in India. It was Arthur Crawley's deepest desire that Budge, his eldest son, should succeed him in his accounting business. Budge, who was quick at figures, quit school at 16 with every intention of doing so. By the time he was 21 he was a full-fledged chartered accountant, a popular Sunday-school teacher, a basketball player, and a long-distance swimmer. To help him improve his swimming by studying his defects in slow motion, his proud father gave him a motion-picture camera.

It was years before Arthur Crawley forgave himself. Soon Budge was talking of quitting his job and crashing Hollywood. His father talked him out of it. Then Budge wanted to go to work in a photographic store and learn the trade. His father talked him out of that too. But he couldn't talk Budge out of taking pictures. He made movies of his family, friends—everything but girls. Budge was no ladies' man. He had scarcely spoken six consecutive words to Judith until one night she came home from McGill—after having seen the movie *Wings of the Morning*. "You simply must see it," Judith enthused to Budge. "It's in color and it's wonderful!"

Budge looked at the girl from next door with dawning interest. "Gee, I'd like to," he said. "How about going with me?"

They were married two years later, in 1938. Judith quit her steno's job and they spent their honeymoon making a color movie of cheese making and other local customs on the beautiful Isle d'Orléans, near Quebec City. It won the Hiram Percy Maxim award in New York as the world's best amateur movie in 1939.

Among the friends to whom they showed their movie was Marius Barbeau, the eminent folklorist. He liked it so much he talked the Canadian Geographical Society into putting up

\$700 to have the Crawleys make a film on the history of power in Canada. Arthur Crawley couldn't hold them back now; he rented the couple his attic as a studio.

One day in 1940, Barbeau enticed a visiting Englishman to a screening of their amateur film. It was John Grierson, leader of Britain's documentary film movement, whom the federal government had engaged to set up the National Film Board. Grierson was so excited he turned to the Crawleys and said:

"Judith, can you cook?"

"Why?" asked Judith (who couldn't), mystified.

"We've got a surplus of apples in Nova Scotia, and I want Budge to make a film to sell them."

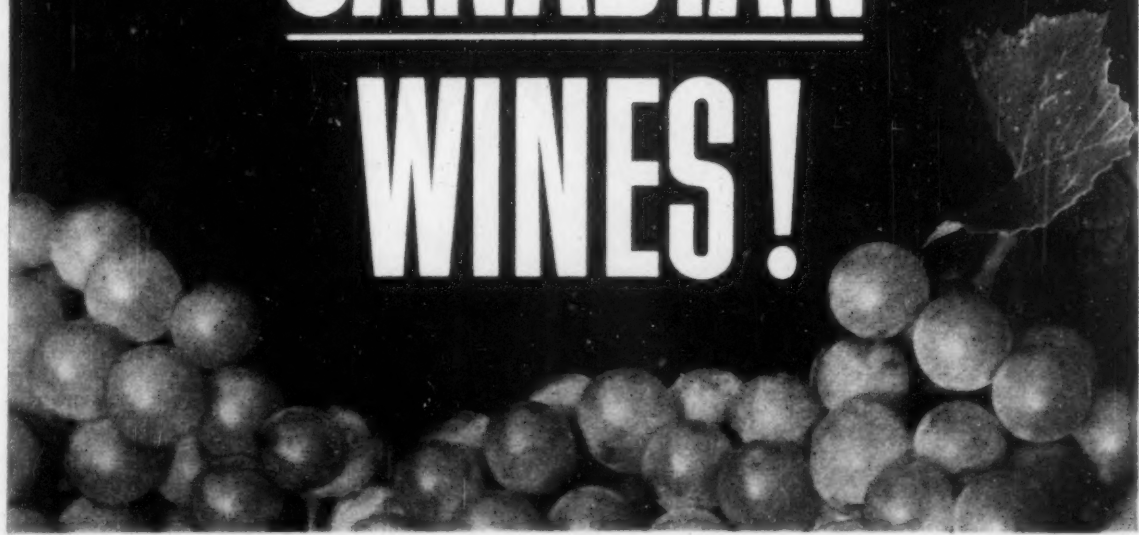
Crawley poured his heart into *Four New Apple Dishes*, the film board's first color movie, and Judith learned to make apple sauce. Filming the scenes showing Judith were a race against time. Budge finished them just before she gave birth to their first child, Michel.

Grierson had no studio but the government had set up funds he could

draw on. "Look, Budge," he said. "You've got your attic. You hire the people we need and I'll pay their salaries."

Thus the two largest Canadian producers began in the Crawley attic. When the National Film Board set itself up in a converted sawmill on the banks of the Ottawa River the Crawleys remained independent, in spite of Grierson's pleading. The expanding Crawley outfit remained a family affair. Judith's engineer brother Rod was brought in to handle the technical end, sister Cecily came to write and edit

# WE ASKED THE FRENCH WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF CANADIAN WINES!





and Budge's sister Sylvia for odd chores. They teamed with two brothers named Crabtree, Grant a cameraman and Graham an artist.

Continuing to put the accent on his family, Budge taught Judith to manipulate a camera and she far exceeded his fondest hopes. Filming an Indian trekking across a frozen stream (for the NFB picture *Portage*) she broke through the ice and was anchored to the bottom by her snowshoes for agonizing minutes before the Indian could yank her out. Plugging in her generator to shoot a Gaelic wedding

party in Nova Scotia, she blew the lights in every building for miles around. That convinced her that handling a heavy camera was no job for her. In 1943 she shot her last scenes (for the film board's memorable art film *Four Seasons*) two days before she gave birth to Patrick, her second child. Afterward, she took up directing.

All during the war the Crawleys roamed the country making NFB shorts on health, defense and the home front. Once Crawley shot a film in the daytime for a coal company in Quebec and audited the company's

books at night. Often with Michel asleep beside them in a basket the Crawleys would work in their attic all night, keeping awake with coffee.

At the end of the war they started building an organization to sell films to business: films to show a company's work, to increase its prestige, explain policy and teach co-operation, safety and sales techniques. They sold Budge's father a partnership and installed their staff of five and their equipment in a heavily mortgaged Anglican church hall in Ottawa's west end.

Crawley was positive no one could

make films better or cheaper than he and Judith. He would walk into a company's board room armored in faith and armed with enthusiasm. A New York businessman once said sceptically: "Mr. Crawley, how can you make us a good film so cheaply?"

President Budge Crawley stripped back his old tweed coat to show his worn-out shirt sleeves cut off jaggedly at the elbows. "This is how!" he said. During one sales talk an early U. S. client surprised Crawley by popping the all-important question, "How much is this film going to cost us?"

Crawley thought quickly. He naturally wanted the highest price he could get without losing the sale but he wasn't familiar with U. S. prices then. "I'll tell you," he said, in the manner of a man conceding a favor, "You name a price. If it's all right, I won't say anything. If it's too low, I'll tell you."

That was Crawley the businessman. Behind the camera Crawley becomes the artist, tireless, sometimes ruthless, completely absorbed. Once, shooting a scene for a TCA film at Dorval Airport, he noticed a young worker's coveralls made a bad color contrast and he asked the man to take them off. People were watching, and the young man protested, "But I've got no pants on underneath."

"Here—take mine," said Crawley, and finished directing the scene in his shorts.

#### Birth of Loon's Necklace

Crawley shot movies from horseback, dog sled and birch-bark canoe. He wrestled a French-Canadian logger for the right to film a log drive. Shooting from an airplane over Noranda he became exuberant, leaned out and the side hatch opened to leave him dangling by his belt three thousand feet in the air. Often, some scene like the patterns made by a flock of crows would drive the job he was on right out of his mind for half a day.

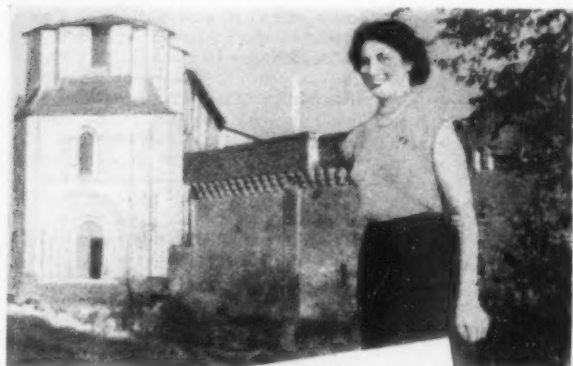
This happened when he was filming the feature, *Canadian Landscape*; Crawley became enamored of some hand-carved Indian masks hanging on the studio wall of his friend, painter A. Y. Jackson. He photographed them and the results were so striking that Crawley suggested building a film around them.

Judith went to anthropologist Douglas Leechman, of the National Museum, who suggested a west coast Indian legend telling how the loon got its necklace. Judith adapted the story so that the Indians, the animals, even the elements, could be depicted against a painted background by live actors wearing the ancient richly colored masks.

They had no money for actors; they would collar passers-by and dress them in deerskins and wooden masks, stifling under the floodlights. One elderly man, recruited for his gnarled hands from a Salvation Army mission, collapsed after twenty minutes. Another, a burly truck driver, threw off his deerskins and mask and, steaming with perspiration, stamped out croaking, "Who the hell cares how the loon got its necklace?"

It took two years to finish the little fantasy and when the National Film Board rejected it because it had no practical use Crawley felt that the truck driver had a point. His spare-time picture had cost him \$10,000 in time and materials and the film board seemed the only likely market.

It wasn't though. That year, 1948, Crawley had hired Stewart Reburn, an ex-figure skater who made several movies with Sonja Henie before the war, to open a sales office in Toronto. Reburn went until the day before



**"DELIGHTFUL"**

*J. Maury*

"A really delightful surprise," said Mme Jacqueline Maury, as she sipped her first Canadian wines in the village of St-Emilion, near her native city of Bordeaux, France.



**"FINE"**

*Fernand Grivelet*

"A truly fine wine" was the comment of M. Fernand Grivelet who savored his first Canadian wine in his beautiful Chateau Chambolle-Musigny. M. Grivelet heads his own firm of Burgundy wine growers.

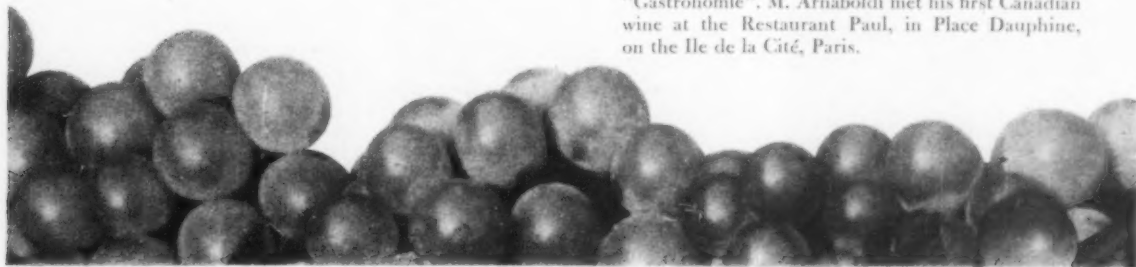
GREAT THINGS have been happening to Canada's wines in the past few years—and we were so sure of their fine quality that we dared to invite the judgment of the world's acknowledged experts—the people of France. Off went cases of Canadian wines to France—and back came dozens of enthusiastic comments. Men and women in all parts of France readily expressed their pleasure at the clean, delicate flavour, the fine bouquet of our Canadian wines. So today, at little cost, you can share a pleasure appreciated by the French for centuries—the enjoyment of fine wines to sharpen your appetite, brighten your meals. Try a good Canadian wine soon! *Canadian Wine Institute, 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.*



**"DELICIOUS SURPRISE"**

*J. Arnaboldi*

"I can happily recommend these Canadian wines," said M. Jean Arnaboldi, famous French writer on food and wine, and editor-in-chief of the magazine "Gastronomie". M. Arnaboldi met his first Canadian wine at the Restaurant Paul, in Place Dauphine, on the Ile de la Cité, Paris.



## THE START OF IT ALL!



"The Grand-Daddy of All Dollars" was first issued about 1500 in the Bohemian Valley or "thal" of Saint Joachim. These coins were so large and of such pure silver that they were widely popular through Europe—and their name "Joachimsthalers" was shortened to "thalers," then to "dalers." Because of its high purchasing power, this big, pure silver dollar was called "The Almighty"—so that was **The Start of It All.**

For you, **the Start of It All** may well be the first dollar you deposit in a Savings Account. As you add to it month after month<sup>2</sup> and year after year, that dollar can develop into the Grand-Daddy of a sizable independence. Follow the example of the multitudes of alert Canadians who maintain Savings Accounts with The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Visit our nearest Branch and start saving today.



# The Canadian Bank of Commerce

M-53

Christmas without a sale. That evening, Frank Prendergast, public relations chief of Imperial Oil, lifted him out of his gloom with a phone call. Imperial, he said, would pay \$5,000 for the right to couple its name with The Loon's Necklace.

A year later the short was voted Film of the Year, Canadian film-dom's highest honor. In 1950 the First International Art Film Festival, in Woodstock, Vt., named it Best North American Film. The National Film Board, belatedly awakened, then tried vainly to buy the film.

Just about this time, a new passion was entering Judith's life. She had noticed that Michel, her oldest child, wasn't developing socially. She was shy and didn't play well with other children. Judith threw herself into a study of child care. She recognized mistakes she had made with Michel as a baby. She recalled an Indian woman she had met while shooting *Portage* in 1941. The woman had been carrying a fat, happy, healthy baby and Judith had asked her how often she fed it.

"I don't know—whenever it's hungry," the woman said, and Judith had been shocked. "Imagine!" she had told Budge afterward. "She doesn't even know how often she feeds her child."

Now, six years later, reading about the new theory of demand feeding, and remembering thin, nervous, little Michel, Judith decided that the Indians had been well in advance of medical opinion. Characteristically she thought of her new knowledge in terms of movie-making. She wanted to tell other mothers what she had learned. In hospital following the birth of Roddy, her third child, Judith scripted *Know Your Baby*, a ten-minute movie crammed with practical pointers on bathing, burping, bed clothes and breast feeding (demand feeding, still a ticklish subject, was only hinted at). The theme was the mother's understanding that her child wasn't just a bundle of love wrapped in flannel but an individual with particular feelings and needs. You couldn't force a pattern or a formula on his growth without setting him back emotionally. Judith felt her subject so strongly that she wrote, produced and directed the film, and played the part of the mother. In the family tradition, baby Roddy starred.

Crawley sold *Know Your Baby* to the Department of National Health and Welfare for \$3,000, which lost him money. It was one of the company's most profitable losses because, distributed by the film board, it was enormously popular and prompted National Health and Welfare to commission Judith to make a second film, *Why Won't Tommy Eat?* The idea was born about the same time as Judith's fourth child, Sandy, whose first meal of Pablum became an example of how to start a baby on solids.

*Why Won't Tommy Eat?* showed baffled parents what lies behind the problem of meal hour. The child might be unconsciously using food as a weapon. The parents might be creating emotional tension in the child that would cause him to lose his appetite.

Judith, with four of her own now, was becoming something of an expert on how to handle children. When she wanted a shot of two-year-old Roddy too excited to eat, she set a dish of cereal in front of him and told the two older children to run around the table. Then she turned the camera on Roddy and told him to eat.

"Hurry up!" she demanded. "Shove it down. Every bit!" Roddy was so confused he looked at his plate and started to cry—exactly the reaction Judith wanted.

The kind of movies Judith makes calls for immense patience and large

supplies of cookies and fruit juice. While she waits for that fleeting, all-important expression on a child's face, she has part of her mind on the camera, the klieg lights, the overhead boom that holds the sound mike, on every detail of background, costume and cast. A mistake in any detail means a retake. Often the hero will lie on the floor and say, "I won't do it again, I won't, I won't!" and the camera crew must start packing up, until the child, afraid of losing the centre of attention, comes around.

Judith's child-care movies caught the eye of McGraw-Hill Text Films, of New York. They commissioned two series—on child and adolescent development—which have carried the Crawley name into educational film libraries all over the English-speaking world. One picture, *Children's Emotions*, was listed last year by the U. S. Educational Film Library Association as "the second most-used film in U. S. adult education."

Judith directs her pictures exactly according to script. Each scene has a carefully thought-out point—which has been okayed by six of North America's most critical child-care experts. This is an impossible discipline for her husband Budge, who regards a script as a necessary evil—for somebody else. All he wants to know is, "What's the main thought? What's the picture aimed at?" Then he bashes ahead, shooting anything that excites him.

### A Shaken Engineer

Crawley's shooting day begins at dawn with push-ups and ends 16 or more hours later. In one film, for example, he needed a scene to show modern snow removal. As his head cameraman Tommy Glynn tells it, "We hear there's a storm in Montreal so he piles us into his car and we highball it down, arrive at eleven p.m., work all night with floodlights, all the next day, and finish up around five the following morning. Then we head back to the hotel, Crawley still driving. We stop for a red light. The light turns green. The car doesn't move. I look across at Crawley—the guy is fast asleep." Luckily, Crawley is able to relax completely the moment the job is over.

One of Crawley's pet precepts is realism and he will go to some hair-raising lengths to achieve it. The script of a picture entitled *Safe Driving* called for a convertible to cut recklessly over a railroad crossing just in front of a train. Crawley's actors (his camera crew) made the pre-arranged crossing with too wide a margin of safety to suit Crawley. He insisted on reshooting it when the next train came through—and he would do the driving.

This time the engineer hadn't been warned. He looked out of his cab and saw three men in an open car speeding straight toward him, talking and laughing wildly, seemingly oblivious to their danger. Terror-stricken, he blew his whistle, locked his brakes and came thundering over the crossing only a few yards behind the car—a magnificent camera shot. The convertible pulled up and the camera crew, a little paler than usual, looked back at the engineer who had ground his train to a standstill and was leaning half out of the cab, too exhausted by fright to do more than glare. "Who the hell wrote that scene in?" asked someone. "Crawley," said another, "who else?"

His mind, like his body, is constantly on the move, though he steers a somewhat erratic course. One month he will want to buy a new camera and truck. Next month: "We gotta economize. Everybody's got to cut down





on their spending." He checks on everything the moment it occurs to him, which may very well be midnight. Occasionally, he will scribble a reminder and shove it into a side pocket already stuffed with dog-eared notes that will never come to light till Judith sends his coat to the cleaners.

He lunches on the run: a chunk of cheese and an apple, though this diet is subject to change without notice. In successive periods, he has given his exclusive patronage to roman meal, raw carrots and cabbage. At one time he tried to persuade his staff to drink buttermilk instead of coffee. Unlike Judith, who is always as trim as five children will permit, Crawley pays little attention to his attire. His socks are often mismatched and he used to wear a disreputable pair of grey flannels with a large rent in the seat.

Nearly every film that comes out of the Crawley studio bears the stamp of the Crawley personality. He thinks in pictures. At story conferences, picture ideas will spring to his mind in a sort of chain reaction. He describes them with his hands, steps on a chair and ends up standing on his desk.

Nothing, however, has been quite so successful, for business firms, as The Loon, as the trade terms The Loon's Necklace. It jacked up the standards of every film producer and purchaser in Canada. From then on, a manufacturer would say to a film producer, "Can you make me a Loon's Necklace on how I make pots and pans?"

No one, including the Crawleys, has duplicated it but in trying the Crawleys have captured more than a hundred blue-chip clients and 33 more film awards—in Canada, the U. S. and Europe. Their staff has risen steadily to its present 73. Last year they turned out 52 movie shorts averaging 22 minutes, and grossed around \$700,000.

With the company grown so big, Judith spends more time writing at home (where two-year-old Jennifer, offspring No. 5, is toddling about) and Crawley is forced to spend most of his time in the plant. The former church hall is now a bustling beehive of offices, labs, darkrooms, a camera-repair shop, cutting rooms, a recording studio, a tiny theatre and a relatively large space—the former Sunday-school floor—for studio shooting. Even a ten-minute film takes the talents of something like thirty craftsmen.

Many of the Crawley staff came from Europe: Stanley Moore, of Hibernia Films, Dublin; Kenneth Gay,

of Verity Films, London; Frank Stokes, of Vienna Films, Austria. The Crawley coffee period is a babble of thirteen languages. There is even a former general of the Chinese Nationalist Army, Brig. Irving Dooh, CBE, BSc, now in charge of Crawley's still photos.

For Judith, film-making means foregoing teas and luncheons. Occasionally she directs a five-minute nature series, filmed in the wooded Gatineau hills behind their modern ranch-style house. Several mornings a week she leaves her children with the maid, drives her Rover to the studio and supervises films in the making. Afternoons when Jenny is napping, she snatches an hour or so at her desk and goes back again in the evening when the children are in bed—unless Crawley wants to talk over a problem, and he frequently does.

#### New TV Requirements

Week ends, 75 people may drop in. They will inevitably hear the Crawleys' favorite music, the film score from *The River*, played very loud. The conversation—around the Crawleys at least—will be films, films, films. They read only for research and, significantly, the television set is in the basement playroom.

Television, nevertheless, fascinates the Crawleys from a business standpoint. Canadian and U. S. television need low-cost dramatic films and the industry here has served its apprenticeship on low-budget productions. Crawley and Canada's 31 other private film producers now want to apply this experience to the TV short, and after a further apprenticeship on handling a story line, branch out into feature films, which up to now have not paid their way in Canada.

The Crawleys have gone so far as to buy an option on the film rights to a book about Labrador and they're spending \$200,000 to enlarge their studio, the old church hall. This is how they see the future: "We've got this great scenic background, we've French Canada and all its color and we've learned to make sound films in the bush. Eventually we'll have a feature film industry in this country—but not by trying to imitate Hollywood. It has to be based on our own natural resources."

If a way can be found, the Crawleys will likely find it—with the aid, of course, of all the little Crawleys. This is one family whose home movies have a way of paying off. ★



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## The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

table was joined by Maisonneuve. Dauversière watched the newcomer as he took his place at the other end of the board. It was clear that he was a gentleman, for his blue doublet was of excellent material and an immaculate frilled shirt showed at his neck; a soldier also, wearing his sword and carrying himself with muscular ease.

Dauversière began at once to speak to the company of his plans for the new mission. He talked in glowing terms, trying to make them see the things he perceived so clearly; and as he went along he allowed his eyes to rest often on the face of the quiet man at the other end. It was a grave face and one of unusual quality; a strong nose and jaw, the slightly receding forehead so often found in soldiers, eyes well-spaced and thoughtful. Maisonneuve was eating little and listening intently.

Dauversière turned the discussion to the difficulty of finding the right leader. Out of the corner of an eye he considered the effect this was having on the silent Maisonneuve and it was with dismay that he saw the latter rise from his place and leave the room.

"I have failed," he thought. "I have found the right man but I have not been able to interest him."

But when Dauversière also rose from the table he found the grave-faced soldier waiting in the corridor, with an invitation that they go to his apartment. Maisonneuve opened the conversation by saying that he would gladly participate in the expedition to Montreal and the work of the mission there. He told Dauversière of his experience as a soldier and even went into the matter of his finances. He had, it developed, a yearly income of two thousand livres, which made him independent and in a position to serve without compensation. As the only son of an old and wealthy family, he would in time come into a substantial inheritance. He would be prepared, he said, to devote to the cause everything he possessed.

The right man had been found. Dauversière had no doubts now on that score, nor had any of his associates when they met Paul de Chomedey. He was shortly thereafter appointed governor with authority to collect the equipment and stores which would be needed and to aid in selecting volunteers.

Maisonneuve led three ships from La Rochelle; the one in which he himself sailed was the last to arrive at Quebec. It limped into sight on August 20, a much-battered vessel with tattered sails and a leaky hull. Maisonneuve saw at once that he had stepped into a situation of mounting tensi-

A new governor had come to Quebec, Charles Huault de Montmagny. The Sieur de Montmagny was a gentleman of courage and high ideals but he was also a stickler for his rights. He had not been consulted about the Montreal venture, and he had not expected certainly to find Maisonneuve entrusted with powers which amounted almost to complete autonomy. The newcomer held a warrant from the King to control the destinies of the Montreal colony, to train and command troops, to make his own appointments. It was clear enough that he would look to France for his instructions rather than to Quebec.

There was thunder in the air certainly when the two men met. Montmagny stated his objections to the new

venture openly and emphatically but he seems to have skirted the issue of divided authority by basing his objections on what he termed the folly of settling at Montreal under the conditions which existed.

"You know that war with the Iroquois has commenced," he said, his eyes cold and withdrawn. "You cannot, then, in any reason think of settling in a place so far removed from Quebec. You must change your resolution. If you wish it, you will be given the Island of Orléans instead."

And, indeed, the governor's warning was no mere attempt to put obstacles in the way of the Montreal settlers. The atmosphere of Quebec was troubled and tense. The shadow of Iroquois hostility hung over the colony like a black cloud. The warriors of the Five Nations had held a solemn powwow at Lake St. Pierre and had declared war on the French in belated revenge for the defeats they had suffered at the hands of Champlain. They swarmed along the rivers and in the forests and it was no longer safe for a white man to venture out. Fear was felt for the safety of the little settlement at Sillery and the few seigneuries which had been established along the St. Lawrence.

### A Colony at all Cost

Montmagny's warning, however, had no effect on Maisonneuve. He answered in quiet but firm tones: "What you say, Excellency, would be good if I had been sent to Canada to choose a suitable site. But the company which sends me is determined that we shall go to Montreal. My honor is at stake. You must not take it ill if I proceed with the plans as made."

No amount of expostulation had any effect. Although he knew that the crossroad lay a hundred and fifty miles to the westward and that the Iroquois infested the country thereabouts, Maisonneuve could not be convinced that the plan should be changed. "Were all the trees on the Island of Montreal," he declared, "to be changed into so many Iroquois, it is a point of duty and honor for me to go there and establish a colony."

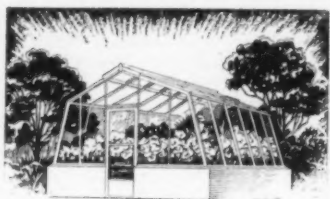
A soldier himself, the Sieur de Montmagny must have understood the position taken by Maisonneuve. Perhaps secretly he had come to approve it. The opposition to the plan, at any rate, was abandoned.

The winter was spent in preparations for the move in the spring. Maisonneuve directed the building of the river boats which would be used in the ascent of the St. Lawrence. Sentries with loaded guns on their shoulders kept an eye on the water and scouts roamed the woods to pick up any hint of approaching war parties.

Standing on the half-deck of one of the shallops at the head of the procession Maisonneuve and Montmagny first saw the island of an early evening. They had started from Quebec on May 8 and it was now May 17, 1642. The expedition had come all the way up the St. Lawrence without seeing as much as the shaved head of a Mohawk brave or hearing the excited gabble, much like the clucking of angry turkey cocks, in which the dreaded warriors were prone to indulge. Was this a happy augury? Would the founding of Montreal be carried out with less hazard than had been predicted?

The records, usually silent on such welcome details, indicate that nature excelled herself in extending a welcome to the newcomers. The early morning sun touched the flat top of the mountain and lighted up the thick forests. It was a warm sun for so early in the season, and a grateful one to the company who felt a cheerful lift of





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spirits after the gusts and raw winds of spring which they had suffered in their cramped quarters on the boats.

It was not a large company which came ashore: the two governors and their staff officers, alert and anxious with so much responsibility on their shoulders; a number of Jesuit priests, a few visitors from Quebec; all of the twenty-one settlers who made up the rank and file, conspicuous among them the sturdy figure of Nicholas Godé, the joiner, with his household of six.

As the feet of Maisonneuve touched the soil of the island, he fell to his knees and his example was followed by all of the company. A prayer was said and then their voices were raised in a hymn of thanksgiving.

They had landed on a flat piece of land, damp from the inundations of the spring floods. It was a low-lying stretch formed by the waters of the St. Lawrence and a small stream which they named later the St. Pierre. This tiny tributary dried up long ago and the exact spot of the landing is vaguely identified under the tall buildings of the modern city. The name of "the Common," which they applied to the meadow where their feet first touched, soon passed out of use although an echo of it remains in the Common Street of today. But of this we may be sure, the memory of that first scene never faded in the minds of the participants. The officers had donned their finest garb and the priests had assumed their vestments for the first mass. On the altar, which the women of the party had raised, were the sacred vessels. The soldiers, some few of whom were to remain, stood on guard at the edge of things, their muskets ready for use.

### They Build Their Homes

After Mass had been said Father Vimont, one of the Jesuits assigned to the new colony, raised his voice. "That which you see," he said, "is only a grain of mustard seed. But it is cast by hands so pious and so animated by faith and religion that it must be that God has great designs for it. He makes use of such instruments for His work. I doubt not that this little grain may produce a great tree, that it will make wonderful progress some day, that it will multiply itself and stretch out on every side."

The rest of the day, which remained fair, was spent in preparing the first crude living quarters, tents of birch-bark were pitched and the work was started of cutting down trees for the palisade, behind which the small settlement would nestle. It is recorded that, having neither candles nor oil for the lamps, the women caught fireflies and placed them in glass phials to provide some illumination.

Work began in real earnest the next morning. A ditch had to be dug, behind which the wooden palisade would be raised, and the Sieur de Montmagny was the first to take spade in hand. This much accomplished, and the island having been formally handed over to Maisonneuve as the representative of the Company of Montreal, the governor boarded one of the ships. He must have been glad to be returning, for the purpose of the new company had meant misunderstandings from the first, and much hard feeling. There must have been in his mind, however, a sense of reluctance, of pity for the resolute group. It was such a small company which remained. They stood, it seemed, on the rim of the world; danger and the black face of catastrophe hovered above them.

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Put into a well greased pan, sprinkle some grated cheese over top, and place in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Serves six.

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called Ville Marie de Montréal: how reinforcements arrived on September 15, consisting of fifteen men and including Gilbert Barbier, a carpenter, who was to prove one of the most useful members, how the boats continued to ply up and down the river, bringing on the supplies which had been left at Quebec; how a chapel and a habitation capable of holding sixty people were erected inside the now formidable palisade; and how on January 6, the feast of the Epiphany, Maisonneuve had a path cleared through the snow to the top of the mountain, and placed there a great wooden cross which would stand for many years, a symbol of the faith which had brought these fine people across the ocean and set them down in their crowded sanctuary on the bottom lands.

During these first months nothing was heard of the Iroquois, although Maisonneuve and his followers expected an attack every day and they counted each hour of delay a respite granted them by a beneficent God.

### Burned at the Stake

On August 3, 1643, the respite came to a sudden and brutal end. A party of Huron converts, more than a score, were making their way up the river. With them was Father Jogues and two young Frenchmen; Isaac Jogues, scholar and saintly figure, delicate of body and gentle of spirit, one of the best beloved of the Jesuits. Hugging the shore for safety they neared Lake St. Pierre and here they found themselves in a nest of small islands, a reedy and overhung part of the river. Here came to reality the picture Maisonneuve had conceived for Montreal. Each tree trunk rising out of the water became a Mohawk brave, each bulrush a hostile tomahawk. Forty naked figures sprang at the startled occupants of the canoes. In a brief conflict many of the Hurons were killed and the savages carried off as prisoners the three Frenchmen and a score of their terrified allies.

The captives were taken to the village of the victorious Mohawks. Goupil, one of the young companions of Jogues, was killed and the other, Couture, was drafted ultimately into the tribe. The Hurons were burned at the stake, two or three at a time. Father Jogues was tortured continuously and with fiendish zest, becoming no more than a mutilated shell. With the assistance of Dutch traders, nevertheless, he managed to escape and was smuggled down the Hudson to the fur post at Albany.

Governor Montmagny had planned to establish a fort where the Richelieu River empties into the St. Lawrence, this being the route the Iroquois war parties most often took. He arrived at the spot with a party of nearly one hundred men, including forty well-trained soldiers who had been sent out by Cardinal Richelieu the previous year.

The warriors of the Long House attacked the new fort before the palisades were completed. Two hundred strong, screeching their war cries and armed with their newly acquired guns, they charged right up to the walls and fired through the sentry holes at the surprised garrison. It was touch and go for some time but after a furious struggle the white soldiers finally prevailed and drove the redskins off. The Iroquois, fuming in defeat, retreated to a fort of logs they had built three miles up the river.

The new fort did not accomplish its purpose of keeping the St. Lawrence clear. The Iroquois cut overland and the terror on the river continued to mount. With a gun in his hands, the

Iroquois warrior was irresistible against the Huron with nothing better than an iron tomahawk. The allies of the French deserted the territory along the river, retreating far back into the woods or huddling abjectly in the proximity of the forts. The St. Lawrence was so unsafe that the mail boats were intercepted three times.

Later in the summer six men from the Montreal colony were surprised while cutting wood at the point on the river where Chambly now stands. Three were killed and the others were carried off. Two of them died at the stake and the last one made his escape, bringing back to the settlement the grim story of the fate of his comrades.

It was with a feeling of relief, therefore, that the little colony heard of special measures which the King was putting into effect for their assistance. He presented to the Montreal Company a ship of two hundred and fifty tons, named the Notre Dame de Montréal, and it was dispatched at once with more settlers and supplies. The reinforcements arrived at Montreal under the command of Louis d'Ailleboust, the Sieur de Coulanges, and the colony took fresh courage at once. The newcoming officer was a trained military engineer and one of his first tasks was to strengthen the defenses of the camp. He deepened the moat and raised the palisades. Two new bastions were built which commanded the approaches to the walls.

Far away from all chance of immediate succor in the event of an attack, ill-equipped and vulnerable, the founders of Montreal waited serenely for whatever might befall. It was fanaticism in a high degree. But also it was magnificent; and it was to lead in the end to great things.

The story leads at once to a prime example of the lack of reality in the control of the colony. A contribution of forty-two thousand livres for the building of the Hôtel-Dieu had been received from an unknown benefactress in France. There was no room inside the palisades for a new building of this size. It would be necessary to build the hospital outside the walls where it would be vulnerable to attack. There was urgent need to strengthen still further the defenses of the fort and little enough time in which to do it. There was no immediate need for a hospital because the Indian allies were giving the island a wide berth and there were no patients. Here the fanaticism of the little group shows itself conspicuously. It was decided, in spite of all the reasons to the contrary, to proceed at once with the new building.

The new structure was strongly built. It was sixty feet long and twenty-four wide and contained four rooms. One (a very small one) was intended for Jeanne Mance, the magnificent woman who was to direct the hospital, one for her assistants, and the others were for the patients. There was a chapel attached to the main building, furnished with gifts which had been sent out from France. There was a handsome chalice of silver. A ciborium was suspended at the altar, the type of communion cup which resembles in shape the Egyptian water lily. There were costly candlesticks of silver and gold and lamps like those which swung from the ceilings of the Tabernacle; three sets of vestments, a piece of bergamot tapestry and two carpets. In the tiny chapel, thus beautifully equipped, the knees of the devotees would rest on the stone floor for countless anxious hours, praying that nothing be allowed to interrupt the work.

In the rooms for the patients were furnishings which had been carefully



NEXT ISSUE MACLEAN'S PRESENTS PART IV OF  
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and lovingly made, including a beautifully carved long table for the keeping of drugs, bandages and supplies, and the crude surgical instruments which were in use at the time. The wards were airy and light and filled with the clean smell of new wood. The walls were weathertight, the window frames well fitted, the hearths of ample size.

When the slender woman looked about her with her dark and rather tragic eyes, she saw in this small frame building the realization of a dream. Here the bodily ills of the savages would be tended and the seeds of service planted which would raise a great harvest of conversion. Did it matter that adverse conditions were curtailing the number of patients and that certain material needs had seemed to demand attention first? Not to Jeanne Mance; and not, it is only fair to add, to any of that devoted band. The men and women of Montreal looked over their inadequate walls at this institution of mercy standing so boldly alone on the high ground outside the fort and did not begrudge the effort which had gone into it.

The hospital, of course, had been provided with as much protection as possible. A high palisade had been raised around its four acres of land in which already two oxen, four cows and twenty sheep had been turned out to graze. A strong bastion had been erected over the entrance.

The second winter arrived. The colonists saw in the change of season a further protection; for surely now the hostile bands would cease to lurk in the woods and betake themselves to the shelter of their own log houses. It was to prove a severe winter. The snow fell incessantly and covered the earth with great drifts. Then the bitter winds from the Ottawa country began to batter the sides of the mountain and to assault with unabated fury the settlement huddling on each side of the St. Pierre. To the sentries who paced the platforms behind the wooden barricades and breathed through beards white with frost, it seemed impossible that the scantily clad enemy were still on the prowl.

This was underestimating the determination and the powers of endurance of the Iroquois. They had not given up the offensive. In spite of the intense cold they still swarmed in the woods, waiting a chance to pick off anyone who ventured out. Sometimes they were so close to the cockleshell defense of the walls that their voices could be heard, the high-pitched gabble which Frenchmen were learning to dread.

At this critical stage in the life of the infant settlement the garrison was indebted to a four-footed friend for much of the immunity enjoyed. A faithful female dog named Pilot had set herself the task of patrolling the

woods. She had a nose which unfailingly scented the presence of the Iroquois. After giving birth to a large litter, she taught her sons and daughters to follow her example. At all hours of the day and night the ubiquitous Pilot and her growing family maintained their ceaseless watch. Whenever their keen noses caught the acrid scent of hostile Indians, they would come to a halt like bird dogs on point and send up such a clamor of warning that the garrison would rush at once to the gun posts.

There was no danger of a surprise attack as long as Pilot and her eager pups continued this unrelenting patrol but the advantage thus provided was almost thrown away through the impetuosity of the garrison. Irrked by the close confinement, and confident they could drive the Indians out of the woods if given the chance, the men kept begging to be allowed to sally out. Much against his better judgment, Maisonneuve finally gave in to them.

**They Wanted to Fight**

On March 13 the sun was hidden behind heavy clouds and the cold was so intense that any step on the hard surface of the snow sounded clearly for some distance. Pilot and her noisy brood were on their rounds. They drifted in and out of the woods, sometimes venturing so far back into the cover that the occasional excited yipping of the young ones came faintly to the listening ears behind the barricades. Suddenly the deep baying of the mother could be heard. This could mean one thing only, that the pack had caught the scent of painted warriors hiding in the woods.

The garrison collected about the governor and pleaded to be allowed the chance to give battle. They were certain they could teach the redskins a lesson.

"Get ready then!" said Maisonneuve. "I shall lead you myself."

A party of thirty men, armed with muskets and hunting knives, issued out from the enclosure behind the commander. They were brimful of confidence. Not even the difficulty of wading through the deeply drifted snow (only a few had donned snowshoes) dulled the edge of their desire to come finally to grips with the red men.

No sooner had they entered the woods, however, than it became evident they had walked into a trap. The Iroquois were out in full force. The war whoop of the enemy sounded all about the little party. Arrows whistled through the woods and the sharp rattle of musketry warned the startled Frenchmen that the enemy had plenty of guns.

Maisonneuve shouted an order: they must take cover behind the trees and



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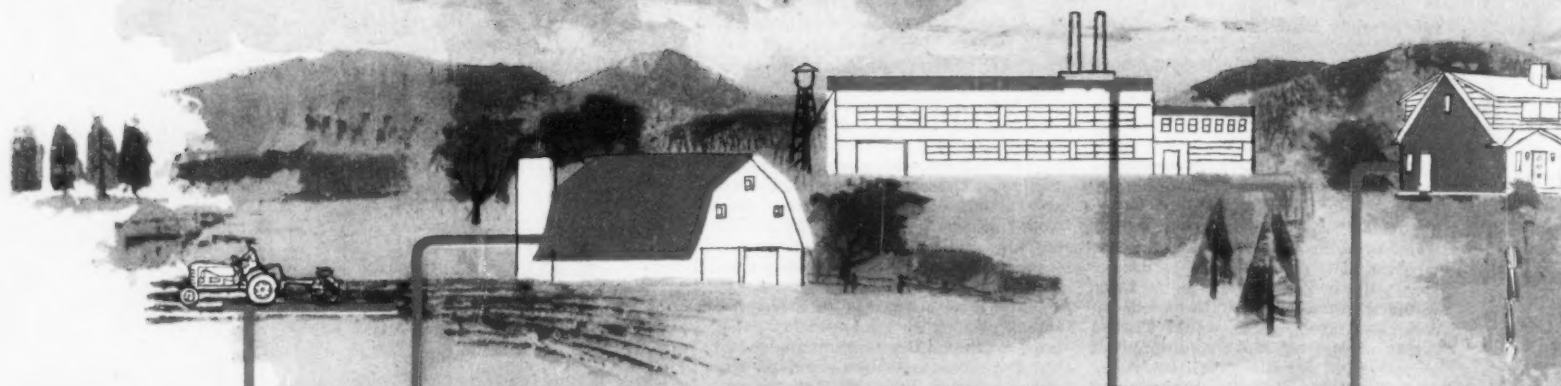
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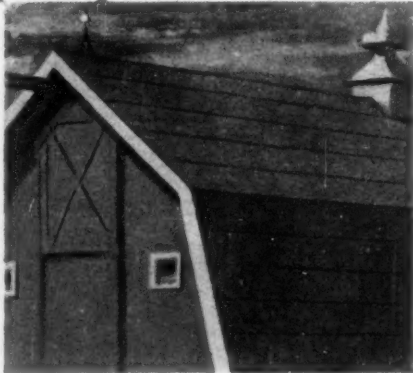


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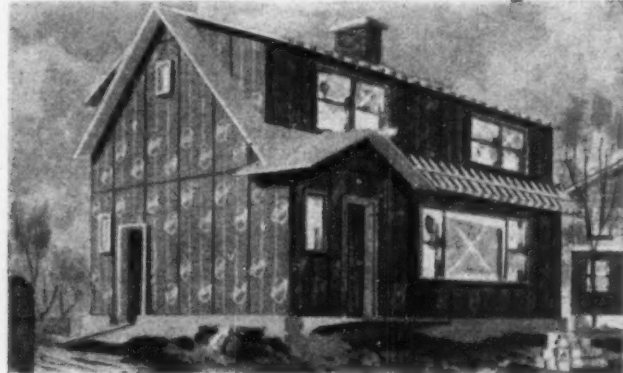


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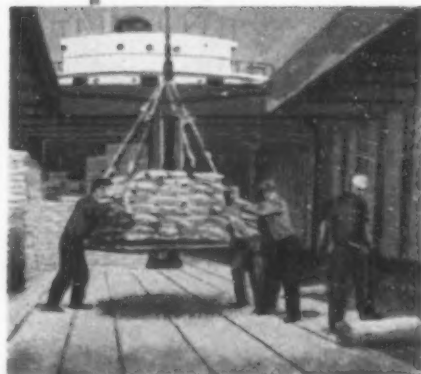


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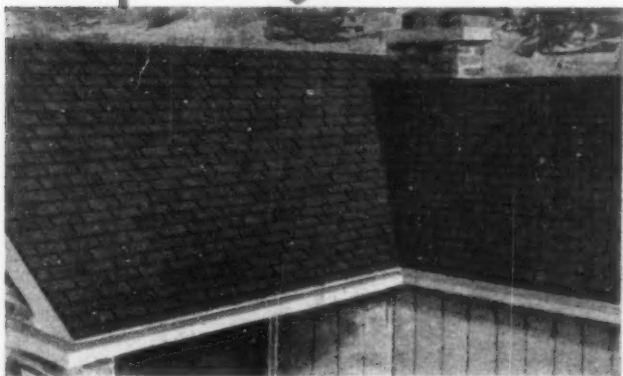


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fight the Indians with their own methods. This did little good, however, for it was soon demonstrated that the white men were outnumbered. The Indians were spreading out and outflanking the French on both wings. Making a hurried calculation, Maisonneuve decided there must be close to a hundred Iroquois in the party. He shouted another order, this time to retreat.

In the construction of the hospital a track had been made into the woods for the hauling out of logs and, in their scramble for shelter, the French found

this of great assistance. The Indians now burst from the woods in complete disregard of the guns of the retreating white men and their spine-chilling cries of "Cassez la queue!" filled the air triumphantly. Musket balls and arrows whistled by the panic-stricken whites and kicked up snow like spume on each side. Three Frenchmen were killed and a number wounded. It was certain now that the governor's estimate of the numbers of the foe had not been far wrong. They seemed to be everywhere, leaping over the drifts, brandishing their weapons in derision and shout-

ing in wild and complete abandon.

To the frightened watchers in the fort it seemed impossible that the plodding soldiers could reach safety before the screeching Iroquois closed about them. D'Ailleboust ordered the men who had remained behind with him to fire at the Indians over the retreating whites but at the distance this did not prove effective. Perhaps the whine of the bullets had the effect, nevertheless, of slowing up the pursuit. The Iroquois did not succeed in their efforts to encircle the French. The doors of the Hôtel-Dieu received the

racing whites with the smallest possible margin of safety. Maisonneuve was the last man in, having risked capture to cover the retreat of his men. The heavy portals swung to behind him.

The episode had one result: it provided Jeanne Mance with her first patients.

The Indians remained in the woods throughout the whole course of the winter. Sometimes at night the baying of the faithful Pilot would be heard and the members of the watch would hurry to their posts. Here they would remain, straining their eyes for any sign of a rush of fleet copper figures across the white of the snow. The women would dress and sit in the darkness in anxious prayer.

The menace of the Iroquois was to remain with Montreal for many years. But in size, in prosperity, in importance as a fur-trading centre, the settlement grew almost beyond recognition of the first inhabitants during the initial two decades of its existence.

The spirit of Montreal had changed in that period too. The deeply religious feeling of the early days had not been lost but it was not as generally shared. There were few to maintain the chivalrous attitude of the Sieur de Maisonneuve and his first little band. Perhaps it was not with complete regret that the gallant governor received a letter from Quebec (the Marquis de Tracy was by now the governor of New France) advising him to pay a visit to France "to look after his interests there."

#### He Was Gone Forever

Maisonneuve had undoubtedly expected something of the kind to happen. The tension between Quebec and Montreal had grown rather than diminished with the years, and the Montreal governor had stood firm for the autonomous position of Montreal. Another source of dissension had been Maisonneuve's position on the brandy traffic—a cause of dissension which was to beset the leaders of the colony throughout its century and a half of existence. No consideration of expediency had been allowed to temper Maisonneuve's actions. Selling brandy to the Indians was devil's work, and he sought to suppress the traffic with every bit of his power. This made things difficult for the administrators in Quebec, who had been inclined from the start to take an elastic policy, on the grounds that brandy facilitated the fur trade, on which the colony depended for its revenue.

Maisonneuve sailed for France at once and never came back. The people who crowded the shore to see him leave and who wept openly as the river barge pulled away from the wharf knew quite well they would never see their brave and gentle governor again. The gravity of his expression was a clear enough indication of his own feelings. His life's work, performed in the shadow of the great cross he had raised on the crest of the mountain, was finished; no more would he hear the roar of the rapids, no longer observe the climaxes which ushered in the changes of season, no more carry the responsibility for defense against the red menace in the south. He knew that this was a last farewell. ★



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*R. B. Blyth*

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NEXT ISSUE • CHAPTER FOUR

The Exalted Deaths  
Of the Midland Martyrs



## I Married the Klondike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the other side of the Klondike divide.

Off we went the next day, a lively party in the police sleigh, with a constable as chauffeur, swathed in bear robes, sleigh bells jangling and a fine spray of dry snow flying up from the runners. As we dashed along the frozen roads of the lower Klondike Valley I was reminded of a Russian scene in one of the old school readers; a pack of wolves yapping behind us would have been quite in order.

We slipped swiftly along the hard-packed road, past Bear Creek with its huge snow-enshrouded dredge, past silent workshops and little white-blanketed cabins. Nothing seemed to be stirring in the Klondike Valley. A mile farther on we turned up the busy valley of Hunker Creek, and here there was a good deal of activity. The individual miners were hard at work hoisting pay dirt by means of hand windlasses from the bottom of the shafts to the dumps that would be panned and sluiced the following summer.

By four that afternoon it was pitch dark and we pulled up at the Gold Bottom roadhouse on Hunker Creek. The proprietress, Mrs. Endle, an American woman dressed in stiff white linen, greeted us at the door. From her deportment and appearance we might have been entering a fashionable spa at an Outside resort. But the interior presented a somewhat different appearance. The roadhouse was an institution peculiar to the Yukon of the horse-and-buggy era. There was one every few miles, for the roads were heavy with travelers seeking warm quarters for the night. This one was fairly typical. We entered a large room dominated by the ubiquitous sheet-iron stove glowing red hot. There was a bar on the right side and around it in circular wooden chairs sat the usual collection of queer unshaven hangers-on who evaporated into the gloom at the rear as soon as the commissioner entered.

What rabbit warrens those Yukon roadhouses were—and what firetraps! The Gold Bottom house, like most of them, was built of logs and had many old cabins stuck on indiscriminately as additions. Indeed it gave the appearance of a giant mother cabin suckling a litter of offspring. On the other side of the main room, opposite the bar, a wide doorway curtained by heavy portieres opened into the dining room. A large gasoline lamp hung from the ceiling and its uncertain rays shone on a number of curtained doorways opening into tiny bedrooms, one of which I was to occupy that night. Other sets of curtains opened onto the steep narrow stairs or into dim alley-like passageways leading to mysterious premises beyond. As usual all the partitions in the building were made of cotton and paper stretched on wooden frames. A single spark would have turned that roadhouse into a flaming hell.

The following afternoon we reached Granville, a mining town of log buildings. It numbered among its eight hundred residents the usual sprinkling of human curiosities that one ran into everywhere in this country. There had been a stabbing the week before in the cabin of a notorious woman named Gypsy. There was a strange scarred creature called Kentuck, a moonshiner by trade who provoked endless arguments about the shape of the world, which he believed to be flat. And there

was another curious man known as Doc who worked algebra problems for entertainment in his cabin at nights, read Shakespeare and Greek classics to the schoolchildren in a quiet cultured voice and, on rainy days, carved swords out of boxwood and gave everybody fencing lessons.

The music had hardly started for the dance that evening when a man with a huge mustache curled at both ends and a blond Vandyke beard came over and asked me for a dance. He was wearing a rather ugly dark suit, a shiny stiff collar and a white knitted tie and it

turned out that this was Doc himself.

"I'm not really a medical man at all," he said. "It's just a name I picked up while waiting around for something to turn up. I'm helping out the local dentist but I'm an engineer really. I've tried mining but without much luck, I'm afraid."

He then told me the story of his trip over the Chilkoot Pass and down the Yukon River on a raft in the summer of 1898. Most of it consisted of a long description of the wild flowers he had seen en route. It turned out that, in between working mathematical problems

or carving toy swords for the schoolchildren, he collected and mounted botanical specimens. Again I reflected on the strange collection of men brought together by the call of the gold rush. Here was a man who should have been a university professor mooning about the creek-beds of the north. Indeed he told me he had been offered a job at Queen's University but the offer had not reached him until he was on his way north. I can still see him in my mind's eye, that winter's evening, coming across the dance floor rather hesitantly to ask me for a waltz. His

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name turned out to be Frank Berton, but I had no idea then that I would marry him.

Late the following fall I saw him again. People now called him the Professor because he had rented a cabin in Dawson and began holding classes in French. Along with a fair cross-section of the townspeople I became a student. It seems a strange thing now, the group of us all chattering away in Parisian French in a log cabin in Dawson City, but that was what the Klondike was like in the twilight days that followed the gold rush.

That winter the Professor, whom I was now calling Frank, took me to the St. Andrew's Ball, one of the biggest social events of the season. The polite society of Dawson revolved around these great balls. They were very formal affairs. The men lined up at one end of the hall six or seven deep, in dinner jackets or tails. The women sat demurely around the perimeter of the floor, arms encased in long white gloves, hands folded across laps with a fan between them. Sometimes there would be a *bal poudre* and then the whole town would turn out in powdered wigs and

eighteenth-century costume to emulate the court of Versailles, so many leagues and so many years distant from the Arctic Brotherhood Hall in Dawson City.

We danced two-steps and schottisches and Sir Roger de Coverleys and always the French minuet which was a great favorite—everybody from scavenger's wife to judge danced it. An enormous and well-spiked punch bowl dominated one end of the dance floor and halfway through the evening a "lunch" which was more like a banquet was served. I can still see the huge pots

of baked beans on the tables. No Dawson affair was complete without them.

But against this bright social tapestry we were all dimly conscious of a darker background fabric imposed on us by the nature of the country. As we danced the minuet in our Paris gowns, men were struggling and dying in the sombre hills and valleys just beyond. Bishop Isaac O. Stringer who always led the grand march at these balls was missing on this night. He had simply vanished in the snows on the trail that crosses the Rat River Divide, far to the north.

We danced on, as the thick curtain of snow fell ceaselessly outside, powdering the dark backdrop of spruce trees on the hills. We danced while the rising wind whipped the snow into great drifts and the husky dogs set up a doleful howl that drifted through the snow and across the little cabins from dog to dog until it reached Moosehide village where the Indians' dogs took up the chorus and carried the melancholy message down the river to other dogs howling in front of solitary cabins thick with snow. We could not know it then as we danced inside the hall under a bright canopy of Japanese lanterns but, as the orchestra played, the bishop, lost in the mountain wilderness, was methodically eating his boots to save himself from death by starvation.

#### I Become Engaged

Finally at five o'clock the ball was over and we walked out into the full light of the aurora. How strange we all must have looked—five hundred people in correctly formal clothes trudging through the thick snows to our homes against a background of shacks and log cabins and the dark bulk of the lonely hills.

Before spring came Frank and I had an understanding, as we called it then, and I had learned most of the background of the man I had decided to marry. He seemed less eccentric, but even more intriguing, than the queer bearded person called Doc whom I had first encountered at Granville.

By the time I met him he had been ten years in the Klondike and done almost everything. He had washed dishes for a thousand men and cooked for a thousand more. He had been in the Mounted Police and had washed the skull of a corpse that had been recovered from the river in one of the territory's most brutal murders. He had shoveled gravel into other men's sluice boxes for twelve hours a day seven days a week until every muscle cried out for mercy. He had been school principal, dentist's assistant, stoker, private tutor, logger, political scrutineer, dredgeman, watchman, bill collector and magazine agent.

"Frank is the cleverest man I know," a friend of mine once remarked. "He can make anything—except money." This was quite true. He could build a loom, design a pattern and weave the cloth for it. He could grind a mirror to the proper focal length, construct a reflecting telescope and gaze at the stars all night. He could build anything from a child's lamp to a twenty-six-foot power launch. He could identify three hundred species of Yukon wild flowers and reel off all their Latin names. He could read Chaucer in the original Anglo-Saxon, Homer in the original Greek, and Tacitus in the original Latin. He could mush fifty miles in thirteen hours in fifty-below weather and he could cook anything from fluffy sourdough biscuits to marshmallows. But he literally never gave money a thought. When he had it he spent it at once on books or gadgets that interested him. When he

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didn't have it he was perfectly cheerful. Perhaps this was the thing about him that attracted me most.

At the moment he was broke. He stopped giving French lessons and took a job on Bonanza Creek as a pick-and-shovel laborer for the Yukon Gold Company. When that ended in the fall he went out to Granville to teach in the log schoolhouse. But he stayed broke, and marriage for both of us seemed a long way off. Meanwhile an epidemic of whooping cough struck the town, the kindergarten was closed, and I decided to pay a visit home. Early in October when the snow was beginning to fly I took the last boat out of town.

The last boat's departure was a considerable rite in Dawson City for it effectively marked the beginning of winter. It was always a sad and sentimental occasion. The entire town turned out for the ceremony of leave-taking. The last boat was always packed with the wealthy going out for the winter, the fortunate going out forever and the sick going out to die. The atmosphere was electric with brave untruths. Every last soul on board pretended to be returning the following spring but in point of fact few ever did. The last boat had a curious and depressing finality about it. For some reason those people who were quitting the country for good (and in my three years there the town had dwindled from twelve thousand people to four thousand) always waited for the last boat and the last moment before they did so. Thus it became more than just another boat leaving town; it became the symbol of the town's decay. There was always a forced joviality among those on the dock who called "see you next spring" to those on the deck, but when the final whistle sounded everybody on deck and dock began quite openly to weep. Then the boat pulled out into the river and turned its prow toward the south, leaving a little crowd of people standing on an empty wharf, looking cold and miserable and quite forlorn. Frank was one of them. I am sure he expected never to see me again.

But I had no intention of staying Outside. When word came in February that my kindergarten was reopening I was impatient to return, even though it meant a cold trip on the overland stage between Whitehorse and Dawson. At four o'clock one morning, with the weather at fifty below and the whole Yukon Valley blanketed in its mantle of fog, I and twelve other passengers climbed aboard the great open sleigh and bundled ourselves in furs. The driver cracked his whip and the four champing horses started off through the forests on a 316-mile journey north.

Off we sped into the silent night and into a silent world of white. For five days we would sit in this sleigh, our noses iced, our feet warmed by hot bricks and charcoal, while we crossed the Yukon Territory. I have never embarked on a stranger excursion.

Our luggage was limited, as it is on an aircraft today, so I was reduced to the subterfuge of wearing two suits as well as a long overcoat, every pocket bulging with extras that I had purchased Outside. These were topped with a man's coonskin coat which I had borrowed in Whitehorse. The coonskin was almost a uniform for stage travelers. We all looked like enormous furry animals as we sat huddled together on the hard backless seats, our unsupported heads wobbling unpleasantly as the stage jogged along over the winter trail.

I sat in the rear seat squeezed between a Swede and a French Canadian. The Swede was a huge gaunt man with a great walrus mustache. The French Canadian was round and jolly. At first I was only too glad of their fur-coated

proximity for I was so cold I would cheerfully have cuddled a grizzly. But as the journey continued I couldn't help realizing that the warm and persistent pressure coming simultaneously from both sides was not altogether the result of confined space. For five days I had to parry their advances.

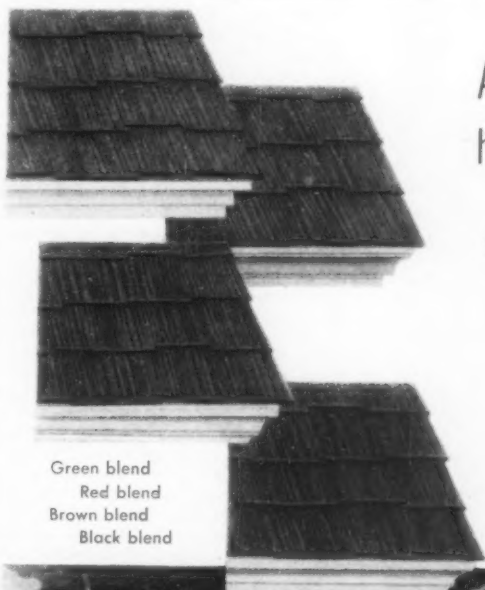
We sped across a white land, along a trail that had been carved out of the wilderness with axes and cross-cut saws, and graded with plows and wheel scrapers in the pre-bulldozer days. Our driver, an ex-Mountie, in his huge coat and eight-foot red *habitant* sash, held

the reins in one buckskin-gloved hand and pounded the other against his shoulder to keep up circulation. The trail snaked from valley to valley, rose up over mountains, took to the river, swept up the bank and through birch woods, skirted giant bluffs, then dipped again into the spruce forests. In all that five days on the road we saw nothing but snow and forests. I felt exactly as if we were flying on steel runners across the roof of the world.

We made four posts a day. The roadhouses were spotted every twenty-two miles along the route and there was

always a hot meal ready for us when we arrived, for the stage held to schedule. The horses were changed at each post and no matter how heavy the previous meal had been we were always ready for the next one. As a rule the driver didn't leave a post if the thermometer registered more than forty below. If there was no thermometer, a bottle of painkiller set outside the window and frozen to slush carried the warning that the temperature was below the danger point.

The roadhouses were simply log cabins. In one general room stood the



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familiar giant heater around which was built an iron rack on which we hung our wet gauntlets, scarves and coats. Beside this was a table absolutely jammed with hot food—roast moose, caribou, mountain sheep, blueberry pie and the inevitable baked beans. As I was traveling alone I was allotted a tiny cubicle with a bed to myself. The single men slept in bunks, all in the main room. I could never bring myself to undress fully in these premises for I feared fire. Besides, the bedclothes were rarely changed and there was no way of knowing who had slept in them the night before.

The male passengers could not by any stretch of the imagination be called attractive. Many slept in their clothes, few bothered to shave and all wore, after the fashion of the day, long mustaches from which hung clusters of icicles. Each carried a flask and I remember one of them, when he ran out of whisky, cheerfully drank horse medicine. I really think he had the best time of us all.

Frank met me with a horse and cutter before the stage reached Dawson for we passed close to Granville where he was teaching. He still had no money and our chance of marriage seemed as far off as ever. But fate, in the form of the general election of 1911, took a hand in our affairs.

This was the Reciprocity election that unseated the Liberals. These were the days of party patronage and the government people in Dawson all knew that the game was up. Many of them didn't even wait to be fired. As the victorious Tories celebrated wildly, the Liberal office-holders slipped aboard the overland stage and left town forever.

### My New Home is a Tent

Frank, always an ardent supporter of all things conservative—clothes, manners and politics—had once served the party well by musing 150 miles to the McQuesten River post to act as scrutineer during one heated election. It turned out that here, during a previous election, more votes had been recorded for the Liberal party than there were voters and Frank was charged with making sure that future results would be more mathematical. I goaded him into reminding the jubilant party leaders of these past efforts. He summoned up his nerve and got on the band wagon. Then and there he was rewarded with a promise of a job. That was enough for us. We determined to be married when school ended.

As our wedding day approached we were faced with the problem of where to live. We had no money, and anyway Frank now had a laborer's job on Bonanza Creek, several miles from town. He decided to take me with him and determined that we should settle down in a tent. A few days before we were married he gathered some rough boards that were once miners' sluice boxes, built a floor and a three-foot wall, put a tent on top and named the result Honeymoon Villa. After the wedding we rented a buggy and, almost swamped with boxes and bundles, drove out to our new home.

Bonanza Creek, where Klondike gold was discovered, was a winding valley, choked to the brim with gravel tailing piles from the gold dredges. The pretty hills lay naked and shapeless, torn to pieces by great hydraulic nozzles. But wild flowers grew everywhere—even in the crevices of the gravel—clumps of blue delphiniums, white bedstraw and yellow arnica.

We crossed a little bridge and turned into a narrow green valley.

"There's Sourdough Gulch," said Frank. "And there's the tent."

And there it was, with a small Union Jack waving from the pole, standing on a sandy knoll about half a mile from the road. On the lower side, half hidden by bush and mossy rock, ran a gushing mountain stream. On the upper side a steep wooded hill rose behind us. But there was no time to sentimentalize over the view. Frank had to be at work by six in the morning and we had all our unpacking to do.

The only furniture we boasted had been made on the spot by Frank in his free evenings before our marriage. The bedstead was made of sluice-box lumber. The spring had been found discarded on an old tailing pile. The mattress came from a deserted cabin. God knows who had slept on it before us. The combination bed and bedtable made from an upturned box, we called the bedroom. The kitchen consisted of a number of crates and cases as closely and conveniently arranged as possible. The tiny camp stove we set up in the sand outside the back door. In what we called our living room, at the front of the tent, was a table, a miner's chair and a homemade bookcase, all constructed without benefit of plane or paint.

I had brought along a roll of green oatmeal wallpaper, a quart of green paint and a bundle of cretonne curtains. As soon as Frank left for work next morning I began to paper the hideous board walls and the bookcase. The paint I used on table, chairs and bedstead, and in the so-called living room I spread a fairly passable canvas ground sheet as a carpet. When I had divided the rooms off with curtain material, thrown a rug over a settee constructed of cases of canned goods, and installed a bunch of wild flowers in a painted coffee can, the interior looked fairly homey. I still have a snapshot of myself sitting stiffly on a stool against a background of bookcase and flowers. I am holding an open book in the conventional pose of the time, though I can't remember ever having a moment free to read, and my seraphic expression is intended, no doubt, to represent romance and felicity.

It was in the construction of our bathroom that we contrived to triumph over our environs. Here Frank's ingenuity was brought forward. One evening, tools in hand, he disappeared mysteriously into the dark gulch behind us. Then he reappeared, pushing his way through the almost tropical growth above the stream, dragging a long length of canvas hose. Water gushed from its mouth.

"Where's the tub?" he shouted. "Here—I'll fill it right now. And when it's full, you turn the water off by letting it run back into the stream. Now, how's that?"

He had dipped one end of the hose into the creek farther up the gulch thereby supplying us with an unending stream of running water, ice-cold, right to the back door. That gurgling stream proved a friend many times over and occasionally an enemy. It was our refrigerator in the hot July days and we placed our perishables and meat in a box in midstream with the lid securely held down by a rock. Then one day a storm descended and washed refrigerator and contents away.

I did my cooking on a small sheet-iron stove set out in the open. Cooking in the open is more fun for the sand flies, horse flies and mosquitoes than it is for the cook. I soon had the stove moved back into the tent where I could work in more comfort. Here I made bread, first trying out the traditional sourdough which wouldn't work for me (though it worked for Frank) then the more conventional yeast.

Our groceries came out twice weekly from Jock Spence's store in Dawson on



the local stage. I ordered them by mail, posting the letter in a rough box on the main road where it was picked up by the stage driver. Frank was a prodigious eater, and no wonder, for he worked a ten-hour day and a seven-day week of backbreaking toil, driving steam pipes down to bedrock with a sledgehammer, in order that the gold-bearing gravel could be thawed. There were literally no holidays. For during the short summer season, when the water was running, men worked steadily, day and night, from spring to freezeup. Frank's job was not attractive for besides requiring a great deal of physical stamina it was a filthy and often dangerous labor. The boilers which pumped the steam into the ground and turned it into a sea of mud were always threatening to blow up.

Every lunch hour I walked the mile or so to the thawing area to bring Frank a hot lunch and together we would sit on the grassy bank above the creek-bed and eat it. Below us we could see dozens of men working, the steam rising from the boilers, the pipes protruding from the mud, the whole valley laced with a network of coiling hose and the big gold dredge in the distance, whining and screaming as it swung on its cables.

#### It's A Man's Country

When lunch was over and Frank back at work I would walk leisurely back along the roadbed of the narrow-gauge Klondike Mines Railway that served the creeks. The whole experience should have been an idyllic one, I suppose, but to tell the truth I was terrified almost every moment of my stay on Sourdough Gulch. More than once, then and later, I had cause to reflect on the truth of the adage that the Klondike was a man's country. The men all loved the wilds but I do not think many of the women really did. The utter silence of the creek valley, the brooding unknown woods behind our tent, the strange furry animals that rustled underfoot and the strange bearded men who occasionally shuffled by—all these things were part of Frank's life but I must say they unnerved me. I had been brought up by parents steeped in the Victorian tradition and early in life they had perhaps unconsciously inculcated in me the deadly fear of two bogies: first a Strange Man who might do dreadful things to me and, second, The Woods, where dreadful things might happen. Now here I was surrounded on all sides by vast quantities of both.

Not far from the gulch were several queer old men who had lived too long alone in their cabins to be entirely balanced. I am sure most of them were as harmless as kittens but the sight of them sent chills of apprehension down my spine. One went past my door every morning with a gun in his hand and what I judged to be an Evil Eye that pierced me as I worked outside, scrubbing out Frank's long grimy underwear.

Another passer-by was really strange—a small stooped creature with long hair and tattered clothes who walked by, never looking to right or to left but muttering wildly to himself, swinging an axe as he went. He fancied himself an astronomer and he had surrounded his neat little cabin with long poles so arranged as to point heavenward at various stars and planets, each held in place by guy wires. His face was pale and his eyes bulged and the memory of him still makes me shiver a little.

Behind the tent lay the dark hollow

of Sourdough Gulch into whose mysterious labyrinth of vines and matted shrubs I never ventured. Somewhere up there, the men on the thawing crew said, was a bear. I never investigated the matter and the bear, thank God, never investigated me.

And so the short Yukon summer merged into fall. By September the trees were yellow and we had to break ice on the water in the basin to wash ourselves. The valley was full of fog and a white frost was on the foliage. We shivered in our tent and wondered whether the promise made that spring would be fulfilled. The long Yukon winter would soon be on us and the work would end. What then?

Our fears were groundless. In late September, when the flocks of wild geese were honking overhead and the ice growing thicker at the edges of the stream and the tent leaking in the cold rain, the call came. Frank had been appointed mining recorder at the Dawson office. Our honeymoon was over and we gratefully pulled up stakes.

Dawson, we found, was still shrinking, its population trickling from it like water from a leaky barrel. There were now not more than two thousand people left. As the last boats fled upriver sudden decisions were made to quit everything and escape before winter sealed the town off from the world. It was as if people were escaping from a foundering ocean vessel. They left all their worldly goods behind except for bare necessities.

Thus we were able to buy from a departing teamster's wife a fully furnished bungalow for just seven hundred dollars. The furnishings included everything right down to the pots and pans and two freshly cooked hams in the kitchen. There was a bin full of flour, half a cake and all the food needed to set up housekeeping. There were cupboards jammed with kitchen utensils, a new Brussels carpet on the sitting-room floor, an Ostermoor mattress, good linen sheets and a real eiderdown.

There was a bathroom jammed with every imaginable variety of medicine, perfume and soap (but no basin or bathtub, of course, for as in most Dawson homes these conveniences were outside). There were stacks of furniture in every room and more crammed into the shed. There was a wonderful armchair, the most comfortable I have ever known. After forty years I still possess it. The woman we bought the house from had simply left with the clothes on her back as though she were haunted by the plague. She hadn't even bothered to take her letters and photographs. Such was the Dawson of 1912.

Yet in all my years there, I never thought of Dawson as a ghost town and I would have been annoyed and flabbergasted if anyone had called it that. It had been built for thirty thousand people and now it held one-fifteenth that number. Its sidewalks were rickety, its ditches clogged with weeds, its cabins decrepit, its buildings leaning at all angles, its stores and shops boarded up or torn down, its graveyard full and its houses empty. But after a season on Sourdough Gulch it seemed to me to be the very core of civilization. I had come for a year. Now I was quite prepared to spend my life there. We were on the brink of a war that was to take us away from the Klondike, but, when the war was over, we did not hesitate to turn our faces north again. Dawson City was home to both of us and, in many ways, it still is to me. ★

NEXT ISSUE: PART TWO Down The Yukon in an Open Boat

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## Ben Kravitz' Conquest of the New World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

recently the Europe of the concentration camp and gas chamber. Like the DPs of today Ben ran away from it dreaming vaguely of the opportunities and tolerance to be found in North America. And like so many DPs today he found the North America of his dreams to be a bewildering and sometimes hostile place. In Montreal the latent antagonism between English and French often finds its outlet at the expense of the Jew. And in Montreal a newcomer from Europe must learn not one but two new languages if he would survive. Ben brought with him two priceless assets; an unquenchable energy and a great sympathy for human beings. They served him well.

Ben Kravitz was born near Kovno, Lithuania, in 1883. He was the last of seven children born to poor parents, and prospects for him were dismal. The only hope on his horizon was the fact that relatives on his mother's side, the Joseph family, had gone to America. Settling in Montreal, they had prospered and in letters to his mother they urged that Ben should try his luck in the New World. They offered to send a steamship ticket for him to Hamburg. Ben would have to find his own way to Hamburg.

### Ben's First Job

Transit visas were not available to poor Jews in those days either, and Ben set out from home, a big husky lad of 16, with all his worldly possessions in a sack on his back and a sizeable consignment of Lithuanian beer sent hopefully ahead, care of the steamship at Hamburg. He ran the Lithuanian-Polish border at night and the rifle bullet which was sent winging after him by an alert border guard went through the flesh of his heel without breaking a bone. He limped through Poland and scuttled safely across the German border without incident, finally reaching Hamburg to find both the ship and the beer awaiting him. He picked up his ticket and \$15 in cash that accompanied it and on shipboard he engaged in a brisk traffic with fellow steerage passengers, doling out the beer at 50 pfennigs a cup. With the proceeds, and some spirited bartering in blankets and clothes, Ben ran up his capital of \$15 to \$110 by the time he reached Montreal and he was able immediately to refund the cost of his steamship ticket to his cousins.

One of the cousins had a butcher shop and Ben got his first job there. In addition to the two dollars a week he got his board, and he felt pretty good about it. "It didn't matter what they paid you," he remembers. "The big thing was that you had a job." Ben set to work immediately trying to learn English and French, and when he felt that he could make himself understood, he got a job in another Joseph enterprise, bottling ginger ale and beer at three dollars a week. Paying board of two dollars a week he found that he could still save money. But his biggest financial windfall was in the winter when he worked shoveling snow for the tramways company which paid the fabulous rate of \$2.50 a day, with a night rate of \$1.75. Ben worked both day and night and took a loaf of bread with him for food, washing it down with melted snow.

After four years in Canada Ben had a modest little fortune of more than \$200 when he met Fanny Schwartz, who had been in Canada about a year.

Like Ben, she had fled her country. Born in Odessa, where the pogrom was a popular Cossack sport, she had seen other Jewish people cruelly beaten and had hidden once in a pile of garbage to escape a similar fate. Her father had been desperate to get her out of the country before worse happened to her, and failing to obtain either passport or visa he had bundled her off with a hundred rubles. She too ran the border into Poland at night, crawling through a muddy ditch to escape the guards. Making her way into Germany, she was arrested for walking through a field of grain but was released with a scolding by a sympathetic policeman. Finally she got to Antwerp and eventually reached Montreal, where her step-mother had second cousins.

Fanny rested at her step-mother's relatives for three days before she went out looking for work. She found a job right away. It was in a men's clothing factory pulling bastings out of suits. Her first week's pay was 75 cents. She paid two dollars weekly for board and room, and the board was Spartan. Breakfast was tea and bread; the tea warmed over from the previous night. Lunch was bread with a piece of cold boiled lung—the landlady got the lung free of charge from the butcher. This was varied on Fridays by fish and once a week the landlady included a banana in the lunch. However as Fanny learned her job her pay was increased, at the rate of 25 cents a week. By the time she was earning two dollars a week she owed \$18 back board. She had arrived in Montreal in July 1903 and when winter came around she had no winter coat. The boss noticed she was coming to work in a light summer suit and, learning the circumstances, he had a winter coat made up for her. She arranged to pay for it out of her weekly salary which had now reached three dollars.

But when Fanny went home to the boarding house that night in her new winter coat the landlady was furious to learn that it was to be paid off by weekly pay deductions while Fanny's back-board bill stood at \$16. Her own daughter needed a new winter coat on top of that. So Fanny turned over her new coat to the landlady's daughter to discharge her board debt. Next morning a mystified boss wanted to know what had happened to the new coat. When he learned of Fanny's complicated financial difficulties he ordered that another coat be made up and Fanny was able to consolidate her debts with a weekly pay deduction.

However, she got into further financial difficulties when she purchased an umbrella from an enterprising peddler. It cost a dollar, at 25 cents a month, plus an extra 25 cents interest. After the second month Fanny found that the umbrella was defective, and she flatly refused to continue her installment payments unless she obtained a new umbrella.

"I'll sue you," the peddler threatened.

"Go ahead and sue," Fanny retorted. "I'll declare bankruptcy."

The peddler finally replaced the umbrella and Fanny resumed payments.

Streetcar fare was no problem for Fanny. She left her boarding house at six each morning and reached the factory promptly at seven after a brisk walk. At night she was always home by seven. In slippery weather a girl friend at the factory, Rose Dorfman, who possessed a fine new pair of rubbers, always called for Fanny and they walked to work together with Fanny clinging firmly to the securely shod Rose. Fanny was happy. Like Ben she was overjoyed at the opportunity of working and now, making a dollar a week more than her board bill,



she felt she had the world licked.

The boss' family took a liking to Fanny and invited her to move in with them. One night there was a fire at the house and among the neighbors who appeared to help with the rescue work was a handsome young man by the name of Ben Kravitz. Fanny was overawed by his remarkable command of the English language and he was smitten with the comely little round-faced girl from Odessa. He shyly suggested that one day he might have the pleasure of taking her out for a five-cent sundae. With fluttering heart Fanny put him off. She would have to speak to the boss' family first. She was no flighty girl.

"Ben Kravitz? Ah, there's a good boy. And such a fine family he comes from on his mother's side. The Josephs. They are important people." Fanny was urged to make the most of her opportunity and one sundae stretched into another and then to the nickelodeon and long walks while Fanny babbled away. Ben cut his long stride down to hers and nodded and smiled, and then one day just up and asked her to marry him.

Ben's financial stability was established by the fact he had no hesitation

rented a four-roomed house at \$10 a month. Fanny painted it throughout and took in three boarders at three dollars each a week. "We didn't eat steak every day," she observes drily.

Their first boy, Sol, was born there in 1905. By this time Ben had decided to branch out for himself and he bought a horse and a delivery wagon. He was able to average as high as \$10 a week delivering cloth to textile factories in the St. Lawrence district, carrying the heavy bales of cloth up five and six flights of stairs with the ease and careless strength of youth. He was big, and strong as a horse, and he worked like one, night and day. But one day he came from a delivery to find the horse and rig and load of goods vanished. He finally located the horse and rig near the docks, but the goods had been stolen. Ben made good every penny of the theft to his customers but it wiped out his savings of seven years, close to \$500.

Then the horse, which had been toughing it out with the growing Kravitz family—every second day the family fasted so the horse could be fed—gave up the unequal struggle and died. Ben went out of the delivery business and went back to work for the Josephs. He got home each night around 11 o'clock after working all day in the factory and making deliveries in the evening. By the time that Al was born in 1910 Ben was making \$15 a week.

It was at this point that Fanny decided to take a more active role in building up the family finances. She decided to open a small shop in the heart of the clothing-factory district on St. Lawrence Boulevard. She bought a modest stock of canned goods, fruits, candies and biscuits. Ben made a counter of boards and erected a partition in the long narrow store that gave the family a room in the back. The rent was a staggering \$18 a month and business was poor at the start. Ben brought home his \$15 each week and that kept the store going. Then Ben had the bright idea which was to make the family fortune.

He had noticed that when factory girls dropped into the store they often asked for sandwiches. He remembered his youth back in Lithuania when the farmers used to pickle and smoke beef briskets that acquired a new tang and succulence in the treatment. He decided to try to prepare meat this way and to serve it in sandwiches. He bought the meat and put it in brine, then went out in the back yard and smoked it over hickory bark. Before long his first smoked beef brisket was ready for customers.

But if the brisket was ready the customers were not. The meat looked black and dirty from the smoking and they were not tempted. Vainly Ben and Fanny begged them to try the sandwiches, at five cents each, or even a free sample. But this was not the kind of sandwich they knew or trusted. They ordered cake. The youngsters of the growing Kravitz brood took the sandwiches to school with them and the Kravitz family dined almost exclusively on smoked meat sandwiches and dill pickles. They were their own best and exclusive customers.

But Ben and Fanny persisted and finally one factory girl gingerly tried a sandwich after Ben's patient pleading. She liked it and she told other girls about it. They tried the sandwiches and were won to the exotic fare. The business slowly began to improve.

Ben meanwhile continued his back-breaking schedule, working long hours in the factory, making his deliveries at night and then coming home late to prepare the meat and the pickles according to his own method. Finally



MACLEAN'S

in producing the necessary \$25 for the betrothal celebration. His love and generosity were quickly proven when Fanny, who had painfully saved six dollars for her betrothal outfit, lost the precious money and was rescued from her tearful plight by the open-handed Ben. Proud and bright-eyed, like a little queen, she posed for her photo wearing the long floor-length serge skirt with black braiding (\$2.50), the black pleated silk blouse with white buttons (\$1.50), the plain but serviceable slippers (\$1) and the neat leather handbag with chain (\$1). For her marriage she was able to borrow the lovely wedding outfit of Rose, now Mrs. Greenspoon. She and Ben were married on Thursday evening, Nov. 3, 1904, at the Empire Hall at St. Lawrence and St. Catherine Streets.

They walked home from the wedding, two bright and eager youngsters. Ben had bought a basket of apples at the market, for they made the room smell nice. They set up housekeeping in the dining room of Fanny's former employer and they paid six dollars a month and had the use of the kitchen. The honeymoon was brief. Ben was back at work next morning, a serious married man with new responsibilities. And when Fanny went to prepare his first lunch for him to take to the job she was mortified to find that she had not thought of a container. Ben laughed, and put the sandwiches in his pocket.

The ambitious Fanny wanted a home of their own. Ben was still working at the bottling factory earning a steady \$6 50 a week making syrup for the ginger ale and washing bottles, and six months after they were married they

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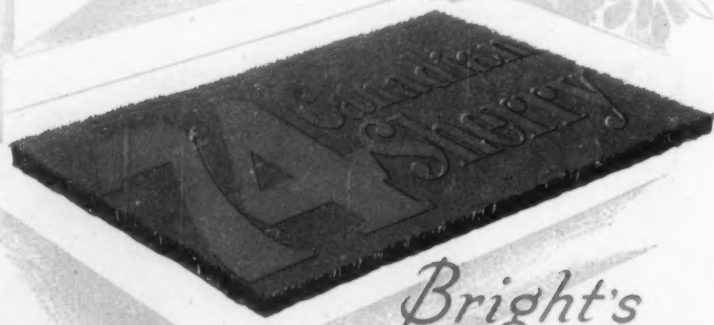
When you start two or more words that are close together with the same sound, that's alliteration. Latin poets flavoured up their epics with it. One named Ennius achieved immortality with "O Tite tute, Tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti".

Shakespeare gave us "Full fathom five thy father lies". Alexander Pope left "Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux". Gray besought us to "weave the warp and weave the woof". Coleridge came through with "The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, the furrow followed free".

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his schedule caught up to him and he doubled over one day, helpless with pain. He was hurried to the hospital with perforated ulcers. The 190-pound Ben came out of the hospital weighing 120 and went back to the factory the same day. The family needed the money. Irving was born in 1915. Fanny rented a room at a midwife's for the occasion and stayed there a week.

Back on the job, she knew that the store which had soaked up all their money was their only salvation. She slaved away there, keeping it open until the last night owl had called and then catching a brief snatch of sleep in the back room she was ready for the first early-bird customer in the morning. Sol manfully did his share and Al, at five, had his regular chores. By 1916 business was good enough to encourage Fanny to seek more space. She negotiated the sale of their location for \$700, enough cash to close a deal for a larger store with a \$40 monthly rent but with three big rooms for living quarters in the back and a large basement, apart from the fixtures that she got in the deal. It was just half a block away from the old store and the customers faithfully followed the aroma of hot smoked meat.

By the time Gertrude arrived in 1917 there was plenty of room for the family and Ben's was becoming well-known through the garment district. The demands of the business were sufficient to require Ben's full time now and he gave up his factory job. They kept the store open seven days a week, 24 hours a day and they did a thriving business day and night.

In 1929 with the arrival of the depression and the wholesale blight of the needle-trade business that supplied the bulk of Ben's customers, the family decided on its greatest gamble to date. With business falling off, the family decided to move from the needle-trades district into the bright-lights area where there was activity at all hours. Ben rented a little grocery store in the parlor of an old house on the northwest corner of Burnside and Metcalfe and the family spent six weeks converting it into the new Bens Delicatessen Sandwich Shop. This was the gamble that paid off in the present prosperity and international renown of Ben's.

Here, smack in the centre of the hotel and tourist district just on the fringe of the night club and theatre bright lights, two short blocks from Montreal's heart of Peel and St. Catherine, the legend of Ben's really began to grow. Celebrities of the theatre world discovered the place and their fans followed them. Along with Paul Whiteman, Benny Field and Blossom Seeley, Red Skelton openly plugged the place in his vaudeville appearances at Montreal theatres. George McManus ran an outrageous plug in his comic strip, Bringing Up Father, when he depicted a billboard announcing, "You want to be strong? Eat at Ben's." Sir Anthony Jenkinson in his book, Where Seldom a Gun Is Heard, devoted a page to quotes from Ben's whimsical signs: "Imported sturgeon needs no urgin'", "Mary had a little lamb. What will you have?" "Use less sugar. Stir like hell. We don't mind the noise." Even Walter Winchell discovered Ben's. Members of New York's Metropolitan Opera making a Montreal appearance staged an impromptu concert at Ben's. It became the place to go after the last night club had closed its doors or for a quick bite between shows or a morning coffee and sandwich before starting the new day's performance.

However all this did not happen overnight. There were long years of hard logging, uncertainty and set-

backs for the whole family before Ben's became finally established. Ben did not wish to see his children end their careers with an apron behind a counter. Sol had ambitions to become a clothing designer and got a job as a cutter in a clothing shop. Al wanted to be a musician and studied the violin. Irving took a college course. But they all helped in the store in their spare time.

Al was making brilliant progress with the violin, playing in the Montreal Symphony Orchestra. But in 1929 he broke the little finger of his left hand in a basketball game and it remained permanently stiff. So he came into the store full time. Sol found there was a large and apparently unbridgeable gap between the job of a cutter and that of a clothes designer and in 1933 he came into the store. When Irving finished college with an accounting degree he told his father that he too felt he could be useful full time in the store with his training. Ben said, "Remember, son, I'm not asking you to come in. I'd like something better for you, though we need you." In 1935 Irving came. And Gertrude became the store's cashier until 1941 when marriage presented another career to her. Her husband, Herb Polaski, joined the firm in 1951.

### What Point in Protest?

At the beginning of the new venture the burden fell chiefly on Ben, Fanny and second son Al. Between them they never left the store for five minutes. They cured their meat and made their pickles in the basement and they kept open 24 hours a day seven days a week. They bought a house a few doors away and when Fanny and Al went home to snatch a few hours' sleep at night Ben ran the store alone. It was in the worst days of the depression but Al was puzzled that they were not doing better with their sales. Then, one morning he opened the Montreal Herald and saw a big three-column picture of Ben, taken at dawn, handing out sandwiches to a long line of destitute men. "It was only leftovers," his father lamely explained.

Al knew his father well enough to realize that protest was useless and Fanny loyally supported her husband. The line-up continued through the depression and Ben continued to make up sandwiches and dole them out. As times improved the line-up gradually disappeared but Ben continued to be a soft touch for a hard-luck story, or a man with imagination. Al remembers that a certain Italian used to appear when the line was half a block long, just before the hand-outs started. He would take his place at the very front of the line in spite of angry protests from others who had been waiting, and Ben would always serve him first, to be greeted with a deep bow and a warm "Gracias, Senor."

Another expert panhandler captured Ben's imagination with his flowery and erudite speech. He was in tatters and Ben protested, "Such an educated man cannot be dressed like that." He took the panhandler home and rigged him out in his own best suit. But two days later the panhandler reappeared in

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his old filthy clothes, but looking happy. "What happened to you?" Ben asked, bewildered.

"Who can beg in those clothes?" the panhandler answered, and dismissed the subject. Ben meekly fed him and listened in awe to his flow of words.

Isaac Ruvinoff, a talented professor of dancing, was suddenly bankrupted through a fire and Ben met him on the street shortly afterward and asked him to eat at the store. That was nearly twenty years ago and Ruvinoff is still Ben's mealtime guest complaining loudly and bitterly if the service falls below his rigorous standards.

The boys began to worry every time Ben disappeared from sight. He went for a short walk one winter evening in a smart new overcoat, came back in a ragged torn topcoat. He had swapped coats with a derelict on Dominion Square. "He needed it worse than I did," Ben explained.

But Ben makes a sharp distinction between those who can't work and those who won't work and dishwashing has always been his penalty for the latter when they tried to beat him for the meal check. "Sometimes during the depression years, it seemed we had more dishwashers than customers in the place," Al remembers.

A shabbily dressed girl came into the shop one evening and ordered a bowl of soup with bread. Ben watched how carefully she stretched out the bread with the soup and he sent over a steak and dessert to her. She objected, "I didn't order this."

"It's okay," Ben explained, "we always make it on the house for the thousandth customer each week." The girl took one long look at Ben's homely smiling face and then burst into tears. She didn't even have the money for the soup. She was broke and out of work. Ben got her a job with a clothing firm whose owner was a regular customer.

The biggest improvement in the firm's finances took place when they persuaded Ben to abandon the cash desk to Gertrude. He had collected rubber cheques amounting to hundreds of dollars. One day Al saw from a distance of five yards a girl offer Ben a decidedly peculiar-looking \$10 bill. He knew better than to interfere but when the girl left the store with her change Al turned up the bill. It was Mexican.

"You accepted this?" he asked his father reproachfully.

"I didn't have my glasses," his father offered. "Besides, she was such a nice girl, and she probably needed the money very badly."

In spite of Ben's quixotic attitude toward money the business grew steadily. In the early Thirties, long before the era of Pacifique Plante, who as city morality director in the late Forties closed down Montreal's flourishing vice rackets, the district had its share of bordellos, and smoked-meat sandwiches were popular with waiting clients. This catering service later developed along more legitimate lines into an important part of Ben's operations. Conventions and sales conferences are frequently graced by Ben's smoked-meat sandwiches and dill pickles.

During the Thirties as the business gradually grew strong roots Ben continued to punish himself with long hours, working each day from five in the morning until past midnight. They were able to afford a maid by now and one day Ben came quietly home and asked the maid, "Would you please call the doctor?"

The maid called the doctor on the phone.

"Ben himself asked for me?" the startled doctor queried. She confirmed

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it. "He must be bad. I'm sending an ambulance right away," the doctor said hastily.

Ben was hurried to the hospital where Fanny was recovering from a broken ankle. She was to leave that day but the doctor told her gravely, "You had better come downstairs. Ben is here and he's pretty sick."

It was perforated ulcers again, complicated by a ruptured appendix and peritonitis. The doctor doubted that Ben would survive the operation and Fanny looked upon her grey-faced husband with sinking heart.

Ben came out of the operation, life feebly flickering. He seemed to have lost the will to live. On the second day following the ordeal the doctor spoke to him sternly. "Ben," he said, "they need you at the store." It was only then that Ben began to rally.

The doctor estimated it would be six months before Ben could move about and he questioned that he would ever be able to work again. But after three weeks of steady progress Ben began to fret and lose weight. So the doctor sent him back to the store. In his familiar white coat and apron again,

Ben quickly recovered. It was then that the family determined he would never again assume the load that had nearly finished him twice.

By now all three boys were active in the business and it was decided in a family conference to enlarge and remodel the premises which were hopelessly overcrowded most of the day. They doubled the capacity by purchasing the entire building. Yet it was not enough and a few years later, in 1949, they made their biggest gamble of all by purchasing a building diagonally across the street, tearing it down

and erecting a modern three-story building at a cost of \$300,000. The top two floors were turned into office space and 3,000 square feet on the ground floor made a new Bens De Luxe Delicatessen and Sandwich Shop. The old Ben's was retained; it is destined to be demolished in the city's plan for the widening of Burnside Street. Meanwhile it handles the overflow from the new Ben's, which has already proved inadequate to handle rush-hour crowds.

Faced with the realization that their wildest dreams had still failed to come up to the demands of an apparently endless reservoir of patrons, Ben and his family are now in the process of contracting for a new building to be erected alongside the new Bens De Luxe Delicatessen. It will double the present floor space to 6,000 square feet, doubling the seating capacity from 150 to 300 persons and give them a million-dollar structure.

During the war years when both help and supplies were hard to get Ben abandoned his seven-day week and 24-hour schedule in favor of a six-day week and a 22-hour day. In the family vote for the shorter week his was the only dissenting opinion and Fanny claims that on Sunday, when the store is closed, Ben looks ten years older as he wanders distractedly around the house with nothing to do. He still wears his white coat though, even on Sunday, and over her protest that callers will think he is the butler. The only event that makes him happy on Sunday is when there is something to do at the store, something to fix or repair. Yet he has always been notably inept at repairs. Whenever he disappears into the basement with a monkey wrench to fix a leaky pipe Fanny waits patiently for his despairing cry "Fanny, quick, call a plumber!"

#### Some Holiday!

While the family has persuaded Ben to cut his own working day down to a bare 17 hours, from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m., on Nov. 3, last year Irving caught his father guiltily slipping out of his apron at 7 p.m., and he asked, "Leaving so early?"

His father apologized, "It's our 49th wedding anniversary."

Last year the boys prevailed upon Ben and Fanny to take their first holiday in almost fifty years. They engaged rooms at a smart New York hotel, made train reservations and packed them off for a well-earned rest. Two days later Ben was back at the store at 5 a.m. "It was lonesome down there," he explained. The boys stopped trying.

Yet more than simple dedication to work is responsible for the remarkable growth and success of Ben's. With it goes a thorough knowledge of the food business, from the purchasing of the best quality of foods to the most efficient handling of large numbers of people. In this knowledge the whole family shares. Ben himself still goes to the market at the proper season to buy cucumbers, tomatoes and peppers, and farmers vie with each other for his business, for he pays the best price and expects the best products. He pays cash deposits for his orders and asks for no receipts, speaking a French that the boys swear only the farmers can understand. He also selects the choice beef briskets that go into the smoked meat; he supervises the curing and smoking of the meat according to his own formula, as he does with the dill pickles that are only slightly less famous than the smoked-meat sandwiches.

Ben himself has contributed ideas for quick service, like the elimination of saucers with cups of coffee. Quick

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service is the key to the amazing daily volume of customers that pass through the store. At rush hours there is always a line-up but people do not mind waiting if they know that the wait is a short one and that they will be served promptly once they have been seated.

The atmosphere of Ben's is deliberately calculated to discourage long dawdling over coffee. While full-course meals are available, they are not featured. The lighting is bright to the point of glaring and waiters pounce on you the moment you are seated. The volume of business per square foot of space is carefully calculated; within two years the volume in the new Ben's exceeded the per square foot volume in the old Ben's, though there is a greater feeling of elbow room in the new building. In the kitchen and in the supply rooms the most modern and efficient equipment is installed. Ben boasts he has the only air-conditioned garbage-disposal room in the country.

The family's loyalty and affection for their senior member verges on fanaticism and they cheerfully attribute practically every favorable feature of the store's operation to Ben. But Fanny herself has played a major role in the growth of Ben's and it was her word that was final in the lighting and color scheme of the new building, just as it was Fanny who watched and checked every move of architect, engineer and contractor. The boys tell how she stood by with a supply of assorted nails, bolts, nuts and screws to furnish the workmen and prevent them from using this excuse for going off the job. From the first day that they had to hire extra help Ben proved himself constitutionally incapable of firing anyone and it was the forthright Fanny who assumed this task.

But the boys themselves are up-to-date operators aware of every development in restaurant merchandising that takes place in this country and the United States. Unlike their father they take holidays but the holidays are of the busman variety and they return with new ideas for the business. Sol, like Gertrude, inclines to his father's slow gentle temperament. It is not hard to recognize the decisive vivacious Fanny in both Al and Irving. To the 110 employees of Ben's, the proprietor is Pop and Fanny is Mum.

Both Sol and Irving are married, with two children in each family; these with Gertrude's two children provide Ben and Fanny with six grandchildren. Both Sol and Irving live in rented apartments.

Ben consistently refuses to admit he is slowing down but sometimes he takes little cat-naps during his 17-hour day. The boys are familiar with the pattern. He brews himself a cup of tea with lemon, leans an elbow on the counter and pretends to be deep in contemplation. A guilty start and a quick look around always finds the boys looking in another direction. Thus they support his gentle fiction.

Ben's hearing is not as acute as it once was. Recently Irving advertised for a waiter. The next morning a customer came in, spoke to Irving, and Irving called to Ben, who was behind the counter. Ben heard, "Pop, will you get him a coat?"

Ben came from behind the counter and motioned for the man to follow him. Together they went down the stairs to the basement and Ben produced a broom. "Sweep the floor," he ordered. The man dutifully began to sweep the floor and Ben nodded his approval, reached in a locker for a coat. Suddenly the man stopped sweeping and threw down the broom. "What the hell does a guy have to do in this joint to buy a coke?" he demanded. ★

## How To Get Along With Older People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

with which family life has altered in just one generation. As young people have moved from the farm into the tight-packed city, more and more older people find themselves alone. We have changed radically from the three- or four-generation family to the two-generation unit, and there is little

room to expand in a city apartment or a small town house.

If you are under fifty you accept things like the fast-as-sound jet plane as the order of our day. But project yourself forward twenty years or so when there may be rocket flights to space stations in the upper atmosphere—or to the moon. Could you face the undoubted change in living conditions complacently—that is, if you were invited to share them at all?

This is not a far-fetched comparison. Any individual now seventy is living in a world which never existed when

he was born, when telephones were curiosities and airplane travel as much a scientist's dream as space flights are now. He has had to undergo vast technological, cultural and social changes which elders in his own youth never had to face. Yet he is expected to be able to adapt to all of them. Fifty, or even twenty-five years ago, three or four generations could live together, and like it, under a single spacious roof. Today if we make room for them, it may not be grudgingly, but quite frequently it is at a sacrifice. Any sensitive old person feels this painfully.

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It is not only at home that the older person's services are seldom needed or wanted. Economic conditions have so changed in his lifetime that there is a premium on speed and quantity production in which the old lag, and little place for the crafts and slow handwork in which he was trained. Even in the professions accumulated knowledge is quickly outdated.

In more primitive cultures the old man or woman was often eliminated, and accepted disposal with equanimity as being for the good of the community. If, on the other hand, he was regarded

with respect he was elevated to the post of magician, priest or sage. In either case, there was finality to the solution.

We are not so realistic. Though we no longer put our old out to die we expect them to continue to strive to be youthful. A popular columnist summed up this attitude when he said: "We have little real devotion for our old people . . . We do everything for them; we are fond of them, we tolerate them, we take care of them, we speak jokingly of their crotchets and frailties—we do everything but respect them."

If your ageing relative seems to be a

bewildered individual in a world which revolves chiefly around the young, you can't expect him to cope with his frustrations, unaided. Unless you do help him overcome them, you, and everyone who comes in contact with him, will also be a loser.

This puts the burden of understanding on the young. You may sigh enviously when you read those articles in women's magazines with titles like, *Why My Daughter-in-Law Loves Me*. The author generally claims to be a dear old lady or gentleman who makes a cheerful martyr out of himself by

sleeping on a bumpy davenport in the living room. When company comes, the older one effaces himself, of course. Usually he retreats to the kitchen. If he is a man, he mixes marvelous drinks; if a woman, she makes equally marvelous sandwiches or cakes. In either case the story ends with the olderster winning everybody's admiration.

A much better idea would be to see to it that your old encumbrance, if he is that, can have the opportunity which a ninety-two-year-old woman I know enjoys. She lives a life of her own. She still lives in her own home, does her own cooking, takes complete care of herself and says to her neighbor: "I'm not going to get old and stiff like some people do!"

If you are going to help your relative to help himself you will need both imagination and sensitivity. The gulf between any two generations is so vast that, as Booth Tarkington said once when he was already in his sixties, "By the time we reach middle age we think of our own youthful days as the experience of a generally absurd stranger."

We all believe we know what children are like because we have already lived through their growing pains. But old age is an unknown terrain. The day when some older person's attitudes or actions come in conflict with your own is the day to stop and ask this question: Just what is it that older people want to get out of life?

Years ago the Society of Friends summed up the basic needs of the aged simply and succinctly: "Somewhere to live, something to do and someone to care."

Older people rightly insist on being considered as individuals. Remember this the next time you speak of "Sally's aunt" or "John's mother," or "the children's grandfather." We are all inclined to think of older people only in relation to *ourselves*. (The most rebellious escape this role and sometimes the only way left to them is the one they take. They kick up a row about something, which shows they are still persons, not merely ancestors.)

If you need any proof that all older people everywhere long for the same satisfactions, reflect on what 2,100 grandmothers set down as their formula for success and happiness. (Their age range was from 36 to 91.) For a newspaper survey they listed, in order of their importance: health, financial independence, separate living arrangements from their children, friends of their own, a hobby or a job and exchange of love and services with younger people.

Dr. George Lawton, a well-known specialist in problems of the aged, recently interviewed fifty men and women, ranging in age from sixty to ninety. They thought most old people could be kept off the highroad to gloom and unhappiness if they had these compensations.

**Bodily health:** This came first. The fear of being helplessly bedridden and dependent is not confined to any age group, but it can be more poignant when life is running toward its close.

**Health of the spirit:** A close second. Other studies have proved that the hunger to be at peace with one's self, to discover justification for the world's ills and man's inhumanity to man, is a regular and striking accompaniment of that phase of life we term growing older. This need may be met by organized religious activity.

**A cheerful state of mind:** A great many considered that it was important to accept what we cannot alter. The words "be patient" occurred often.

**Money:** It is a rare old person who has not learned early in life that money will not purchase his happiness in old age, but these and all other ageing

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people want to have enough to cover their bare necessities and be free of concern for the future.

**Friends:** This word appeared often. Its use is based on the fact that the longer we live the more friends and relatives we survive. It also is a result of the equally sad law of life that we who as youngsters looked for love and support from our elders, seldom need either when they are old and we ourselves are adult.

**Work to do:** Every normal person wants an occupation as long as he lives, and dreads idleness. One octogenarian who had accepted a pension with reluctance declared: "Working hard, playing hard, loving hard—that's what makes people happy!"

**Pleasant family relationships:** Those who had once enjoyed the warmth and intimacy with close kin and no longer had it wanted to be treated again as an active part of the world, living and struggling with the rest of us.

**A chance to watch young people develop:** All older people confessed their pleasure and interest in their grandchildren, and other people's children—when they were on good terms with them. As one seventy-five-year-old man said, "It gives a person satisfaction to be able to see his children and his grandchildren grow up and know you have had some part in shaping their lives."

**Doing things for others:** Not every person in this or any other group recognizes services as a compensation of old age. But Dr. Lawton's subjects named this quality an important means of continuing to "belong" to society.

**Kindness and consideration:** A number said this was all they sought—and seldom received.

How can you help your relatives fulfill these basic desires without encroaching on the rights of a younger generation? You can do nothing at all unless you put yourself in an older person's place. To do so, you have to rid yourself of the misconceptions that most of us had hammered into us in childhood. The most important is that to be young is a virtue; to be old is deplorable.

Among the misconceptions about old age the most common is that old age makes people different. Most of us assume that putting on grandmotherhood or grandfatherhood automatically assures a halo of sweetness and light. Or we take the opposite view: that old age makes people crabbed. Actually, the only thing you can be really sure of is that any elderly man or woman has taken a long time to get the way he is, and he is going to remain that way. The father who was a young autocrat at the breakfast table will remain so. The mother who was frivolous and vain in her twenties is not going to turn into a self-effacing old granny. And, of course, the opposite has to be true. The man or woman who has always pulled his own oar is going to try to keep on doing it.

The second major misconception is that the old like to be in a safe and cozy nest. This probably accounts for more unhappy relationships than all the rest. No older person likes to have his life planned for him, whether his children tuck him away in an old people's home, or put him in a gilded cage.

Dr. Lillian J. Martin, who entered the field of old-age counseling when she herself was past sixty-five, and continued in it till she died at ninety-two, used to say many older people are forced into loss of self-assurance by their own offspring.

"Children," she said, "may coddle aged parents, not only out of concern for their health and well-being, but also

because they really want their parents to live restricted lives so they will not interfere with young people's conduct of their own lives and families." Most older people, Dr. Martin found, are remarkably tough and capable, even if they have physical limitations.

In our anxiety to spare them worry and make them comfortable, most of us put too much emphasis on protecting older people. In the process we run the danger of undermining their initiative. Even more frequently, we underestimate their capacities. Such over-protectiveness is not always for

the sake of the older person. We all tend to make decisions that will spare us worry.

The only safe rule is one every social agency practices. Their workers plan with, not for, old people. They know that well-meant advice from the young may seem like patronage or condescension to the old. A man who has earned his own living for four or five decades, a woman who has reared a family, can't be expected to take kindly to plans devised for their well-being by someone years younger.

The chief breeding ground of friction

is the absence of something to do which will seem important in the eyes of the old and commands respect from those—as one youngster said—who think of old age as "the wilted butt of a burned-out cigarette."

Don't expect an older person to accept a seat on the sidelines with good humor. It is no easier at eighty to be told you are "too old" for something than it was for you to give up thumb-sucking at one or two because you were told you were "too old" for that pastime. It is more difficult, in fact. For to sit back and accept

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## COMING FRIDAY

I

### YOU CAN'T HIT AN HONEST MAN

He flouts the law and his famous draw  
Is smooth, impressive, zippy.  
His gun spells trouble while graveyards double  
West of the Mississippi.  
Oh, things look grim for our hero, Slim,  
Who's trapped, unarmed, and this is  
The villain's break. That ornery snake  
Takes careful aim — and misses!



II

### NICE CLEAN FUN WITH MURDER



The Fiend in horror movies might  
To some appear inspired by spite.  
It's true, he kidnaps someone's daughter  
And in a cavern dripping water  
Secures her to a stalagmite —  
But still, the Fiend remains polite.  
While sealing her in molten plastic,  
His attitude's detached, monastic;  
And what at first impresses us  
As purely private animus  
Will later make a strong appeal  
As lofty scientific zeal  
With which no censor needs to quarrel.  
The Fiend, at least, is not immoral.

III

### IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY

So boy meets girl — but make it real!  
They meet in an elevator,  
An heiress of Colossal Steel,  
A young, job-hunting waiter.  
And he aspires to write a novel,  
And she would thrill to life in a novel.  
Will he wed this child of a millionaire?  
Experienced fans, go on from there!



IV

### 24-HOUR SERVICE



A private eye is abnormally spry  
Though he hasn't slept for a week,  
And whether he's slugged, drowned or drugged,  
He's beautifully groomed and sleek.  
When sprayed on the run by a tommy gun  
In the hands of a thug called Chimp,  
He keeps on going — no sign of slowing  
Except for the slightest limp.  
No time for a wife in this kind of life  
Where he-men have always gloried.  
He can take a beating or dish it out,  
He never has parents to bother about,  
And his habits banish the flimsiest doubt  
That he wasn't born — he was quarried.

By P. J. BLACKWELL Drawings by English



direction—very often correction—from those you used to have authority over in the diaper and romper stage, is a soul-trying process.

Another fallacy is the view that old people expect too much. When we say "tolerance must be mutual," we usually mean we expect older people to leave off some cherished activity which interferes with one of ours. We would also like them to do so without making us feel guilty or uncomfortable.

Most of us can say of a fourteen-year-old boy or girl who has difficulty in adjusting to life: "Well, it is just because he is an adolescent. He'll get used to things." We ought to know that people of seventy or eighty are also entitled to have periods of adjustment. The reason is obvious: they have already spent a lifetime accumulating habits and patterns.

If an old man refuses to change his socks or stop smoking in bed, or an old woman won't change the fashion of her clothes or her cooking, neither is doing it, like the baby in Alice in Wonderland, merely to annoy and tease you. They may be biologically too old to change their ways, or they may be making an effort to adjust themselves and haven't yet succeeded. If you force them beyond their strength the result is likely to be a dejected individual, bitter because he thinks himself useless and unwanted, often so miserable he places everybody around him in the same frame of mind.

No old person is like any other old person, but there is one thing on which they all agree. No matter where they live, whether in luxury or in poverty, they don't want to relinquish their own identity. If this seems to you to be "asking too much," consider that, if you live, you yourself will be old some day.

Should you be willing to share your home with your parents or your in-laws? This is one of the most difficult problems in family relationships that any of us have to solve.

There is no reason to feel guilty if you are apprehensive about sharing your home. There are other ways of honoring your father and mother besides giving them a place around your fireside. Nor is there any reason for you to feel you must do for your older relatives what they did for theirs. Two or three generations had a much better chance fifty or even thirty years ago of living amicably together. When households overflowed with children and space there was always ample work and ample room for a spinster aunt or an ageing uncle. Today, if someone is needed to help with the housework or the children it usually is not on the living-in basis. Nursery schools and machine-housekeeping have taken away that solace of the old.

The mother-in-law jokes probably had their inception in the fact that people of different ages are better off if they live apart. On the other hand, they can live together successfully if there is an even exchange. It may be the practical advantage of a single overhead with reduction in cost of food.

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In Pierre Loti's autobiography he describes the happiness and the serenity he derived in his childhood home from the presence of his two grandmothers, his great-aunt Berthe, and his Aunt Claire, each with her own little room. How his mother got along with these four extra women he does not say, but to him, at least, they were a source of endless comfort.

To make a success of a mixed household requires mutual esteem, mutual respect for each other's privacy as well as joy in each other's company. Without all these ingredients nothing will result but turmoil.

In practical terms this means that if grandma wants to stay in the tumble-down ancestral mansion whose worn-out furnace eats up coal and whose rooms are too vast for even a slavey to clean, let her do it. At least let her stay till she has a chance to find out that it is uneconomical and unhealthy to cling to a worn-out past. She'll find out sooner if no one puts pressure, however well-meant, on her. Forcing her out "for her own good" means you are taking a chance on having a disgruntled old woman on your hands the rest of her life.

Similarly, if grandfather wants to stay down on the farm and struggle through the harvesting again, let him try it. Perhaps he'd rather die in harness than live through what he may consider dull years somewhere else. Or he might be just stubborn enough to believe he knows when to move—in his own good time.

The old need this chance to mull over new proposals. As Dr. A. Kardiner, the psychologist, points out, "Old age is a phase of life with the fewest adaptation possibilities. The plasticity of the ego is gone, as well as the ability to modify the environment."

So, if your older relative wants to cling to the living quarters where he's been content for so long—stand up for him. It's not easy to see why an old man prefers a shabby furnished room to luxury under someone's gilded roof, but it is better than browbeating him into a move he protests against. If it is you who fear friction, steel yourself to look for another place for a relative to live, even if you have to face family criticism. It's more than possible your own distaste for too close proximity is shared.

If you need to bolster your conviction by some unassailable facts, examine these results from some recent surveys. They may bring about a change of mind in others of your family if they are mistaking "duty" for what is right.

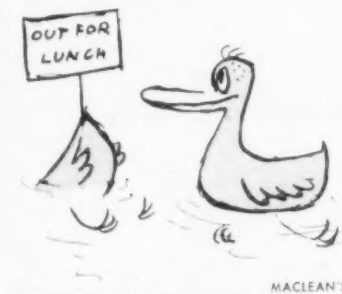
All grandfathers and grandmothers do not want to be around their children or grandchildren all the time. When the Florida State Improvement Commission asked eight hundred retired persons what their preferences in living arrangements were, these were the answers: About forty-five percent said they preferred to associate exclusively with people their own age; twenty percent preferred the society of younger adults; none preferred the society of children; only twenty-eight percent wanted to associate with people of all ages.

Older people value their own homes first, and privacy at all costs anywhere. When the housing likes and dislikes of fifty ageing people were investigated, this was the interviewer's conclusion: "These aged couples were reluctant to face the problem of where and how to live in the event that maintaining their own homes was no longer feasible. Actually, living in their own homes was the only preference they could be persuaded to voice. If this arrangement was not

possible, even with the services of a companion, they wanted separate quarters in the home of a son or daughter."

The best place for older people is wherever they want to stay. This may be—but often is not—with their relatives. Of the oldsters questioned by Dr. Ruth Shonle Cavan twenty-nine percent of the men and thirty percent of the women who lived in their own homes were well adjusted. Of those who lived in someone else's home, eleven percent of the men and twenty-four percent of the women had made a good adjustment. The rating of those who called rooming or boarding houses or hotels home was only slightly different—twelve percent of the men and thirty-two percent of the women.

If you are the one on whose shoulders it will fall to make a decision, there is only one safe rule to follow. If an ageing individual doesn't want to live



with you or someone else, it is more economical, in terms of the eventual strain that will develop on both sides, to help him stay where he wants to be, even if dollars-and-cents expenditure is greater.

Physical or geographical separation is not the same as emotional separation (which can occur even when two bodies occupy the same space, or nearly so). It is still possible to go to the movies or a play or to church together if you live in the same community. If the older person lives far away, you can make him feel he has a real, not a forced part in your own life by writing to ask his advice about real estate or insurance or by confiding your troubles to him. We all need to learn that where a person lives is not the major consideration. Making him know he is valued for what he is and was is all that counts. You can do this through such a simple gesture as asking an old man to write down his memories of family history, or by helping an old woman cherish family heirlooms for her grandchildren. One woman stimulated her whole community when she asked people over seventy to present, arrange and talk about their relics of pioneer days for her club. This exhibition, now held annually, gives young people a chance to see and hear about local history and to respect their elders who shaped it.

Four good rules for getting along with older people—whether they live inside your home or not—can be summarized as follows: 1. Discuss all grievances openly, even if there's danger of "hurting feelings;" 2. Don't turn a blind eye or a deaf ear toward the frustrations of older people; 3. Avoid differences over the disciplining of children; 4. Treat the symptoms of old age with tenderness and understanding.

How can you best help an older individual face reality?

In the first place, prepare yourself for the likely prospect that most older people are wary, if not suspicious, of the enthusiasm of the young for the unknown. This terror of the devils

they don't know often makes many older men and women willing to endure the devil they do know to the point of discomfort, or actual harm. It may complicate your best-laid plans for placing your uncles or aunts in a well-run boarding home, or even make your parents hold back from moving where there will be an elevator instead of steps to climb.

Yet, if you treat them as if they are too eccentric or too old-fashioned to know what to do, you will only strengthen their conviction that they are being insulted or abused. If you bring pressure to bear through doctors, nurses or family counselors when they are facing a devastating break in long-established routine, they will feel you are persecuting them.

To prevent this, be candid. Older people can stand more shocks than younger ones think they can. What they can't bear is to feel baffled and helpless because well-meaning relatives too often act as if crises in family life ought not to be discussed with them.

If you think a change advisable or urgent, don't be afraid to say so. Tell them how other people in similar situations have met their predicaments. Even the most irascible person wants to feel he is not the only person in his world with trouble. If he lives with you and it is no longer wise or feasible for him to stay, screw up your courage and say so, but give him reasons, not excuses. If he knows you are trying to be honest with yourself and with him, he will listen. Explain why the situation will bring unhappiness if it continues, not only for you or someone else, but for him.

If he is sick and a convalescent home, a nursing home or a hospital seems a better place for him, tell him frankly why you and the doctor think so. It will keep him from feeling his family is conspiring to get rid of him. If he is rational at all, he will want to know exactly what arrangements are being made for him. He deserves to know the pros and cons of this place or that, and have a chance to express his own opinion and know that attention is being paid to his preferences.

The problem of getting along with older people is worth much more than a passing study—for, even if it doesn't face you right now, remember that you are going to be "an older person" yourself some day. No one wants to share the feelings of the grandmother who wrote to a leading newspaper: "I simply can't understand the attitude of the current generation which my own generation produced. It's not disrespect. It's not scorn. Rather it's utter indifference and disregard."

The challenge of learning to live in amity with those the world labels "old" concerns us and our families now, and will concern us even more personally when we pass our own sixty-fifth birthday.

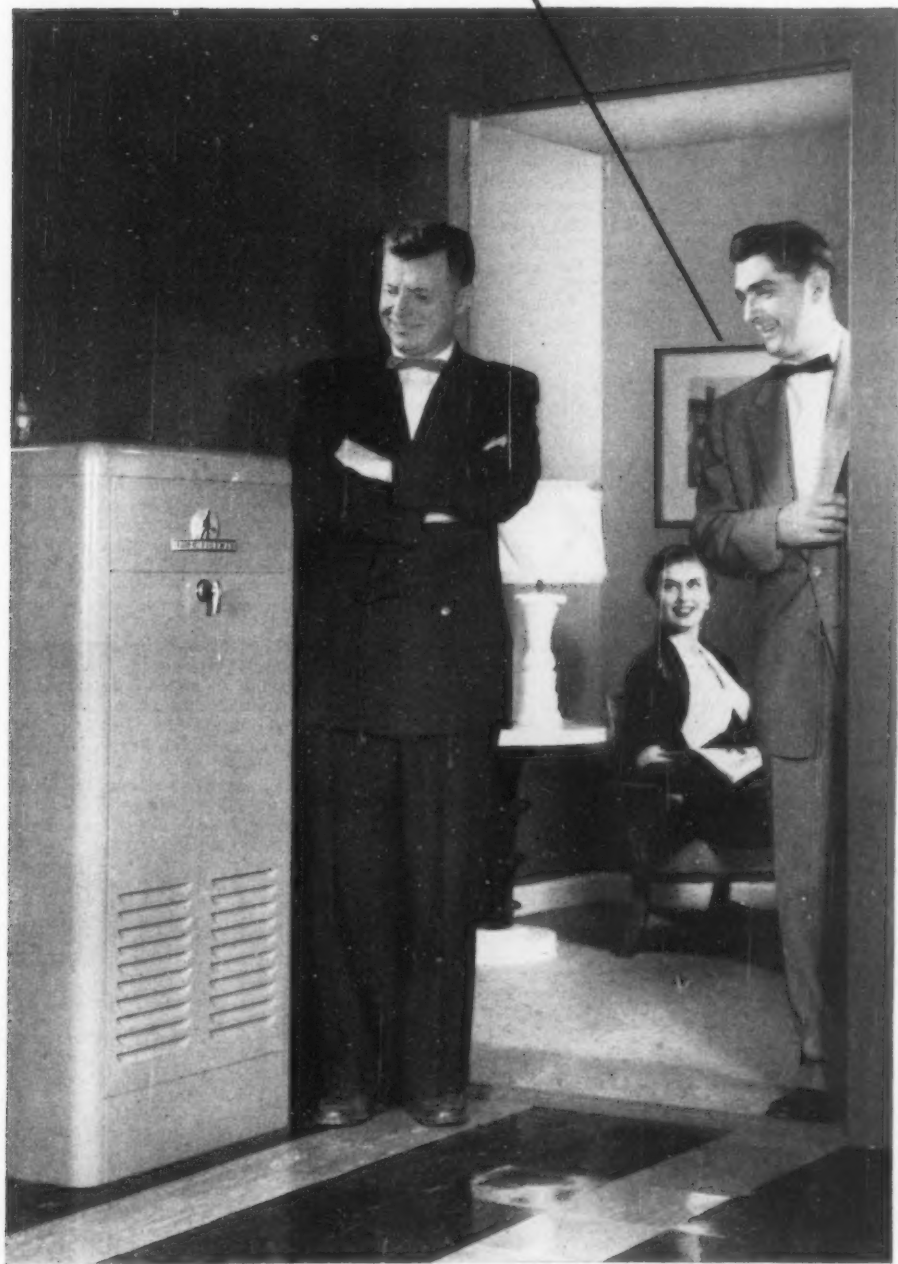
There is no formula of the "how to make friends" variety which will provide you with a quick solution. But if there can be recognition on the part of members of the family that here indeed "charity begins at home" a genuine start will have been made toward relieving some tensions and difficulties which the old and the young alike frequently experience.

The effects of extreme old age cannot be warded off forever; the machine will eventually wear out. But with the right kind of help from family, physician and community, an older man or woman can postpone physical, mental and emotional decline for years. ★

In expanded form this material will be included in a book, *How To Help Older People*, to be published later by the J. B. Lippincott Company.



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## Her Garden Is the Sea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"Constance I. MacFarlane, algologist, Nova Scotia Research Foundation." Delphis D'Eon is a direct descendant of Sieur D'Entremont, who founded Pubnico three centuries ago. Borrowing his ancestor's title for the occasion, he signed the guest book, "Sieur D'Entremont." Then they clumped out very grandly in their rubber boots while everybody gaped.

Nothing moves Constance MacFarlane as much as the sight of a vast and colorful profusion of *Chondrus crispus*, *Ascophyllum nodosum* or *Laminaria*, three common Nova Scotia seaweeds, sunning themselves at low tide. "I can't help being excited by seaweeds," she says. "Aside from science, they're so beautiful." One of her hobbies is photographing seaweed in color and another is cooking seaweed dishes. A couple of Christmases ago she sent her friends seaweed puddings as gifts. Some said the puddings were delicious, others that they looked and tasted like glue.

In her office at Dalhousie University, in Halifax, pictures of seaweed cover the walls, there are bottles and boxes of seaweed on the shelves, seaweed is piled on her desk and swatches of it hang from the ceiling. An apartment she shares in Halifax with Evelyn Campbell, librarian of the Nova Scotia Research Foundation, is no less cluttered. "It wouldn't surprise me," says Evelyn, "if I came home and found the living room ankle-deep in seaweed. I've often found it in the refrigerator, the bathtub and the oven. Wherever Connie is you'll find seaweed."

Wherever Connie is you'll also hear about seaweed. She talks of kelp, rockweed, Irish moss and dulse the way a rose-grower talks of American Beauties, Talismans and Pink Briarcliffs.

The plants in her briny garden don't have roots like ordinary plants, but hold-fasts that look like suction cups, which fasten them to rocks. They are of all sizes and colors and form underwater jungles populated by crabs, lobsters, shrimps, clams, oysters and myriads of fish. A primitive form of vegetation, they evolved early in the earth's history when man himself, according to the evolutionists, was merely a piece of slime with ambition.

Connie is an encyclopedia of odd facts about seaweed. She can chat by the hour about how Shen Nung, the fabulous father of medicine, prescribed seaweed for his patients; how the women of ancient Rome used it in their rouge and to die garments purple; how the English once believed it was a cure for consumption; how the Irish brewed liquor from it; how the Japanese in World War II manufactured shatterproof airplane glass from it. She can quote from memory an editorial that appeared in 1913 in the New York Evening Post, "... We shall soon see shredded seaweed, flaked fucus, desiccated dulse, predigested sargassum, puffed Nereocystis, malto-kelp and cream of sea moss."

Connie knows that fried seaweed, seaweed purée, roast seaweed and deviled seaweed were once served at a banquet in Wisconsin. The meal was not an unqualified success and, with the exception of dulse, a tasty red seaweed some people prefer to salted peanuts or popcorn, seaweed is unlikely to gain popularity as food for humans. But certain varieties with a high protein content can and will be fed to poultry, hogs and cattle and will thus become food for man.

At present seaweeds are used chiefly for their extracts. Algin, derived from seaweed, has been turned by British researchers into seaweed rayon, a washable cloth with a high lustre. Carrageenin, the jelly derived from Irish moss, is the stabilizer that keeps the chocolate in chocolate milk from sinking to the bottom of the bottle. It is likewise an ingredient of ice cream, pudding powders, hand lotions, shoe polish, shaving cream, aspirin tablets and a famous name-brand cough syrup. Algin and carrageenin will both be manufactured in Nova Scotia and agar, a third extract, may be made there as well. Agar goes into linoleum and storage batteries, paints, laxatives and adhesive tape and, in medical laboratories, is a medium for cultivating bacteria.

### How Much Seaweed is There?

With all these uses for seaweed, and with more being developed constantly, the thousands of tons of kelp, rockweed, Irish moss and dulse that grow annually on Nova Scotia's coast could conceivably be the most important cash crop of that province. And it will if Constance MacFarlane can do anything about it. She's infuriated by Nova Scotians who sneer at the potentialities of seaweed. "Look," she says with her small fists clenched, "we're always talking about how lucky Ontario is to have so much when we have so little. Here's an asset we have plenty of and Ontario has none of. Yet a lot of our people ignore it."

One of her main tasks has been to find how much seaweed Nova Scotia does have. She does this by clipping and weighing square yard patches in a bed of seaweed to ascertain the average yield. Then with a range-finder she ascertains the length and width of the bed, computes the area in square yards and figures from her sample cuttings the total amount of seaweed. When a bed is exceptionally large she charts a plane and surveys it from the air.

Constance MacFarlane stumbled by accident into her unusual profession. After attending Prince of Wales College in her native Charlottetown, P.E.I., she went to Dalhousie University

intending to major in English. Then she discovered she was more interested in biology. One summer when other co-eds were playing tennis and going to country-club dances Connie journeyed to Wood's Hole on Cape Cod to take a short course in invertebrate zoology. The class was filled so she took a short course in algae, the seaweed family. She graduated from Dalhousie in 1929 with the governor-general's gold medal, spent the next two years doing a thesis on algae for her master's degree and won a scholarship that took her to the University of Liverpool. Then she taught in schools and universities until the Nova Scotia Research Foundation engaged her as its algologist in 1948.

Soon after she moved into her office in Dalhousie University's Forrest Building, biological students christened her Miss Algae. Recently a student dedicated a poem to her based on Tit-Willow.

O say Miss MacFarlane  
What makes seaweed grow?  
Soil-water, soil-water, soil-water.

But the muck and the gunk  
In it filter so slow,  
Soil-water, soil-water, soil-water.

It's a colloid suspension;  
It will never be clear;  
The muck and the gunk  
Will be there next year.

So sun tan your seaweeds  
With briny brown beer,  
Soil-water, soil-water, soil-water.

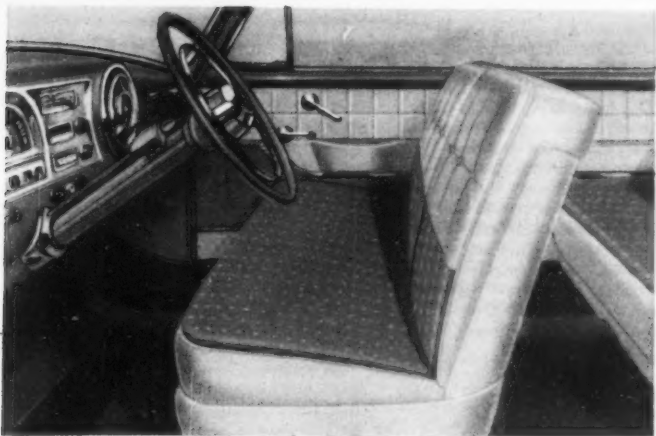
In the winter months in the Forrest Building Connie compiles survey data, does laboratory experiments and lectures on seaweed. But even in winter she can't stay away from her beloved seaweed beds. On holidays she climbs into her car and bucks her way through the snow to remote parts of the coast to check the effect cold weather has on Irish moss and rockweed.

In a Halifax restaurant not long ago she was rooting through her purse for change to pay her bill. Out came the usual gloves, compact, keys—and a bit of dried seaweed.

"What," asked the cashier, "is that?"  
"That?" said Constance MacFarlane. "Oh, that's *Desmarestia aculeata*." It was, too. ★







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## The Rudest Man in England

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Canada which he visited ostensibly to promote good relations with the CBC. But even if he had never opened his mouth he would long be remembered for the eccentricity of his appearance. He is a big lumbering man with blue-grey eyes that seem to bore through his horn-rimmed spectacles into his cring-

ing and defenseless audiences. His face is jowly and is decorated with a drooping walrus mustache. His favorite attire for the Canadian winter was an outsize overcoat, a dangling yellow scarf, a deerstalker's cap and calf-length overshoes which he wore with the buckles flapping noisily.

This picture of Harding, ploughing painfully through the slush on a winter morning to his office in the CBC in Toronto, is engraved on the memories of the people who worked with him. So is his usual morning greeting—the growl of an animal in pain often followed by

a plea for a medicinal dose of stewed tomatoes.

Harding disliked Toronto. Once at a dinner party a woman guest asked him where he lived. He replied that he lived on Jarvis Street where there are some dubious establishments. "Not a very fashionable address," the woman murmured. "Neither, madam, is Toronto," replied Harding. He enjoys recounting a fragment of an hour-long French conversation he once had with the late Cardinal Villeneuve. "What do you think of Toronto, Your Eminence?" he asked. "Ah, Toronto!" re-

plied the cardinal. "Toronto is not so much a city as a problem."

In his autobiography Harding records that he was "thrilled by Montreal" but "revolted by Ottawa." Calgary, gateway to the Rocky Mountains, he loved, but "alas on the other side is Vancouver, and Victoria on Vancouver Island; and that you can have. Etiquette was a fetish in Vancouver. Based on some never-never land of their own fantastic devising there was an atmosphere that hovered crazily between Kipling's bullet-biting pukka sahibs and the chorus of the Gaiety at the turn of the century."

Whenever Vancouver is mentioned Harding's face twists into an expression of pained disgust. "A terrible place," he growls. "The people are more English than the English and not nearly so pleasant." Recently when he was chiding Andrew Cowan, European representative of the CBC, for accidentally snubbing him, he said, "You always act like a native of Vancouver when you are with somebody important." Once at a CBC party in Toronto, where there were a number of guests from Vancouver, Harding asked, "Why is everyone so proud of being born in Vancouver? I should prefer to be born in a water closet."

What enraged him most about Vancouver was repeated references to his English accent. "I have not got an English accent," he hisses through clenched teeth. "I can understand how you can speak English with a Canadian accent but I do not understand how you can speak English with an English accent."

### Canadian Food Is Hideous

Harding's English is perfect to the point of pedantry and his fruity baritone, which can rise to a crescendo of terrifying rage or move an audience to tears by its sonorous beauty, usually purrs dangerously along the edge of sarcasm. In any discussion about food, which always engages his emotions, it can assume all these qualities in quick succession.

Whenever he enters a British restaurant headwaiters cringe fearfully and bus boys scurry to heat up the plates and skim the grease off the gravy. He has a low opinion of British food and an even lower one of Canadian food, judging from his autobiography. "For a country which literally has everything, Canada is the most backward gastronomically in the world," he says. "The people have horrible eating-manners. Ketchup is liberally poured over everything. Ice-cold milk is the favorite tippie. Dessert is tasteless frozen bits of cream and canned fruit. Tea is made with hot but never boiling water in which is dangled a little bag of poor quality tea leaves. Maddened by this you cannot even console yourself with a stiff drink."

The memory of a meal with Harding makes many of his Canadian friends shudder. In their minds they see the results of an uneven battle of words—waitresses weeping hysterically, red-faced waiters clenching their fists and striving for self-control and other diners staring with wretched concentration at their plates. Even if Harding liked the food he was likely to cause trouble. One friend gives the following account of what could happen to a pleasant dinner with Harding. Six men had enjoyed a good meal in a Toronto restaurant as Harding's guests. The host was pleased. "I have enjoyed this dinner very much and so have my guests," he said amiably to the waiter. "I should be happy if you would ask the cook to step in here as I wish to congratulate him."

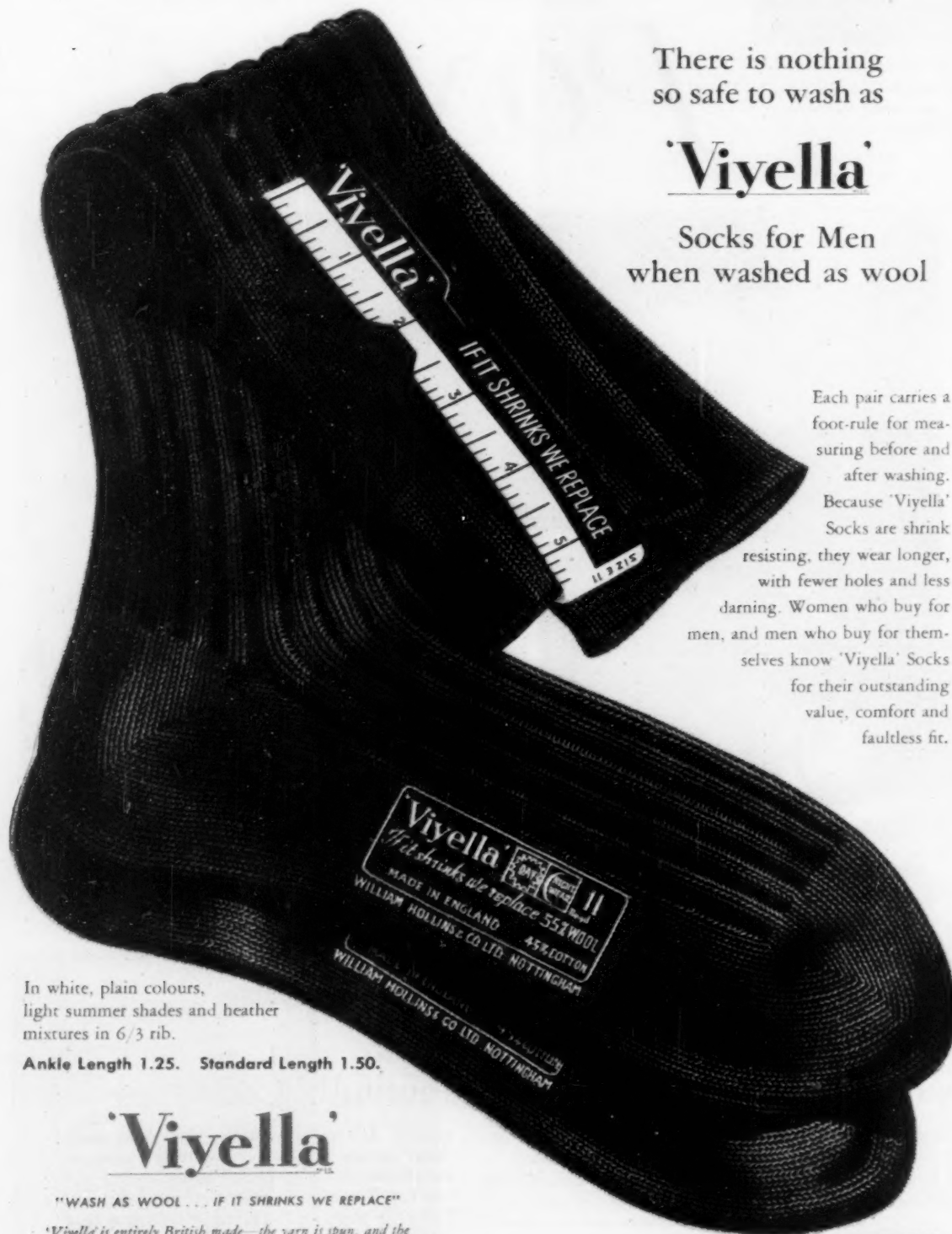
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"Thank you sir," murmured the waiter. "I shall pass your message on to the cook."

"I did not ask you to pass on anything to the cook," purred Harding. "I merely asked you to invite him to step in here for a moment so that I may speak to him."

"I'm sorry sir, but the cook is busy preparing meals for the other diners."

"The other diners are of no interest to me or my guests. Now my good man, if you would be so kind as to give my message to the cook I think we can dispense with your services." The meal ended, as so many with Harding did, in a terrible row.

One Canadian friend recalls a horrible lunch with Harding on a train to New York shortly after the late Ernest Bevin, then Britain's foreign secretary, had suggested that the United States should release some of her gold reserves to Britain. While Harding was eating, the conductor had the temerity to ask him for his ticket. Harding stared coldly past him and said to his companion: "Will you kindly tell this fellow I do not wish to be disturbed at my lunch." The conductor persisted. Harding ignored him until, in an apoplexy of rage the conductor threatened to stop the train and throw Harding off. Harding reached into his wallet, extracted his ticket and dropped it carelessly on the floor. The conductor picked it up, strode to the end of the car and in a booming voice addressed the other diners: "And these are the people who want our gold!"

The combination of food and trains seems to drive Harding to dizzy heights of arrogance. His English friends say that in 1948, when he was comparatively unknown, he happened to be traveling on the same train as Sir Cyril Hurcomb, chairman of the newly nationalized British railways. During lunch Harding asked for a glass of Scotch whisky. The waiter told him none was available so he settled for gin. A few minutes later Sir Cyril and a party came into the diner and a full bottle of whisky was placed on their table. Harding was indignant. He got up and walked toward them. "Which of you gentlemen is Sir Cyril Hurcomb?" he demanded.

"I am," said the new chairman.

"I have a complaint to address to you," said Harding. "How is it that I, one of the persons who own this wretched transportation system, should find it impossible to have a glass of whisky while you, my employee, can obtain a whole bottle?"

Sir Cyril shrugged apologetically and invited Harding to join him in a drink.

"I am afraid that will be impossible," said Harding. "I do not drink with my employees."

Harding's dinner manners recently drew comment from The Times after he had behaved with spectacular lack of inhibition at a rural magistrates' banquet. Harding arrived late, tired, grouchy, over-stimulated and in revolt. To the embarrassment of his host he began immediately to growl about the food, the drink and the company. At one point he lifted a cooling partridge from a platter and with an expression of disgust on his face deposited it delicately in a bowl of Brussels sprouts being borne away by a waiter. When he rose to speak he tossed down his notes and announced to an astounded audience: "I have been dragged to this third-rate place to a third-rate dinner for third-rate people."

The next day in published apologies to all concerned he announced that he considered himself fourth-rate. Two days later The Times published verbatim a speech by Lord Latham, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, at another magistrates' dinner. "All of us were

understandably distressed to see it reported that a gorilla was interposed in certain of the U. S. television records of the Coronation of our Queen," said Lord Latham. "But I understand the manners of the gorilla were exemplary. We must regret that this cannot be said of the performance of a certain TV notability at a recent dinner. The only thing in the conduct of this person that we can readily accept is his statement that he is fourth-rate."

Lord Latham's indignation is understandable but he is wrong in his estimate of Harding. For Harding is a

first-rate entertainer. He is known variously as the Worst-Tempered Man in Britain, the Disgruntled Genius, Grumpy Gilbert, the Biliious Bachelor of Broadcasting and the Terror of the Airwaves. But he was also judged Personality Of The Year on a recent radio-television poll conducted by the London Daily Mail and the programs in which he appears got top rating.

He is as irritable and unpredictable on the air as at the dinner table. He argues, makes audible asides, interrupts the program and often gets rapped on the knuckles and told to

"shush." Once he referred to What's My Line? as "this nonsense," and another time told a contestant, "I'm tired of looking at your face." Contestants who are coy, use fancy names to describe a simple job and cannot give a straight yes or no to a question annoy him and he tells them so. "You must be a very surprising restaurateur," he lectured one contestant, whose business methods struck him as inefficient. "I shall find out the name of your restaurant and never eat there."

The BBC, whose announcers usually apologize for a mispronunciation, has



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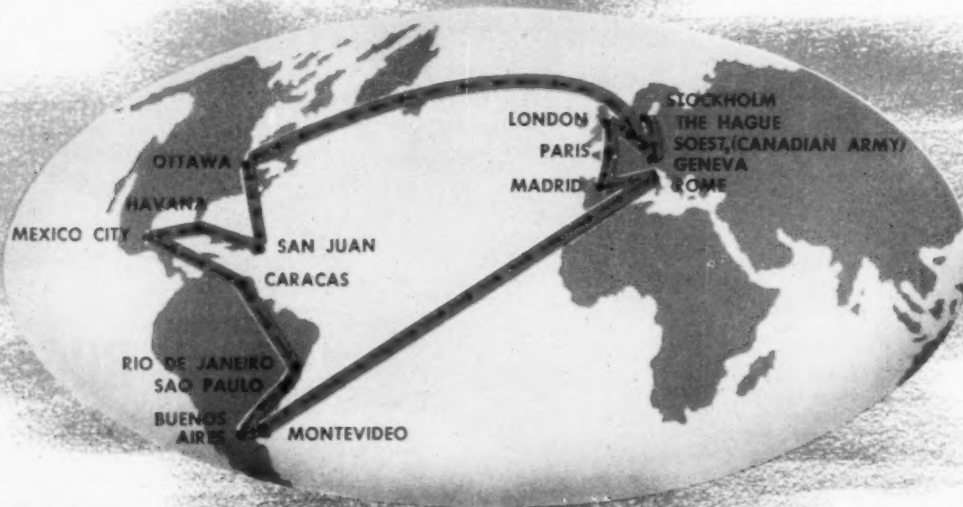
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*Toronto, painted for the Seagram Collection by J. S. Hallam, R.C.A., O.S.A.*

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fought a losing battle against Harding. In April 1951 he was suspended from Twenty Questions for losing his temper and refusing to report the score to the radio audience. The suspension ended after five months because the public clamored so insistently for Harding's return.

Since then comments about Harding by BBC officials indicate that their attitude has been progressively undermined. Early in 1952 when he was rude on What's My Line? one official predicted, "If this happens again Harding will be out of the program." A few months later when a reporter asked if there were many protests about another outburst the BBC replied wearily, "No more than usual." Still later the same question got a cheery, "We get a number of complaints about Mr. Harding but by now we're getting used to it."

Last Christmas he was accused of appearing drunk on What's My Line? He denied this charge and said he was ill with the flu. In his feverish irritation he agreed to answer a question "if I can make myself heard above this boisterous studio audience" and greeted the final contestant with "This is the last, we hope." Protests poured in but this time there was no talk of suspension. "Ignore the attacks on you," said Cecil McGivern, controller of television, "we want you in the show."

So, apparently, did the public for this broadcast produced more letters of support than condemnation. Many suggested cold remedies and cures for the asthma which he aggravates by smoking fifty cigarettes a day. Harding receives thirty to fifty fan letters every day. These his secretary divides into four categories: For Harding, Against Harding, Monstrosities and Fluffs. "It is a matter of great surprise and some grief to me that I get so many scurrilous letters," he says. "Many listeners seem to think I'm a monster."

The Monstrosities accuse him of being in the pay of the Catholic Church, the Church of England and the Communists; of being a cat-hater, a child-hater, a woman-hater, a misanthrope, a bad-tempered grouch and a playboy. One regular denounces him as a "horrible horror." His personal answers to the Against Harding sometimes run to eight pages of sparkling prose, the Fluffs (show talk for mistake) get a stock answer which says, "Yes I know. Waan't it monstrous?" The For Hardings provide him with delight and consolation. One daily missive always begins, "Good morning Mr. Harding," and goes on to offer advice on almost everything.

Harding claims many writers misunderstand him. If he is good-natured on the air his fans complain that he "isn't up to his usual style." If he is his old grouchy self they compliment him for "the great act he put on." This enrages Harding. Once when he was asked if he was churlish on purpose he replied indignantly, "If you are suggesting that I govern my conduct with an eye to the main chance I can only regard it as the slanderous product of a small mind. My impression is that I have lost a great deal more than I have gained by being unable to conceal my true feelings."

Harding fights manfully and tirelessly against himself. He suffers agonies of remorse after every lapse and always apologizes. "Every time I behave badly I am always sorry," he says. "But every time I am bad-tempered and misbehave everyone is interested. When I'm mild and gentle nobody's the least bit interested."

His name always draws a crowd so he is besieged with invitations to speak at public gatherings. Sometimes he has as many as thirty for a single day. He

accepts any he deems worthy or interesting if they can be squeezed into his hectic life, some with disastrous results. For he is distracted and infuriated by the things most often encountered in such a program: bores, bad English, bad food, inefficiency, Aspidistras, talkative women, race prejudice, London traffic, pretension and injustice.

Harding's success is remarkable not only because of his un-British behavior but also because he is not an entertainer by profession. He started life as a student clergyman and became a schoolmaster, policeman and law student before he drifted, almost by accident, into broadcasting.

He was born in June 1907 to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Harding, the master and matron of the Union Workhouse, Hereford. His father died in his thirties and thereafter Mrs. Harding, as matron of the workhouse, struggled to educate her son and daughter. Gilbert attended a scholastically good but unfashionable school where he hated the uniform, the food and the discipline. In 1925 he won

## DATED DATA

I doubt if I shall ever see  
The child who thinks my bird and  
bee  
Explanations can compare  
With others picked up who knows  
where!

IVAN J. COLLINS

a scholarship to Cambridge. He was perpetually harried by poverty; his scholarship money scarcely covered his modest fixed expenses. He tried to earn extra money during vacations by acting as a Cook's guide to visiting Americans, an occupation he describes as "an arduous way to earn a few shillings."

In 1928 Harding left Cambridge with a third-class honors degree in history and began preparing for ordination into the Church of England at the Community of the Resurrection, Huddersfield. His tendency to talk too much was quickly noticed and he was made to put a text over his head, "I will heed unto my ways that I offend not with my tongue."

In Cambridge he had been attracted to Roman Catholicism by G. K. Chesterton, with whom he was friendly. As a student clergyman, he moved still further in this direction until on June 29, 1929, he became a Catholic. Soon after he got a job as a lay teacher in a Catholic monastery at an annual wage of seventy pounds. He found this life too restricting so he moved first to a private school in Kent and then to Scotland. While there Father Bede Jarret, a Dominican, helped him negotiate a year's appointment as professor of English at St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia.

Harding admits he felt "a tingle of pleasure and excitement at being in the New World for the first time" and that he enjoyed "every moment of the long train journey from Montreal, where I landed, to Antigonish." This warmth was soon chilled, however, by the annoyances of life in Nova Scotia; the liquor laws, and what he regarded as the frustrating stupidity of his students and their fanatical anxiety to win games instead of merely playing, a North American attitude to sport that seems to mystify some Englishmen.

In moods of frustration, he often told his students they were hopelessly illiterate. Even today he shudders at the memory. "The standard was appalling," he says. Once he got so worried that he wrote an anguished letter to Stephen Leacock at McGill University. "What can one do? Where can

one start?" he pleaded. Leacock replied characteristically: "1. Don't be impatient. 2. Try to make them want to learn. 3. Get them interested in a play and make them act it. 4. Be content if you can get them to write a single paragraph in good English. 5. Don't think too much of yourself. 6. Don't be impatient."

But Harding is impatient and his rugged individualism was too much even for the hardy individualistic Scots of Antigonish. He quarrelled with his superiors and toward the end of the term, when he received word that his mother was ill, he asked to be released from his agreement. With a sigh of relief St. Francis Xavier University let him go.

At home he accepted a succession of short-term teaching posts, none of which contented him. Still less did his next occupation, as a constable in the Bradford police force. He made this uncongenial choice because of his friendship with police officials whom he met while visiting his mother in Bradford during a period of unemployment.

As a policeman Harding was a failure, although he holds a certificate for exemplary conduct and passed his grammar exams regularly with 98 percent. "Sometimes I deliberately forfeited the odd two percent in order not to appear too much like the Child Christ in the Temple," he said. His hatred of authority was quickened by the rigid discipline in the force and an injured knee made pounding a beat intolerable. He was given a desk job, chaffingly called "the Professor" and made aware that he was one of the oddest misfits the Bradford Police Department had ever seen. Release came by way of an invitation to teach for a year in Cyprus in the eastern Mediterranean. By the end of this engagement he was again on the prowl, thoroughly sick of being a schoolmaster.

One of his most consistent ambitions had been to become a lawyer. At the age of thirty he began to study law, coaching students for examination in his spare time. He was almost ready for the Bar finals when war broke out. He packed up his books and applied for enlistment but during the phony war none of the services appeared to want an officer named Gilbert Harding.

"I had one very good reason for not going into the ranks," Harding explains in his autobiography. "For years I had earned my living by being violently offensive and sarcastic to young men. I knew they would now be captains and majors—only too anxious to get their own back."

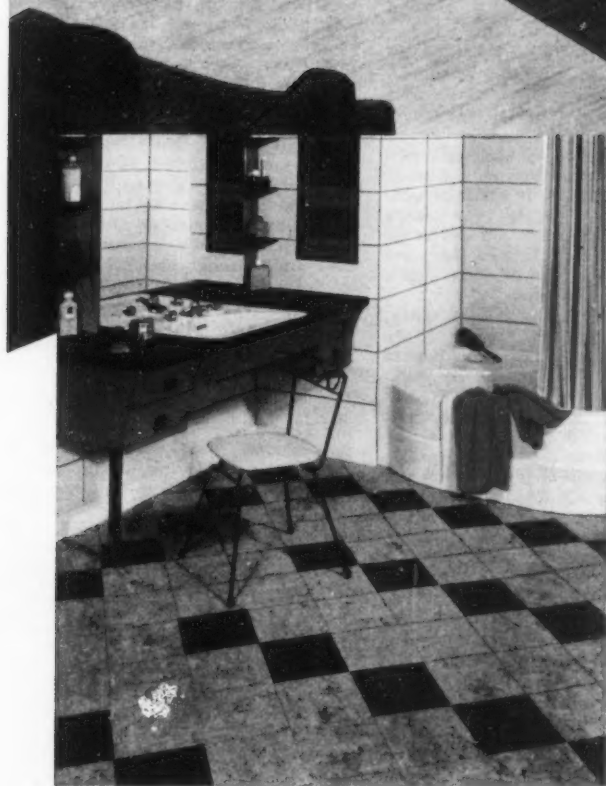
The BBC, however, did want Harding. He speaks fluent French and German and was persuaded to work for the monitoring service preparing bulletins on enemy broadcasts for the government.

One of his duties was to relay a daily report to Churchill. Once when he was off for two weeks the Prime Minister asked the BBC, "Where is the man with the succinct mind?" It was during this period that Harding discovered his true vocation—to talk for a living. He was occasionally asked to fill in at a microphone when regular broadcasters were ill and he was good at it. In 1943 he applied for and obtained a position in the BBC's Outside Broadcasting Department, and two years later was sent to Canada as assistant to the BBC's Canadian representative in Toronto.

When Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, formerly of the BBC's Outside Broadcasting Department, was recently in Toronto on business a taxi driver, detecting his accent, asked, "You don't happen to know a big fellow named Harding, do you?" Vaughan-Thomas



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admitted he did. "We miss him," said the cab driver nostalgically. "When he was here it was a three-ring circus every night."

Harding rarely rode on public transportation. His frequent use of taxicabs was memorable not only to the drivers but to the dispatchers. This is a sample of how Harding sounded ordering a cab: "Harding calling. Placed here by the British Broadcasting Corporation to live in squalor among the colonials on a miserable pittance. I wonder if you would be so good as to send one of your splendid taxicabs around to pick up my rotting body. I have just been along to my doctor and he assures me that it is rotting. I should like you to convey me to the despicable hovel in which I am unfortunately condemned to live."

This routine was sometimes varied by an elaborate explanation of why he needed the cab, where he was going and what he expected to do when he got there, plus a few Harding maxims about life in exile, thrown in for good measure. If a busy dispatcher dared to interrupt the recital he would be silenced with a howl of rage.

The Toronto police are not likely to forget Harding either. In his autobiography he gives the following account of his arrest at a time when the newspapers had been criticizing the police because a teen-age boy, suspected of stealing from cars parked in the area of Jarvis Street, had been shot by a constable: "I went from my flat to the local drugstore at the corner to buy some soda water, ginger ale and cigarettes, leaving some guests in the flat. When I did not return after forty-five minutes they instituted a search for me and found that I was in the precincts of the police station charged with being 'drunk and disorderly.'"

"What happened was I had seen two policemen at the corner who were making people move on, even if they were only standing for a minute. I stood there looking at them and they promptly told me to move on."

"I can stand where I like, can't I?" I asked.

"Get on your way, bud," they replied.

"What are you looking for? Another small boy to shoot in the back?" I asked, somewhat nastily.

One of Harding's companions of that evening supplies another version of this story. Harding, he says, stepped out of his apartment in stocking feet and fine fettle and seeing a police car parked at the curb he walked over, stuck his head in the window and leered, "Good hunting chaps! Shot any little boys lately?" The enraged constables charged him at once. Harding protested, standing on his rights as a free citizen in a democracy and quoting verbatim long passages from the policemen's handbook he had once committed to memory in Bradford. The police arrested Harding and charged him with using abusive and obscene language, obstructing an officer in pursuit of his duty, being drunk and disorderly and resisting arrest.

Much of his time in Canada was spent traveling from city to city on BBC business. Inevitably on his travels he was invited to Antigonish, which had acquired a radio station since his days there as professor of English. He did not look forward to the visit—so far as he knew the university still resented his cantankerous departure. One day he mentioned his concern to Alexander Johnstone, a former deputy minister of marine, a friend and a graduate of the university. Johnstone offered to investigate.

After his enquiry he sent a telegram which Harding cherishes as "the most charming thing that happened to me

in Canada." The telegram read: "Look not mournfully on the past. It comes not back again. You are eagerly and affectionately awaited." "I was, too," says Harding. "I had a wonderful time."

Although Harding has been described by Canadian acquaintances as "a thoroughly unpleasant and dangerous character," "the foremost exhibitionist of our day" and "that wild Englishman," although he has offended most of the women who were his hostesses, quarrelled with most of his friends and broken up most of the parties he attended, he would, on the whole, be "eagerly and affectionately awaited" if he should decide to return to Toronto. "Harding can be the most charming man in the world when he wants to be," says J. Frank Willis, supervisor of feature broadcasts for the CBC. "It is very difficult to stay mad at him for long."

Many Canadians would like him to return but Harding can take Canada or leave it alone. "If I ever return



MACLEAN'S

to Canada I shall never go west of Calgary," he says. "Ah that wonderful view of the Rocky Mountains! And that's all I want to see of the Rocky Mountains too!"

Harding is pained by the realization that he has a reputation as a grouch. For in his opinion he is not a grouch, nor is he rude. "Being rude means being unkind," he says. "I am never willingly unkind. I believe there are more people who like me than don't, although I can't say why."

One reason is that he is a gay, witty, stimulating companion and when he wills it his manners can be as perfect as his diction. He can also be extraordinarily kind. In spite of his cantankerous attitude to their country he lavishes attention on Canadians who come to London. Arthur Hill, Canadian actor from Melfort, Sask., and his wife Peggy Hassard, of Vancouver, came to London five years ago and settled temporarily in an enormous apartment block. The turnover in Canadian and American tenants was so great that the management had difficulty keeping track of them. One evening the Hills' telephone rang. The operator was nearly in tears.

"Are you Arthur Hill?" she asked in a quivering falsetto. "I'm so glad," she sighed when Hill said he was. "I have an angry gentleman on the line who says he has been searching all over London for you!" Lister Sinclair, Toronto writer, had written asking Harding to help the Hills. In his letter he had said, "They will approach you." "What a shocking idea," said Harding indignantly. "Does he think I have to be approached?" Thereafter he took the Hills in hand, making appointments for them and following up the results. "We have never encountered such overwhelming kindness," recalls Hill.

Many Canadians, both resident and visitor, enjoy Harding's lavish hospitality. Recently, when Gladstone Murray, Toronto public relations counsel and former general manager of the CBC, went to London, Harding hired a night club and threw a party in his honor for more than 150 guests. Even at home in his rambling, mid-London flat Harding is always surrounded by people. He confesses he cannot bear his own company. But he loves the sound of his own voice. He can talk for hours, often does, and when he is talking formally or informally he will not tolerate interruptions. Many a hostess has had to coax him out of a sulk when a thoughtless novice cut in on his discourse.

A misogynist, Harding explains his attitude to women thus: "It is my general kindness and sympathy toward them which makes me hesitate to inflict my troubles, my bad manners and my worse habits on any of the widows and spinsters who write me constantly offering partnership. The idea of having to swallow the News of the World at the same time as having to endure the stuff the average housewife is pleased to call coffee would drive me to despair in less than one week."

Harding is an obvious target for unmarried women because he is rich. His various activities (broadcasting, writing for newspapers and magazines, endorsing advertisements and occasionally appearing as himself on the stage and screen) bring in an income estimated at between 15,000 and 20,000 pounds a year, making him one of the highest-paid entertainers in the country.

This apparently doesn't comfort him as much as it should. In his autobiography he says that once when he was sick, he "thought bitterly of the shams and pretensions of public life—especially when one has earned one's notoriety through the phony media of radio and television." He often thinks, he says, of a prediction made by his grandfather when he was a schoolboy: "I see no future for him except in the music halls."

In a sense a music-hall comedian is just what Harding has become and he would have preferred another more dignified future. For really his protests are not meant to be funny, although by some strange alchemy that maddens him they become so when they filter through his choleric nature to fall on the temperate ear of the British public. These millions of well-behaved people laugh indulgently and forgive him for all the faults they would not dare to exhibit themselves. And they will not let him go.

In 1951, early in the life of What's My Line?, Harding tried out as question master. A disastrous mix-up in the prearranged order of the contestants' appearance drove him into such a frenzy that he announced, over the air, "This is the last time I'll ever appear on television." The next day his telephone rang steadily with pleas begging him to reconsider. One London newspaper gave him an admirable chance to backtrack. It reported him as saying, "I quit. I'm through."

"The mere fact that I was supposed to have used such vulgar Americanisms proves that I said no such things," he said.

The public forgives Harding because, says Angus Wilson in the Observer: "He is the chap who ticked off the colonel; the fellow who refused to be bound by red tape; the cove who didn't give a damn for the foreman; in short the man who defies that symbol of all starched authority, the BBC. No wonder the popular papers play him up and their readers worship him, for in him vicariously they get their own back at the boss." ★



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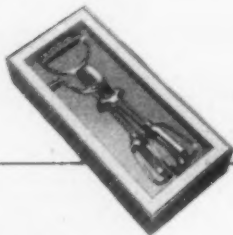
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## The Mail-Order Prophet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

emergency in a tiny bottle in the right-hand pocket of your suit coat, why don't you?

"There isn't a director of the company who knows what the conditions are here," Benedict was saying. "But still they go on telling us what to do as if they had all the facts at their finger—"

Listen, George, please! This man Cristiani swore he would make me rich if I believed in him. He has the power to predict the future. He proved—yes I know it's incredible but he told me that in twenty-four hours, George, in twenty-four hours—but now I'm not sure. That's the terrifying thing about it all. I'm not sure any more.

"Those memos we get from Head Office are more trouble than they're worth. You know, if I—"

No, no, no (Gubbins shuddered) listen because there isn't much time left (he looked at his watch) George please! Thirty-eight minutes before I phone the stock market and if I lose, no one will ever know the truth because . . .

"Yes," said Benedict, when he saw the time, "we'd better get back to the old grindstone ha ha!"

"You go ahead, I'll see you later."

Don't leave George, I've got to explain it to someone.

But Benedict was gone and there was no one he could tell it to.

"Please, miss, may I have another cup of coffee?"

They had always opened his mail. It was as if he was not allowed to have any identity of his own. After seventeen years as investment clerk with the firm of Peers & Quartz the sight of the opened letters on his desk each morning seemed to rub away one more layer of his personality. He would come in some day, sit at his desk and there really would be nothing of him there.

On those very rare occasions when a letter was addressed directly to him, the secretary would first turn it over to the manager who would wait until the regular mail was distributed before delivering it personally with a slight cough of disapproval.

When a small violet envelope came one morning four weeks ago, his name "Ronald J. Gubbins" and "Personal" written on it in a thick vertical hand, the manager dropped it on his desk with a grieving grunt and stood over him to impress his displeasure.

Gubbins recalled his first reaction to its contents. He had laughed, not out loud, but inwardly he had laughed at the incongruous mixture of fantasy and reality. A man was blandly stating that he had the ability to forecast events and that because he was not allowed to take advantage of it himself Gubbins was being made the sole beneficiary of his power. The letter contained the solemn promise that if Gubbins sincerely believed in him he would make him incredibly rich.

There was to be a civic election in a few days and the mayor was predestined to be defeated by his only opponent, an obscure young politician named Dillingford. The writer said that Gubbins could prove his faith by betting a token amount on Dillingford to win.

It was signed: J. Cristiani. There was no return address.

Gubbins remembered the small twitch of surprise that broke the stony coldness of Benedict's face when he called from his desk, "Have we a client by the name of J. Cristiani?" Immediately he had become embarrassed and mumbled an apology to Benedict.

There was certainly nothing solid about being called J. Cristiani. He tried wildly to conjure up the image of a man walking down a street with a brief case on which the name was stamped in gold Gothic. Where would a J. Cristiani be going? Certainly not to an investment corporation or to a trust company. He was an international jeweler, perhaps. A man continually getting out of airport taxis, registering at hotels, presenting engraved cards. A foreigner on mysterious business. A suave calculating agent for an enemy power.

Or a man pulling his leg.

He found it irritating to be disturbed into a set of fanciful possibilities by a name that meant nothing to him. He was paid to speculate on more solid things, such as how much could be safely liquidated out of the Prince Estate to buy up available shares in the more substantial base metals, and was it safe to hold on to the stocks of some spinster client when the market showed signs of wavering.

He was a professional adviser to the rich. The secret of his calling was in a dependable set of reactions. He was not paid to be imaginative.

Finally it was the sight of everyone working, of Benedict checking over last week's ledger entries, his secretary typing letters, that helped him realize the foolishness of his little game. He tore up the letter and thought no more about it.

But when another one came a few days later, he had to put it unopened in his pocket as an exercise in restraint. He was afraid it would have the same startling effect on his imagination. Determined to postpone reading it, he resorted to the drastic measure of ordering a balance of all the current accounts, a desperate step that kept him busy until he could safely open the letter.

Cristiani was writing like a prophet guiding a disciple along a difficult road; his words carried the power of promise. They stirred his imagination and evoked a strange exclusive intimacy. The opulence and grandeur of the images lulled an urge to be logical so that the second letter, a repetition of all the extravagances of the first, delayed a quite shattering thought regarding his own reactions: by some contradiction it was possible for him to refuse to believe and to want to believe, both at once. He realized how fantastic the proposition was, but without being able to help it, he wished in some part of him that it would come true.

At the close of the letter Cristiani mentioned a boxing title match which would be won, he said, by the challenger. Because the odds were against his winning, Gubbins could make a considerable profit on a very small bet.

He was startled by the reference. J. Cristiani suddenly lost his aura of mystery. He was on the level of a common gambler trying to dupe him into betting his money on a sport that he either controlled or received a per-

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centage from. The harshness of the realization was all he needed. At first he had thought the grand style of the first letter was a hoax, but now he understood. It was some sort of crooked promotion by a bookie.

A bookie named J. Cristiani? He looked for the name in the phone book but there was no listing. Perhaps he had a private number. There was nothing in the city directory, either, though the letter bore a city postmark. Still, if the man *was* a gambler, the last thing he would want was to have his name where curious people could look him up.

Apparently, J. Cristiani wanted to remain unknown. Well, if that was it, he was welcome to.

But then what a shock it had been: to have such a firm grip on himself again, to be sure of the familiar aspects of his existence, to look forward to routine, his orderly day spaced by the ritual of coffee at the Citadel, then lunch and dinner at Claron's where they knew his favorite foods, where he chatted with his usual waiter, took in the friendly surroundings, the vaguely familiar diners, heard the usual music to have a firm hold on all this and to know it so well, only to be thrown off balance by the mention of a name in the idle chatter of a nearby table. Dillingford? Where had he heard...?

The new mayor! Martin Dillingford was the new mayor!

Right then, gazing with an expression of acute horror at the lamb chop *à la papillote* and the huge baked potato, he knew the portent of his personal doom. He would be forced into intrigue until such time as J. Cristiani was shown as either a profound seer or an utter hoax.

**T**HERE was something he went through every night after that, a subterranean process of reasoning in which scattered impressions came flitter-winged like bats, leaving behind grotesque shadows that fell across the sharp edges of his perception. They made improbability possible enough to stun.

He had thought with some levity, on the receipt of the third prediction: I can't mail them back so I'll just have to use them. He had to commit himself finally because fascination came to take the place of levity when a challenging boxer stepped out of nowhere into a ring to knock out a champion against odds of seven to one.

And once he *was* committed, it seemed so easy: he won the next three predictions and was two hundred dollars richer. Then he could think only, *I can be rich*. All he required of J. Cristiani from that moment was that his power should be infallible and that it should not stop.

But it *did* stop. For eight days after that fifth prediction, Cristiani remained as silent as the dead and it was not until the ninth day—that was a week, yes, a week ago—the chain of prophecies was resumed. It caught him completely unprepared.

With a single prediction, Cristiani said he could make him enough to last him the rest of his life. But this time the mail-order prophet wanted something in return. He did not stipulate how much, there was still no price on his power. And even a prophet, who received his mail at a post-office box, had to live. Cristiani had said right from the beginning that he could not use the power himself.

The offer had its appeal. In return for a token of gratitude, Cristiani promised to send him a stock-market prediction, and the irony of the chance to win at his own game appealed to him. After seventeen years of making money for others, he was being given the chance to erase all the futility of the past in one sweep.

It took him three days to make up his mind. He was still suspicious of the request for money and there was the fear that five correct predictions in a row were not sufficient proof of infallibility. And then, the problem of capital. If he was to win any large amount, he would have to buy all the stocks he could, and there was no alternative but to steal the money and replace it later. He would have to hold back a mortgage payment long enough to buy the stock and sell it at a higher price.

He had heard of that being done through an oversight. Large amounts of money might be left in a cash box for a day or two. Since there was no daily balancing of accounts, it was possible—just possible.

Then something strange occurred in his exploration of the plot. A piece of the puzzle tilted at a new angle and the picture was complete. Without its coming from a specific sequence of thoughts, the idea suddenly struck him: why Cristiani had not specified how much he was to send.

Cristiani already knew! Even before

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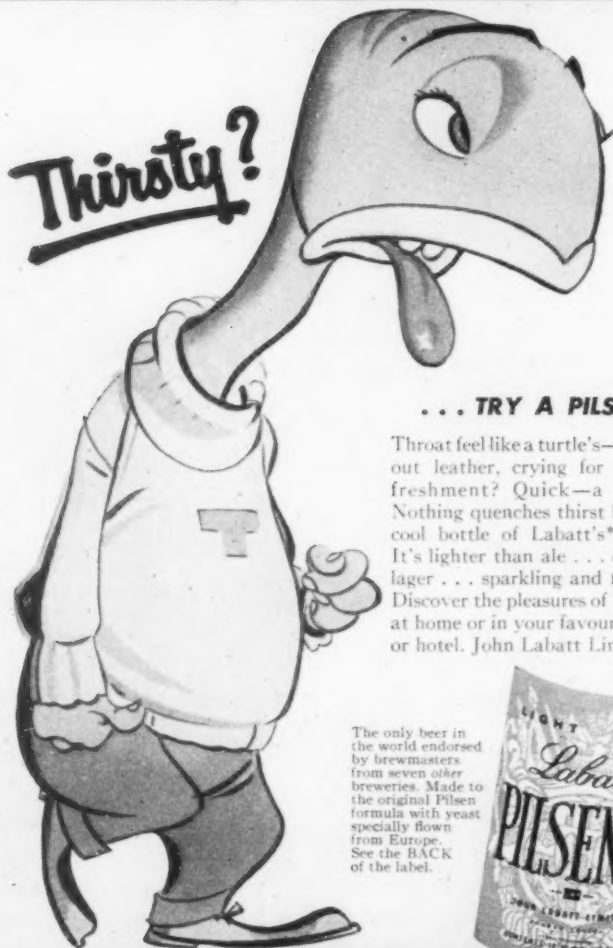
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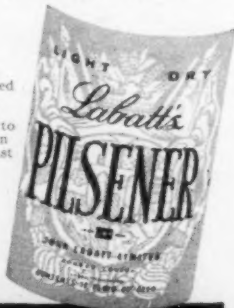
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he himself could know, Cristiani foresaw how much Gubbins was going to send him and he had already judged it to be enough.

Perhaps, without even realizing it, he had provided Gubbins with the last and most important proof of his powers of prediction.

The day of that revelation, he sent in care of the postal box a money order for two hundred dollars. Sure of himself for the first time, he began to look down the lists of accounts that would be pending in the next few days for the largest amount he could safely withhold in transfer.

It was on Friday that Cristiani's answer had come. He was to purchase as many shares of Gruen Mines as he could. On that same day, a mortgagor made a payment on account of the principal of a loan in the Smithfield Estate. Gubbins had fifteen thousand dollars and about three days to gamble with.

Friday afternoon he bought fifty thousand shares of common stock in Gruen Mines at the closing quotation, thirty cents a share. He now had the advantage of Saturday and Sunday, possibly Monday, when there was too much work to examine the ledgers, and Tuesday if he was lucky.

**T**HERE were twelve minutes left and it was no time to doubt. Time had taken him past the stage of doubting—or hoping. It was only left for him to submit to whatever would happen.

In the right-hand pocket of his coat was the climax of a week end of nightmarish doubt, and now that he had worked the thing down to the last fine detail, there was nothing to do but wait. It was stupid, really, to build up such great hopes, to be carried along by a buoyant optimism to the door of decisive action and then, once he had unleashed the forces of his own fate, to be racked with a sudden dreadful doubt. The fear of failure and its consequences, as illogical as it was in the light of his decision, had towered over him during the week end until he was driven last night to accept the possibility that he might have to commit suicide.

He had gone to the furthest reaches: standing over a small pan of boiling water, dissolving twenty-five sleeping pills, and then adding, with almost supercilious self-consideration, two saccharin tablets so that he would die without a bitter taste in his mouth. Still, if he had to face failure, there was no more certain way of dying. He would leave his desk, walk into the washroom, lock the door, sit down and drink the contents of the bottle.

There would be nothing to indicate the real reason for his actions. The loss of fifteen thousand dollars would be the obvious motive, and the pro-

phetic powers of J. Cristiani and his own inexplicable gullibility would not be cluttering the pages of the coroner's report. Leave it all a mystery and give them no grounds for scorn.

He was ready now. Really ready. Outside, on the street, he could see the offices of Peers & Quartz looming upwards to a height of twelve stories, the window beside his own desk on the eighth floor where the telephone was waiting. He began to walk very slowly, his hand clammy in his pocket with its grip on the bottle. He was thinking, Whatever happens, it was worth it. Not the seventeen years spent in that building, but the last four weeks when I was making up with one great gamble for a life of patient waste.

Seventeen years multiplied by about three hundred working days by a total of some three hundred dollars a day he made for his clients, equals about one million and some-odd thousand dollars, created out of nothing but his own professional knowledge which was available to clients of the firm at a salaried cost of sixty dollars a week.

That is why I wanted to believe in J. Cristiani, he was thinking; to balance the scales a little.

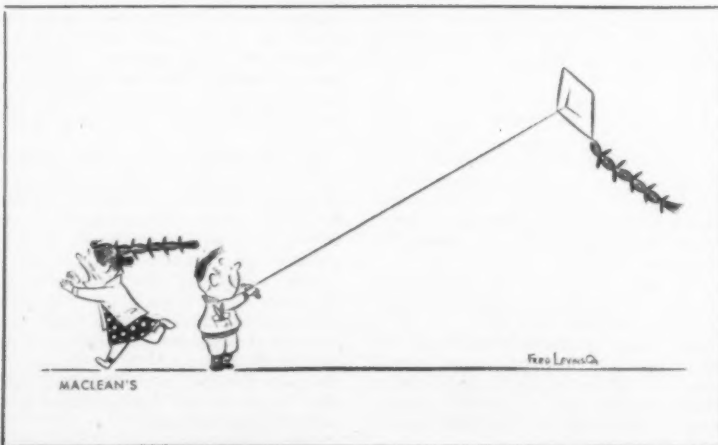
He went through the revolving door thinking, I wonder what I will do if I win; maybe I could turn all the money over to the firm and hand in my resignation and become simply a client of the company and have them invest the money and spend the rest of my life traveling and living off the interest: wouldn't that be ironic?

And walking through the Estates Department and Accounting and finally Mortgages & Investments, thinking. Don't be presumptuous because we don't know yet, not for another four minutes, and until then it's six of success and half a dozen of failure, more or less fifty-fifty odds, and here I am sitting at my desk . . .

Now what kind of attitude should I be striking so that if I fail they will be able to make the conventional after-failure remarks when they have removed the body and the only thing I've left behind is a lot of room for speculation?

... He was quite normal I had coffee with him not half an hour before and there was nothing in his behavior that might indicate he was planning oh none of us would have believed it you know if someone had said yesterday old Gubbins is going to suicide he just wasn't the type at all not the type in fact there he was five minutes before sitting at his desk polishing his glasses quite calmly as if he were ready to settle down for another seventeen years . . .

Gubbins calmly polished his glasses and tried to look as if he were ready. One minute to go and then thirty seconds and fifteen and the number of the stock market was . . .





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No. Wait. Hold it five minutes and put through the call after the close in case there has been some delay and then you won't have to go through the agony of spending those five minutes with the echo of the ticker tapes in your ears, the ticker tapes bargaining for your fate millions of miles away in New York or Chicago or some such place.

And he hung up quietly and thought. Let's have a little rehearsal. He put his hand in his pocket and felt for the bottle and coughed his own special business-like cough and took a sheaf of papers and perused them standing up and walked off in the direction of the washroom, feigning great interest in the papers, stepping into the small office vault to straighten his tie and his smile, and then walked into the washroom and locked the door and stood there looking at himself in the mirror until he thought he might be sick and that about four and a half minutes had elapsed, and then he winked and said to the image of himself, Dress rehearsal is over, get on stage, the show must... And he returned to his desk.

Go on, he thought, phone. The number is Plaza two three six six four, and he phoned and asked as matter-of-factly as he could, "How is Gruen Mines making out?" and they said to hold the line a minute and he held it and then they gave him the close, the final quotation, and he said, "Thank you," and hung up and took off his glasses and polished them again and coughed his own special way and once again picked up the sheaf of papers but this time he did not stop by the vault because his tie already was straight and there was no smile, but he simply went directly to the washroom and locked the door and poured the contents of the medicine bottle right down the drain.

The tide of the sea he had drowned in washed him up to the far shore and standing in a dark suit on a dune waiting for him was J. Cristiani smiling and saying, Faith, Faith, over and over again, Faith, and Gubbins scampered up the side of the dune, shaking the last infinitesimal human natural doubts from him like a dog shaking off water, and touched the cuff of J. Cristiani's trousers and said, Thank you, I don't know how you do it but thank you.

He found his way back to his desk, phoned the stock market again to have the quotation confirmed, and when he had heard it for the second time and was now very sure, he said, "Thank you. Please sell. Sell it all. Please sell it all."

Fifty thousand shares of Gruen Mines at thirty cents a share three days ago, with a total value of fifteen thousand dollars, had multiplied itself over a long week end into two dollars and eighty cents a share with a total value of one hundred and forty thousand dollars, making a profit of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars after he had transferred the original investment back into the books.

At six percent, the interest alone would give him an income of seventy-five hundred a year without touching the capital. Someone else could work it out for him at his desk for seventeen years. He had served his time.

THE FOLLOWING day, after he had turned in his stock certificate, opened accounts in four different banks to hide his secret temporarily, and returned the fifteen thousand dollars to his cash box, he took the afternoon off and tried to locate J. Cristiani.

The information clerk at the post office referred him to the box rental



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clerk who referred him to the department head who referred him to a reception room. Half an hour later he was given an interview with the postal superintendent.

"I'm trying to locate . . ."

"Name, please?"

"Ronald J. Gubbins," he said. "I want some information."

"Place of employment?"

"Look here, all I want is some information."

"We are doing the best we can, Mr. ah Gubbins. Any information you can supply will help."

"I'm not employed," said Gubbins quickly. "I live on an income."

"On an income, ah. And just how much did you lose?"

"Why—what do you mean?"

"We've got to have detailed information of your losses. Of course, there may be no question of a claim, but . . ."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I simply want to find out where I can locate a man called J. Cristiani, the addressee of one of your postal boxes."

"Yes. In jail. For using the mails to defraud."

Gubbins stared at him and blinked. "H-how do you mean, defraud?"

"I understand your perplexity," the superintendent said. "It was ah, a rather ingenious system."

Gubbins put his hand into his empty right-hand pocket.

"This man Cristiani writes letters to ah, let us say about two thousand people offering to make them rich. He starts out with something like a civic election, tells one thousand that the mayor will be returned to office, and the other thousand that ah, this man Dillingford, the only other candidate, will win. The second letter he writes only to the thousand people who received the Dillingford prediction,

dividing them into two equal parts and forecasting the outcome of a boxing match. He predicts to five hundred that the champion will win, and to the other five hundred he predicts in favor of the challenger.

"Ah, a rather painful kind of process of elimination. After five letters or so, he has a list of—say, sixty people who have received five true predictions through the elimination of nineteen hundred and forty others. Then he writes and obtains money from them on the strength of a lucrative stock market deal.

"From what we can ah, ascertain, he receives between two hundred and five hundred dollars from each of these sixty people. He chooses stocks at random, with no basis at all for recommending them, and mails them out hoping that, if only one of them proves correct, he can make one last coup before resuming ah, activities elsewhere."

"Oh, I wasn't . . ." Gubbins tried to say.

"We ah, of the department have been trying to find out just how much money was lost by the people he took in with his scheme, but unfortunately most of them are reluctant to admit their ah, gullibility."

"Oh, I wasn't . . ."

"Of course, there is no way of forcing anyone to volunteer information, but we are hoping that enough people will be willing to submit to the ah, rather unfavorable publicity in order to guarantee a conviction."

"Oh, no no no, it's just that I wanted some information about him for personal reasons which I am not at liberty . . ."

The superintendent watched him with a look of quiet compassion. "Ah, yes. I understand, Mr. Gubbins. Quite. Quite." ★

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## "Miracle Fabrics"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

to form queer little fibre balls. You may emerge from a sudden summer shower with your suit still in press, and it may dry quickly on your back. But your underclothes and skin may be soaked.

As any woman can testify after watching her easy-to-laundry nylon curtains rot in sunlight, "miracle fabrics" don't always turn out to be quite a complete miracle, certainly not for all purposes. Men who paid twelve or fifteen dollars for the early nylon shirts, proclaimed to need no ironing, can testify they did need ironing and that while they were easy to rinse out, they had their own idiosyncracies, like shifting at the seams and turning out to be quite hot on a muggy day.

The fact is, the new synthetic clothes and materials can be a big help to almost any family if wisely selected for that family's particular needs. But their advantages are not the same for all people and purposes.

They are stronger and more resistant to wear than most of the older fibres (cotton, wool and rayon). They don't absorb dirt so readily. What dirt they do collect they relinquish more easily in the tub. They dry faster. They are more stable; they hold their creases better and don't wrinkle readily. Theoretically you can throw a Dacron or Terylene suit in a washing machine. Or, as one fellow did in a stunt publicized in the U. S. by the makers of Dacron, you can jump into a swimming pool with your suit on when you want to refresh it.

### There's Disillusionment Too

Yet there are already squawks about the new clothes, a minor counter-revolution against them. In the U. S. the National Association of Retail Clothiers found that about half the retailers it surveyed had had complaints about Orlon and Dacron suits, largely because the customers expected more from them than they could provide.

The new fibres are sometimes over-promoted, and only their desirable features emphasized. Many merchants themselves have become disillusioned with their unforeseen flaws. "They are advertised too fantastically in the U.S.," a woman buyer for a Windsor department store told me. "We found them hot in summer and cold in winter. They are promoted to us as easy to wash. But that only means hand washable. The clerks tell the customers they are easy to wash, and women put them in a machine for an hour or hang them in the sun to dry, and the synthetic garments sometimes are damaged."

Because a new fibre itself is strong

it won't necessarily be more durable when made up into various types of fabrics, as textile-scientist Jules La-Barthe Jr., of the Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh, points out. The very slipperiness of the new synthetics makes them more prone to yarn shifting and seam failures. Mrs. Michael Humphries, research department head of a large knitting mill in Toronto and textile convener of the Canadian Association of Consumers, explains the trouble this way: nylon certainly is a strong and long-wearing fibre, but what use is a fabric as strong as steel in a

garment with raveled or burst seams? Further, the old-fashioned fibres have some miracle qualities of their own that should not be overlooked in the furor over new ones. Wool shrinks and bags but it is still one of the warmest, springiest and most comfortable materials for garments. Rayon, derived from wood pulp, can still make a good-looking dress for a very few dollars.

Most people are going to have to learn a new kind of shopping if they want to take advantage of the new fabrics without disillusionment. A man will no longer simply buy wool pants

for winter, and cotton, rayon or light-weight wool worsted for summer. A woman won't automatically choose either a rayon or cotton blouse. There will be a choice of a dozen fabrics. Picking the one best suited to a particular need will be a talent as essential to good shopping as knowing the difference between sirloin and chuck roast. It won't be a simple talent though, for often several fibres are blended. One suit may mix Orlon and wool, another Terylene and rayon. The careful shopper will learn to examine the synthetic garments care-



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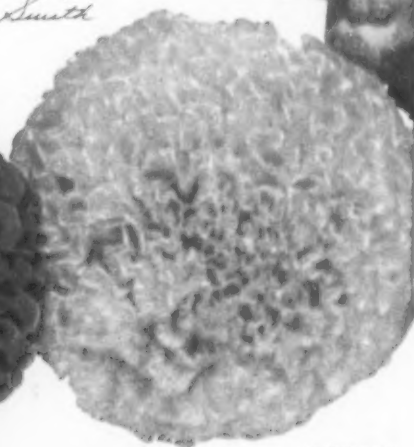
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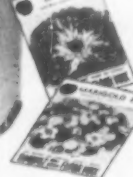
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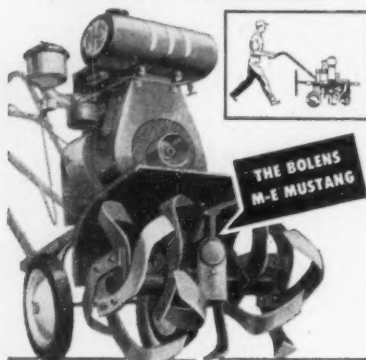


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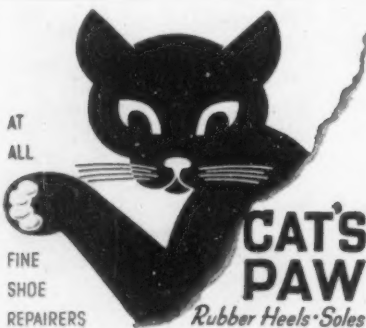
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fully to make sure they have been constructed properly, and that the seams are generous and with overcast edges, not merely pinked.

At first it may even be a trick to find out what that new suit is really made of. Many clerks are as puzzled by the new materials as the buyer who comes in off the street. Producers are not required to label the fibre content of clothes, so the public and merchant can't readily tell what they are buying and selling. Some producers do label voluntarily—but lots don't.

Here is a candid guide to what you can really expect from the new clothes and fabrics, as garnered from such close observers as the Canadian Association of Consumers, an organization of individual housewives and delegates from other women's groups; the American Standards Association, a body which develops purchasing standards for U. S. industrial and government use; and the American Home Economics Association, an organization of home economists:

Both Orlon and Dacron (Terylene), the two most prominent of the new fibres, keep their shape well and recover well from wrinkles (if not as much as sometimes claimed). They are easy to wash by hand. They dry quickly and need little ironing.

Dacron is more resilient than Orlon. It has a high degree of "wetness stability" so that it keeps its press in dampness or humidity. It is one of the strongest fibres developed so far. A Dacron shirt is about the closest thing yet to a shirt that really needs little ironing after it is washed, although textile experts say any woven shirt needs at least a little pressing and only the so-called knit (jerseylike) shirts don't. Dacron also has more elasticity than Orlon or nylon and this helps give it better shape-retention. Hatters are now even making men's hats of a blend of Dacron and felt in an effort at developing headgear that will last longer and not show so quickly the shabby edges of hard wear.

Orlon drapes nicely and so is more suitable for women's dresses. It has more bulk than Dacron; a pound of it makes more material and thus Orlon is sometimes less expensive than Dacron. It can be made up to resemble wool for such garments as sweaters. It's significant that for generations the U. S. Army refused to buy uniform shirts (outer shirts) of any quality less than all-wool of twenty-ounce weight. Now for the first time it has established a new standard for an eighteen-ounce shirt made of a blend of eighty percent wool and twenty percent Orlon. Even though a lighter weight, the new shirt is said to be as warm as the traditional all-wool shirt, and less prone to shrink when washed in water.

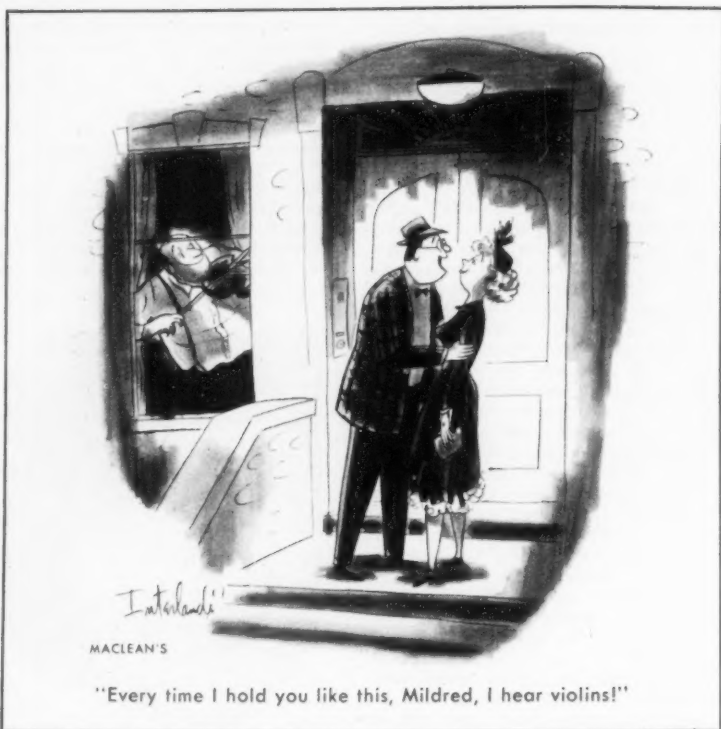
Acrilan, one of the newest synthetics, is similar to Orlon and is being used in wool blends also.

The disadvantages of the new fabrics are these:

Dacron tends to "rough up"—form little pills of fibre. By themselves the synthetics have a glossiness and transparency which is undesirable, especially in men's clothes. As noted above, a spark melts a hole in these fabrics. Nor do they absorb perspiration readily—a defect they share with nylon. For some uses like socks, underwear and shirts, that offsets their virtues.

Independent tests at Pennsylvania State College found some of the new materials don't always hold their dyes. That makes it important to get a guarantee of color-fastness when you buy a colored fabric of these new fibres.

Chief complaints received by the U. S. clothiers were that the miracle suits wrinkled and bagged more than



customers expected, and resisted efforts to remove spots.

One reason for some of the disillusionment is that some manufacturers have not used enough of the synthetics in blends with other fibres. Recently an executive of the U. S. duPont company, which makes several of the "miracle" fibres, admitted that nylon has not yet been found successful in giving wrinkle resistance to a fabric, although a blend of ten or fifteen percent nylon does make rayon clothes more durable. At small extra cost summer suits of rayon-nylon have been found to be more satisfactory than the older all-rayons. Fifty percent Orlon or Dacron increases wrinkle resistance when blended with wool or acetate, a first cousin of rayon, but it takes seventy-five or eighty percent when blended with viscose rayon. So don't expect much benefit when there is just a bit of a new synthetic in a fabric.

### They Do Cost More

Why must there now be all these blends instead of simple, straightforward wool, rayon, Dacron and so on? What the textile experts are aiming at is to obtain some of the advantages of several fibres in one material, and minimize their disadvantages. For example, a blend of Orlon or Dacron with rayon achieves some of the wear resistance and stability of the new fibres, but at rayon's lower cost. A little nylon in a wool sock—even five or ten percent—saves the wool from its notorious habit of rubbing out at toe and heel, while making available wool's ability to absorb perspiration, which the synthetics lack. In a sweater, a blend of wool with Orlon or Acrilan has Orlon's virtue of dirt resistance and washability without shrinkage and with no reblocking necessary, while the wool in the blend adds more "give" to the synthetic fibre. In a shirt, a blend of Dacron and cotton provides a neater appearance and more comfortable feel than the glossy, somewhat slippery and transparent all-synthetic shirts.

The new fabrics are costlier than most of the older ones. It is impossible to be specific about the relative prices but, especially in clothing, you can usually figure that Dacron (Terylene)

and Orlon are most expensive, nylon is next, Dynel and a good wool like wool worsted are next in line in cost, and cotton, rayon and acetate are least expensive. Orlon and Dacron products often cost two or three times their equivalent in rayon, acetate and cotton, and will cost a little but not much more than good wool fabrics and Dynel, which are close to each other in price. Nylon products will often run from thirty to fifty percent more than the rayon articles they replace.

Why are the new fibres so expensive? The chief reason is that up to now production has been limited. Just as with nylon, as production increases—both of the fibre and finished goods made from it—the price will drop. Besides that, manufacturers emphasize the new desirable features at first. When the novelty wears off they start promoting on a price basis and prices slide, as those on nylon articles have. In the U. S., producers of the new synthetic fibres have started cutting prices already and finished products have started downward. This year pleated skirts made of Orlon-and-wool flannel were slashed from about ten dollars to five dollars as mills, garmentmakers and stores all started cutting the miracle down to fit the purse of the average woman. Orlon and Acrilan, which are much alike in their qualities, are now starting to compete with each other in price reductions.

It is all-important to select the new materials on the basis of the individual buyer's individual needs. An Orlon or Dacron blouse (or blend with rayons) may be wonderful for a business girl who wants to wash it out at night for next day's wear and not spend much time ironing it. But it will be of less use to a housewife who wears a blouse only occasionally and has time to let it dry and give it its occasional ironing. A man who wears a suit once a week won't have as much use for a Dacron blend as a man who wears it daily. It won't have to be pressed very often anyway, and even an inexpensive rayon suit will last years with such moderate use.

I know a girl who spends most of her time in slacks. Once in a while she wears a dress for a few hours and needs a slip under it. At that rate her nylon slip will last the rest of her life. Inex-



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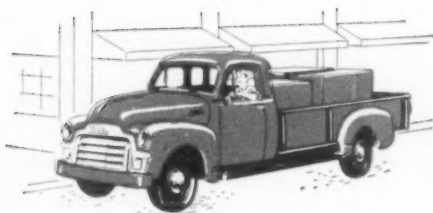
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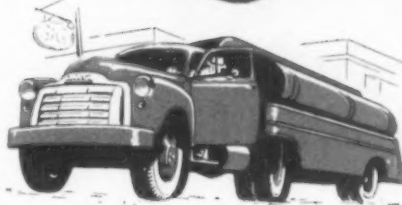
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pensive rayon would do her as well. A Dacron shirt may be handy for a man on a trip, or a bachelor, because he can wash it and let it dry overnight, but not to a man with both a wife and washing machine. Even if the synthetics outwear cotton by three times, as is sometimes claimed, you can still buy three cotton shirts for the price of one Dacron.

Orlon or nylon undershorts are more durable than cotton. But they may have little other usefulness to justify their extra cost, except to a traveler. Even for him, acetate shorts cost less and have some of the quick-drying quality of the miracle fibres.

For socks the synthetics are undeniably more durable. Men who wear wool socks should consider the merits of Dynel, another new synthetic. It resembles wool in warmth but is washable without shrinking and dries quickly. However, Dynel socks like the other synthetics except Vicara don't absorb perspiration readily and some men find them uncomfortable. Blends

with the natural fibres come in handy there. Dynel is also being used for blankets. Since it's shrink-resistant it can be washed in a machine, which makes it useful for baby blankets requiring frequent laundering.

But don't accept the much-publicized idea that an Orlon or Dacron suit will eliminate dry-cleaning bills. The fabrics themselves are easy to hand-wash, but a tailored suit has padding and other components that require dry cleaning.

If you do hope for a suit you can rinse out at home, your best bets so far at reasonable cost are unlined Orlon-and-cotton suits, unlined nylon-blended cords, unlined cotton suits or the skeleton-lined Palm Beach type suit which has a high degree of sturdiness and wrinkle resistance because of its blend of mohair, nylon and rayon. These types, however, are not as tailored-looking as lined suits.

The new fibres will make changes in home-furnishing habits too. Women have been especially intrigued by the

new curtains of miracle fabrics. Some helpful information on people's experiences with these has been gathered by Kay Kipling, home planning adviser of Eaton's-College Street, Toronto:

NYLON curtains were found to have good strength but they rot in sunlight. Average life seems to be about a year and a half.

SARAN net curtains are waterproof, dry fast, have good resistance to sunlight. But they can cause difficulties if wrinkled during washing because they can't be ironed.

DACRON washes and dries easily, holds pleats well, is not as resistant to sunlight as Orlon, but is satisfactory behind glass.

ORLON appears to be the star curtain performer. It has excellent resistance to sunlight and is easy to wash and dry.

It looks as though we'll all have to be guinea pigs for the emerging clothing revolution. In the U.S., where much of the new materials originate, many

weavers still insert a no-responsibility clause in their contracts for synthetic fabrics on the grounds that knowledge of their performance is incomplete.

While some of the headaches the public and businessmen both are suffering are due to honest experimentation, the textile revolution has its silly side too. One U.S. company has announced nylon bed sheets. They will cost more than twice as much as upper-quality cotton sheets and have the proclaimed virtue of drying in just one hour. Which would seem to be an advantage only if you own just one pair of sheets, or take your own sheets with you when traveling.

While nylon-covered chesterfields are a help with their resistances to soil and wear, especially for a family with children, a nylon cover on a mattress seems less useful. Nylon bath mats emerging from the U.S. seem to be another solution to a nonexistent problem, since dunking a cotton mat in suds once in a while or drying it, is probably the least of your troubles.

Eventually as the new fabrics enter every corner of our lives they may even help Canada's foreign-trade position. At present, Canada imports all its cotton, much of its wool and part of its rayon. (Canada has enough potential rayon production to be self-sufficient but U.S. makers have been dumping some of their excess rayon materials here.) In fact, imports of fibres, textiles and clothing run close to ten percent of all goods Canada imports.

#### You'd Better Be Careful

We will always have to rely on imports of cotton since it can't be grown here. But the British synthetic, Terylene (Dacron), soon will be manufactured in a plant at Kingston, Ont., and most of the raw materials for it are available in Canada. Since U.S. experience indicates Dacron-wool and Dacron-rayon blends will replace much of our present woolen clothing, and with the constant improvement in rayons and encouragement of their use in blends with the new synthetics, Canada may become less dependent on imported fibres.

But the customer's immediate concern is how to find out what he's buying. You'll need to know how much of each fibre is in the suit to know how it will probably behave. An executive of a Windsor store reported that the practice of advertising rayon dresses as silk is notorious in the retail trade, although most good stores do scrupulously avoid such conscious misrepresentation.

The real difficulty is the lack of informative labels on many clothing items. In one of Hamilton's biggest stores I asked a clerk what a reasonably priced coat was made of.

"Gabardine," he said. "Wool gabardine?" I asked. "Certainly," he reassured.

I pointed out that from the price, appearance and feel, the fabric appeared to be part cotton.

"It may be," he said agreeably.

The Canadian Association of Consumers is currently asking the federal government for a fabrics-labeling law that should go a long way toward solving this vexing problem. The association is asking that the fibre most prominent in a material be listed first, and those amounting to less than five percent not be mentioned at all. Thus a pair of pants chiefly made of rayon with some Dacron, Terylene or nylon would be most prominently identified as rayon. A slip containing only a futile four percent of nylon, say, wouldn't carry that magic name at all. And we'd all be less confused and, maybe, better clothed. ★



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## Mr. McIntosh's Apple

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Hannah Dorin, bought a small farm of his own by the side of the St. Lawrence near Iroquois, and appeared to have settled down. Ten years later the old restlessness came over him again, and he exchanged farms with Edmund Dorin, a relative of his wife.

This took him to Dundela, a primitive settlement in the Township of Matilda. The new farm was on the west half of Lot 9. Alan McIntosh, a son of John, wrote of his father years later: "He built a house on said Lot. About the year 1811, he moved his Wife and Children in it. The place where he built, formerly had been A house or Shanty for their were stones which indicated the appearance of A fireplace. Their had been About one forth of an Acre cleared. The second groth was About 10 or twelve feet high. My Father told me, when cutting the undergroth, he came Across several Apple trees. When he had fenced a place for A garden, he planted them in it. The original tree, that is called McIntosh Red, was one of those found their. When my Father moved in this clearing, their was only two other Neighbors on this ridge."

The rest of Alan's account is chiefly concerned with other matters, and he doesn't say anything about the rest of the trees that were found with the unique marvel; but there is a family tradition that they were all of the same kind as The Tree, yet so strikingly inferior that after a while they were allowed to die of neglect. The McIntosh Red itself might have died from the same cause if it had depended on John McIntosh, because, again according to family tradition, he loved eating its wonderful apples but was too busy, and perhaps also not enough interested, to look after it.

Fortunately for him and for posterity his wife Hannah made the tree her special charge. The Dorins were hard-working folk of Irish descent (her French-looking maiden name was evidently an unusual spelling of Doran); no matter how many chores she had, and in spite of cooking and keeping house and bringing up her babies, Hannah carefully tended the astonishing Red. As she and it grew old, it bore fruit so lavishly that there was plenty to spare for the children of the neighborhood. Because they called her Granny they called the apples "Granny apples," and that name, the first the McIntosh Red had, stuck for half a century. Indeed it stuck longer than that in some parts of Ontario. The writer can remember his great-grandfather talking about Granny apples in 1907, in the town of Dundas near Hamilton.

By that time the apples had been known to most Canadians for at least a generation as McIntosh Reds, and were beginning to be famous. Yet they might well have survived only in memory, and then only in Dundela and the nearby valley country, if it hadn't been for Alan McIntosh—the earnest, raw-boned son of John and Hannah. Alan inherited his mother's feeling of responsibility for what was quite literally the family tree, and her pride in it; but he had something deep in his nature that drove him to do more than she had done about it for all her generosity.

Alan was a circuit-riding lay preacher, who traveled for miles around Dundela to hold services wherever there were people to ask for him. The book of sermons he wrote in a shaky hand when he was very old shows that to him the marvelous tree must have seemed a gift

from God, which it would have been wrong and ungrateful to keep to himself. Besides, he had a more than common measure of the delight in the look and taste and smell of apples, and the beauty of their blossoms. He had only to think of his father's tree to know why it has come to be so widely believed that Eve tempted Adam with an apple. And out of piety, admiration and kindness Alan McIntosh wanted to share this good fortune with his friends and neighbors.

The trouble was that he had no idea of how to do it. All he knew of growing

apple trees was to plant seeds, and he was well aware that nothing but blind and improbable chance could give a seedling the exact qualities of the tree from which it had got its life. He could fill one saddle bag with apples when he went riding circuit, to balance the thick Bible and the bundle of tracts in the other, and hand them out to the people of the farmhouses where he stayed for the night. But this was no more than spreading the fame of the Red, and what Alan needed was knowledge of the way to propagate it.

At first there appeared no hope that

he would ever learn, since there was no one among the farmers of the countryside to teach him. Then one day, in a year not recorded but supposed by his descendants to have been soon after old John McIntosh died in 1845, a foot-loose farm hand came to the McIntosh place and asked if there was any work for him. There was, and for a while he sawed wood and milked cows as though he were no different from any other hired help—until Alan gave him one of the wonderful apples. The stranger instantly perceived that the tree it came

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from was unusual, and announced that he could perpetuate it by budding and grafting.

It's a pity that the wanderer's name has been forgotten, because it was what he taught Alan that saved the original McIntosh Red tree from dying barren. Now that Alan had learned how to propagate the tree, he took slips from it with him on circuit and showed the neighboring farmers the way to bud and graft. At last he could share the bounty of providence as he felt he should, so that the orchards of his friends could be enriched. Because of him there were first dozens and later hundreds of McIntosh Reds, all having the superlative merits of the original tree, coming to maturity up and down the valley country.

#### A Real Healthy Apple

Around the turn of the century the McIntosh began to advance in real earnest. In 1900 Dr. W. T. Macoun, the dominion horticulturist, told the Ontario fruit growers how it was thriving on the experimental farm at Ottawa and said, "I think it is going to be one of our leading dessert apples." Seven years later it was being planted in half the orchards of the province and Macoun reported to the association that "so great is the popularity of this tree at present that the nursery-men cannot meet the demand."

In those early years there was some concern over the McIntosh Red's unusual susceptibility to the apple plague called "spot," but it was soon found that it could be kept healthy without much trouble by chemical spraying. It was also found to bruise rather easily; but the growers avoided this by packing it in boxes, row upon neat and careful row, instead of in the barrels which were all right for apples with less sensitive flesh.

When these two slight difficulties were surmounted there was no holding the McIntosh Red. Even World War I didn't slow it down very seriously; and the year after the armistice Macoun,

still the dominion horticulturist, gave an almost awe-stricken account of its progress.

He reported that very large plantings of the McIntosh had been made in most of the eastern United States, in the northwestern states, and in Ontario. It hadn't replaced the Gravenstein as the great classic apple of Nova Scotia's old, rich and fertile Annapolis Valley orchards but it was solidly entrenched in the newer apple lands of New Brunswick. It had invaded Quebec, the home of its probable parent and great rival the Fameuse, and was rapidly coming up level with it there. And in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia, where commercial apple growing was begun by Lord Aberdeen a year before he became Governor-General of Canada in 1893, and which had once been overwhelmingly dominated by the Delicious and the Jonathan, the McIntosh Red was gaining rapidly.

In 1921 a monster Imperial Fruit Show was held in London and W. L. Hamilton, who went over with the Ontario exhibit, came back to tell of a fresh triumph. "Our McIntosh apples got a great boost," he said. "Some of the officials of the show took a fancy to this variety and getting several boxes, distributed them among their friends. If we got nothing but the boost to our McIntosh, it paid us well for having gone over."

It wasn't only the officials who were captivated. A man named Bussey from the London Daily Mail took a party of friends to the show one night, anxious to see if they would feel as he did about the Canadian wonder, and made a test. He had an equal number of McIntoshes and a celebrated apple called Cox's Orange peeled out of sight of his guests so the fruit couldn't be told apart by the color of the skin and then handed the unidentifiable apples around and asked the people to say which they liked best. Everyone chose the McIntosh.

By 1924 it was so enormously successful that Macoun, who had believed

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twenty years earlier that it would be among the leading dessert apples, was a little afraid he had been too right. "The time may come," he said, "when it will not be so profitable to grow the McIntosh Red as it is today." He had seen that great numbers of McIntosh trees were being planted in the U. S., and because he thought the market might soon be glutted he warned growers to hedge by planting more of other varieties. But in 1929 another Canadian apple expert, George Mitchell, observed that the saturation point wasn't even in sight: in that year

British Columbia had shipped eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of McIntoshes to Ontario alone.

The great depression of the 1930s came: the McIntosh Red not only rode it out but its sales actually increased. World War II came and still it forged ahead. It had made what was for Canada the ultimate conquest. In the Annapolis Valley conservative Nova Scotian growers were uprooting thousands of Gravenstein and Jonathan and Wealthy trees that had been their pride and chief sustenance for generations, and replacing them with the irresist-

ible and so succulent McIntosh.

In the years just after World War II the Red took the unquestioned lead over all former Canadian favorites. One sign that it had was a curious happening in Ottawa. H. H. Hatfield, MP for the New Brunswick riding of Victoria-Carleton, got a box of McIntoshes as a present from a constituent. Hatfield filled his pockets with the apples and went around giving them to other members, saying proudly that they were the best apples in the world. This was naturally too much for the local pride of the others, who at once

sent home to their ridings for apples and went around giving them away and claiming that they were the best in the world.

The debate that began then in the corridors and offices was hotter than anything on the floor of the House. It crossed party lines and set Liberal against Liberal, PC against PC, and CCF against CCF. Each member insisted that the apples grown where he came from were paramount and incomparable. The only thing they didn't argue about was the comparative merits of their respective home varieties. They couldn't. Every one of the apples was a McIntosh Red.

The old tree from which all today's uncountable McIntosh trees have come lived to a great age. If it was at least ten or twelve years old when John McIntosh found it, which is probable, it must have been growing for almost half a century when he died in 1845. When the house John built caught fire and burned to the ground in 1894 the tree, serenely rooted a few yards away, was so scorched it didn't seem possible that it could live. But Alan McIntosh, in his eighties, was still there to look after it. He treated the old tree with such loving skill that it survived him by seven years. In 1906 it died at last, stood like a bleak skeleton for two more years, and finally fell to the ground.

Its formal monument is the stone that was paid for by the people of Dundas, the county of its birthplace (the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association voted to add fifty dollars to what they gave), and was set up at the edge of a Dundela front lawn in 1912. But the gallant old tree has a warmer memorial than a stone. The lawn goes up from the road to a white frame house, very comfortable and neat, and the house belongs to a great-grandson of John McIntosh.

S. A. McIntosh, a sturdy square-built man on the young side of middle age, lives there with his wife, his two children and his mother, and works the orchard that lies beyond the house and the barn. There are a number of McIntosh Red trees in his orchard, but he grows a good many other kinds of apples too. Although he is proud of the Red in a restrained way, and says with quiet certainty that it's the best apple in the world, McIntosh is so rigidly honest he won't even consider trying for an extra profit by advertising that his McIntosh Reds are grown on the very farm that nourished the original tree. He says that doesn't make them any better than anyone else's McIntoshes, and a suggestion that it did would be misleading. Reds are his favorite apples, both for eating and for cooking, but neither he nor his wife nor mother has ever heard of any special McIntosh family recipe.

Another great-grandson of old John, Dr. Pember McIntosh, of Spencerville, Ont., is determined not to let the world forget the gratitude it owes to John McIntosh, his wife Hannah, and their son Alan. The doctor, getting on in years but still active and happy in his country practice, has put up monuments to both his great-grandparents; but he won't consider his duty to the wonderful red apple has been faithfully done unless and until he has cleared up the only obscure part of the McIntosh Red's history.

Pember McIntosh is doggedly trying to learn more facts about the humble long-dead wanderer who taught Alan McIntosh to graft and bud the tree so that it could be shared with others. It is one of the doctor's solid Scottish characteristics that he won't feel right until he can put up a monument to the wanderer too, with name and dates and everything in order. ★



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## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Marshall Aid in order to restore her ravaged territories and there were no strings to it. That tremendous gesture of President Truman—the Marshall Plan—was one of the great moments in history and will eventually give to Truman the glory that his own people so strangely deny him now.

By a grim coincidence it was our friend Molotov who rejected Marshall Aid not only for Russia but for the satellite countries behind the Iron Curtain. Let me repeat that the American offer had no political clauses. But Communism can only see in the dark and dare not let in the light from the West.

Tragic little Czechoslovakia with its close ties with the free world reached out its hands for American aid but the Russian bear growled and the offer was refused. It was not that the Kremlin wanted to preserve a low standard of living in the satellites. Communism, like any other political philosophy, has to aim at improving the condition of its adherents. But the first consideration must be that only Russia could be the fount to which the faithful would come.

Greed, imperialism and safety were the guiding motives in Stalin's mind. And, not content with enslaving his satellites, he insisted upon a partitioned Germany.

### Russia's Fears are Legitimate

In fairness let us admit that in the atmosphere of 1945-1946 it was difficult to consider the problem of Germany with calm judicial minds. In her abject defeat she stood before the world and before history as a cruel debased monster. For the third time in living memory she had put civilization to the sword. Was she to be forgiven and restored so that she could plan for the final ruin of Christendom?

I can understand Russia's legitimate fears. Yet if Stalin had cared for the world at large and not merely for his Communist empire he would have realized that the emergence of the U. S. from isolationism to world leadership had altered the whole course of history. It was true that Germany had invaded Russia in two world wars but could it be conceived that a resurgent Germany would wage a third war against the rest of a world united and armed?

The partition of Germany was insisted upon by Stalin who refused to withdraw his occupation troops, and thus created this cancer in the centre of Europe. Let there be no pretense that the rest of us shed any tears over the spectacle of a great nation cut in two: superficially it even looked as if there was a good deal to be said for the surgical operation. Yet we should have remembered that history

repeats itself like a golf-club bore. Partitions are the very parents of war.

Thus to Berlin, grotesquely divided into two zones, went the foreign ministers in this year of grace 1954. They talked of Germany—talked and talked and talked. Yet nothing came of it, but a suggestion to let the German people vote on it.

"We cannot hold free elections in the two German zones," said Eden, "because the Russians and ourselves cannot agree on the meaning of those words. The Russian idea of a free election is a contest in which the

decision is known before the polling booths open. Otherwise—no election." There was no bitterness in Eden's voice but neither was there any ambiguity in his words.

The Kremlin knows that in Eastern Germany, as in Bulgaria, Poland, Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, there would be an overwhelming vote for liberation from the Russian chains. Undoubtedly Western Germany would also vote for freedom although there would be, at any rate for a time, a lingering gratitude to the Western powers which gave her a parliament

and assisted her economic recovery.

Therefore Germany must remain divided, just as Austria must continue to be occupied by foreign troops although she could not injure the most insignificant of her neighbors.

But now the time has arrived when the Allies can no longer put off the terrible decision as to whether Germany shall be armed or not. More than a year ago at Westminster we approved in principle but now we must carry out or renounce the policy agreed upon.

The very thought of it is enough to



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rouse the war dead from their graves. Are we parliamentarians, holding the power to act for the nation, going to put atomic weapons, supersonic airplanes and the newest tanks in the hands of the Germans? Are we to watch the grandsons of the Kaiser's Germans, and the sons of Hitler's murderers being armed with the newest instruments of death? History and the human conscience cry out against it.

Yet there is only one voice that says "No." It is the voice of France. "Are we to arm our eternal enemy once again?" ask the French ministers.

It was with a heavy heart that I voted a year ago for the principle of West German rearmament. Now, tonight, I shall vote for the actual fact and with a heart just as heavy.

But the Russians give us no alternative. Because they fear both war and peace they unilaterally armed the East Germans.

Even if the Russians had not done so there is a limit to the time that you can deny a defeated nation the rights enjoyed by the victors. The Treaty of Versailles, whose authors were the starchy-eyed Woodrow Wilson, the too realistic Lloyd George and the revengeful Clemenceau, almost sentenced Germany to death. The victors demanded that Germany should pay full reparations but would not be allowed the means to earn them.

It takes two parents to bring a child

into the world. The two political parents of Adolf Hitler were the Treaty of Versailles and the sudden brutality of the German race. If these seem harsh words they still remain the cruel truth.

We cannot have an unarmed Western Zone facing an armed Eastern Zone. The Russians are responsible and they must now face the consequences of their own stupidity. What we decide tonight in the British parliament may well be the forerunner of German reunification. There in the centre of Europe we shall some day see Germany a nation once again, armed, united, determined.

But there will be this difference. Germany has always made war when her victims were weak and unprepared. In the Hitler war the Germans experienced the dreadful carnage and destruction of defeat, and have seen that to the victor there are no spoils. Thus we may see an armed Europe spending its very substance on weapons of destruction yet realizing that in modern warfare there are no victors but merely degrees of losers.

It may well be that before his career is ended, Anthony Eden, as prime minister of Britain, will preside over a conference of the great powers when war will be banished from this earth.

It can only be a dream but without dreams mankind could not face tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. ★

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## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

judge served many years as crown prosecutor in Montreal. Another member is William B. Common, director of prosecutions in Ontario. Thus the committee is amply supplied with experience in sending criminals to prison. For experience in getting them out again at the right time, the committee has Joseph McCulley, former deputy commissioner of penitentiaries, and J. Alex Edmison, of Queen's University, who for years worked full-time with the John Howard Society for prisoners' aid and welfare.

They have been meeting about once a month ever since they were appointed. So far, much of their work has been simply to learn each other's point of view and experience, but they intend during the next few months to visit Canadian penitentiaries. They may have a report ready this fall, ready for the next session of parliament. But they are determined not to hurry—they all think a good report next year would be better than a hasty one this year.

Here are some of the questions they must answer:

Should Canada have an automatic parole system by which every prisoner's case would be considered at a fixed time, whether he applied for remission or not? At present he is never considered unless he applies, which tends to favor the man who knows the ropes and the man who has active friends. One convict's wife writes a six-page letter to the Remissions Branch every week; when that man's application comes up, his file will be a foot thick. Another man, equally deserving of parole, might have no file at all.

Should we change the present rule that a man must serve at least half his term in prison, and two thirds of it if his crime involved violence, before he is considered for remission? Many people think the rule too rigid, especially in dealing with long sentences. Some judges tend to give "exemplary" sentences, others to be lenient; thus one man might receive double the sentence imposed on another man for the same offense. Under the present rule he can't even apply for remission until he's been in prison as long as the luckier convict's full term.

On the other hand, should a federal authority try to impose uniformity in prison sentences across Canada? In Vancouver, where drug peddling is a serious and urgent problem, peddlers and addicts get much longer sentences than they do in eastern cities where the drug traffic is relatively minor.

All these questions lead up to the most important one of all:

Should Canada have a federal Parole Board—or, as some committee members would prefer to call it, a Rehabilitation Board—to deal with the whole problem? This would be a quasi-judicial body outside the government service which could act as a kind of human court of appeal, an agency to review not the legality and justice of the verdict but the propriety and

the usefulness of a man's sentence.

It would not be necessary to give final power to such a board. The elected and responsible Solicitor-General could still advise the Governor-General as he does now. But instead of taking the recommendation of one of his officials, he'd have the counsel of a qualified group which itself would have had the benefit of discussion.

WITH THE spring breakup and the opening of the fishing season, Canada and the United States face a problem of joint law enforcement in the lake-and-forest country along the Ontario-Minnesota border, west of Lake Superior. The problem is to prevent U. S. aircraft from using Canadian waters to frustrate United States conservation laws.

Superior National Forest on the U. S. side and Quetico Provincial Park on the Canadian side comprise four thousand square miles of wilderness, almost empty and almost untouched, which both countries recognize as a rare national heritage. It's the old explorers' route from the great lakes to the great plains, left by an accident of history just as it was when the discoverers first saw it.

To keep the forest as it is the U. S. not only made Superior National Forest a roadless area but also forbade aircraft to land on any of its hundreds of lakes. There are a few tourist resorts still maintained on the few fragments of land remaining in private hands; they fought this U. S. regulation all the way up to the Supreme Court, but the law was upheld. Since last summer it has been illegal to fly fishing parties or supplies for tourist resorts into the Quetico-Superior country on the United States side.

Canada, however, has passed no such law. Aircraft may still land on Canadian lakes—American as well as Canadian planes. It is not only possible but quite legal for U. S. resort owners to fly their customers and supplies to the Canadian side of the border, pick them up in small boats and take them back to the United States.

Reports have reached Ottawa that this traffic has, in fact, been going on all winter—that resort owners have been using ski-equipped planes to bring in next season's supplies via Canada. It's rumored that they intend, this summer, to build at their own expense a U. S. customs station at Crooked Lake, where customers and supplies re-entering the United States can do so with a minimum of inconvenience.

These operations are carried on by permission of the Canadian Air Transport Board, which issues taxi permits to U. S. fliers with the same liberality that the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Board shows toward Canadians. However, the Air Transport Board has no intention or desire to be used as a tool for the evasion of United States law. Air Transport Board officials say that if evidence can be produced to show that these Canadian permits are being used in order to do something which is illegal in the United States the board will take action at once.

It's considering sending in an inspector to obtain such evidence. What it won't do, though, is simply cancel the permits in order to preserve the Canadian share of this great international asset. The federal Department of Transport feels that conservation is a provincial matter, and that it ought not to exercise federal authority to invade a provincial field. If the Government of Ontario should decide that Quetico Provincial Park needs this protection, then the way would be open to an international agreement on the subject which has been drafted but neglected for several years. ★

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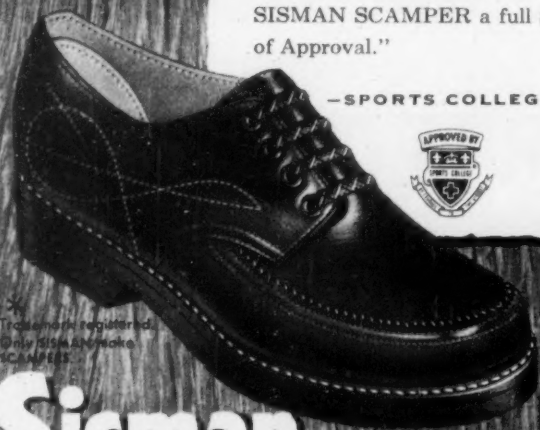
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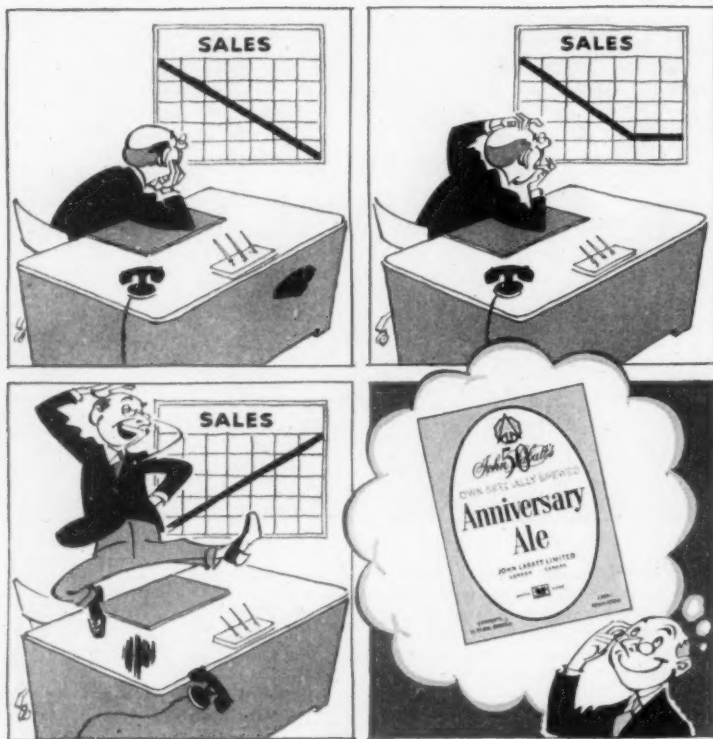
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## CANADIAN ECDOTE



### The Escape-Proof Jail That Wasn't

IT WAS the smartest jail ever built in northern Ontario. It was in planning for five years before the foundations were laid in April 1907 and the solid brick structure started growing in the northern parts of New Liskeard. At the time there were many hardened criminals in the tri-town area of New Liskeard, Haileybury and Cobalt.

It took contractors fifteen months to complete the jail, with its massive six-inch oak doors and one-way locks with their seven-inch keys.

Bob Latimer, chief constable of the area, needed something like this. Big Pete Farah had recently opened the Canada Hotel where drinks were flowing freely as mining men traveled the ten miles north from Cobalt to drink and enjoy themselves on New Liskeard's Lake Timiskaming shores.

Latimer, who had been locking minor offenders up in his basement, was a happy man on that sunny July day in 1908 when the two thousand-odd townspeople called a general holiday to witness the opening of the new jail.

The schools were closed and parades were held to mark the occasion. With a specially imported band blaring brassy music, John Armstrong, mayor of New Liskeard, mounted the rostrum.

Declaring on the magnificence of the new jail and expounding generally on the theme that crime doesn't pay, Armstrong handed Latimer the enormous jail-door keys.

"Take these keys, Bob, and in your keeping are they and the men this structure will house. No man will ever break out of here; it is the strongest and best jail Canada has ever had. But let it be known," the great John went on, "that if anyone ever escapes from here, let him go; he will have deserved his freedom for such a feat."

That same night the first customers arrived at the new jail: two

young rowdies who had imbibed too freely at Big Pete Farah's and smashed up some furniture and the proprietor. Latimer hurriedly threw them in a cell strong enough for a bank vault, and then went off home to supper.

During the night he was worried by a feeling that something was wrong. Before dawn he went to the jail and checked on his charges—the birds had flown.

John Armstrong had said "let them go," but the magistrate had other ideas and Latimer rode off at the gallop to Haileybury, five miles distant, in case the fugitives were trying to escape across the lake. He was a few minutes too late; the men had fled in a boat bound for Ville Marie.

Returning to New Liskeard, Latimer reported what had happened and with a certain embarrassment explained why the men had got away. Unable to believe Latimer's story the magistrate and Mayor Armstrong accompanied by the entire town council and a few other dignitaries entered the jail to see for themselves.

In the jail the chief constable silently pointed out that the contractors had overlooked the elementary thing in jails—that the doors must open to the outside and that the locks, too, must be on the outside. In his haste to get home for supper, Latimer, unused to regular jail routine, had simply slammed the door on his first prisoners.

Now they could all see that the jail had been built the wrong way around. All the prisoners had to do was to push open their cell door and march out.

Because of the type of construction used there was no way of rectifying the mistake short of breaking down the walls and, one year after it was opened, the "best jail Canada has ever had" was torn down. St. Paul's United Church stands on the spot today.

—Don Sheldon.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



## This Is Why We Need It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

contrite Sen. Haig confessed to his colleagues, "I'm sorry I said it." In the main, senators have always struggled to "raise the Senate in the public estimation."

For years, until recently, they hired a newspaper reporter to sit on the floor of the Senate and write press reports of the proceedings. He faithfully pinned a copy of each dispatch to the Press Gallery notice board but they seldom got into the papers. When the Senate finally discontinued the practice (to the dismay of the reporter for whom it was a valued source of income) the results in news coverage were about the same. For some reason press and public have never taken the Senate as seriously as senators feel they should do.

Senators resent this because, as they never tire of pointing out, the two Houses of Parliament are constitutionally equal in all respects except that the Senate may not introduce a money bill. Spending the taxpayers' money is done by MPs who must answer for it at the next election. The Senate can, and occasionally does, reject a money bill or amend it downward. It cannot amend upward.

Another difference is unwritten in the constitution but is no less important in practice—the fact that a Canadian government is responsible to the House of Commons but not to the Senate. If the Commons vote no confidence in a government, that government must resign. A Senate vote of no confidence, if one were ever cast, could be ignored.

To say the two Houses of Parliament are identical, except for these differences, is something like saying two automobiles are identical except that one will start without a push and the other won't.

Perhaps the Senate would be less often ridiculed if senators talked less about their supposed equality with the Commons and more about their actual inequality. Some critics set unfairly high standards in appraising the Senate of Canada—they compare it to the British House of Lords, which has genuine social if not legislative eminence, or to the United States Senate which is the dominant branch of the legislature.

No one ever intended the Canadian Senate to be anything of the sort. It was conceived as a minor secondary legislative chamber. The intentions of the Fathers are set forth in the Confederation Debates of 1865 when delegates to the Quebec Conference explained to the Parliament of the Province of Canada the plans they had drawn for the new Dominion. They had three main functions in mind for the Senate:

1. To act as a brake or check on the popular impulse as expressed in the "lower" but primary House of Commons;
2. To represent the conservative and propertied interest in Canada (democracy was still somewhat new-fangled, and not quite trusted);
3. Most important of all, to protect minority and regional rights.

John A. Macdonald, in a speech wherein he defined the Senate as "the sober second thought in legislation," added, "It is only valuable as being a regulatory body, calmly considering the legislation initiated by the Lower House and preventing any hasty or ill-considered legislation which may come from that body. But it will never

set itself in opposition to the deliberate and understood wishes of the people."

Since its inception to the end of the last session of parliament the Senate received from the House of Commons 7,352 bills, of which it rejected only 214. Sixteen hundred and sixty-six were amended. The rest, three quarters of the whole, passed the Senate without change.

Of the 214 rejected, the majority were bills of which no government would wish to make an issue. Most of them in the early days were land or railway deals which, if passed, would have lined somebody's pockets at the taxpayers' expense.

R. A. Mackay, whose book, *The Unreformed Senate of Canada*, is still the standard work on the subject after twenty-seven years, says, "It may not be going too far to say that the Senate has saved the country in actual cash, by such activity, more than the total cost of its upkeep since Confederation."

Occasionally the Senate has rejected major legislation which had passed the Commons after fierce opposition by a strong minority. The most famous instance was the Naval Bill of 1913, which would have given 35 million dollars to the British Navy. The Borden Government got it through the Commons by invoking closure (forcing the end of debate) after weeks of violent altercation; the Senate threw it out.

### The Senate's Stand Stands

The Borden Government could have resigned and held a general election on the issue but it did not. No Canadian government has ever chosen to do so.

"In twenty years at Ottawa," Sir Clifford Sifton once said, "I have never known a case in which a government was anxious to take the verdict of the people on a bill rejected by the Senate."

Since he made that remark, one instance has shown at least that the Senate is willing to accept such a verdict once given. The Mackenzie King Government brought in an Old Age Pension Bill in 1926 which passed the Commons but was defeated in the Senate. In 1927 the same bill came back, having passed the Commons again. In the meantime a general election had taken place and the Mackenzie King Government had been returned with an increased majority.

Old-age pensions had not been the major issue but nevertheless the Senate accepted the 1927 bill as "the deliberate and understood wishes of the people." After considerable huffing and puffing and some amendments which the Commons refused to accept, senators finally passed the bill without a division.

Most of them were still against it in principle, though. It would never have occurred to a senator in 1927 to call himself "the highest class of old-age pensioner in Canada." Senators were solid citizens; they looked with real concern (as some of them still do in the privacy of their handsomely furnished offices) on this proposal to squander \$20 a month apiece on the destitute of seventy and over. Whatever else it may have done, the Senate has always faithfully carried out another intention of the Fathers of Confederation, that the Upper House should represent the propertied interest in Canada.

John A. Macdonald expressed this intention in a sardonic epigram at the Quebec Conference of 1864—a remark which senators are not so fond of quoting as they are his "sober second thought" phrase.

"The rights of the minority must be protected," said John A., "and the rich are always fewer in number than the poor."

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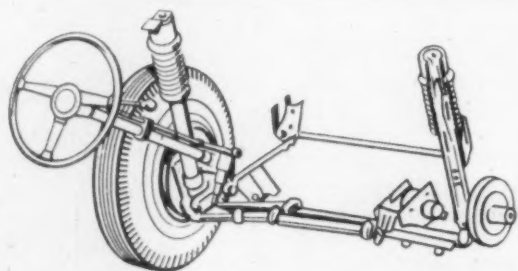
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leader in the Senate from 1911 to 1921, put the same thought even more bluntly. "The Senate," he said, "is a bulwark against the clamor and caprice of the mob."

The British North America Act shored up the bulwark by stipulating that a senator must own real property worth at least \$4,000 in the province he represents, and be worth at least \$4,000 (a considerable sum in 1867) over and above all liabilities. These stipulations still apply. One of the few ways by which a senator can lose his job, aside from swearing allegiance to a foreign power or being convicted of an "infamous" crime, is by going bankrupt or otherwise losing his property qualifications.

The Senate is faithful to the spirit as well as the letter of these provisions. At least half its present members are directors of companies or corporation lawyers or both. It's not easy to determine the sequence of cause and effect here—some who are company directors become senators, and some who are senators then become company directors.

With the odd rare exception like the Beauharnois scandal of 1931 (when one senator accepted a large fee contingent on his ability to get certain private legislation through parliament) there has been no evidence of abuse of these business connections.

All in all the Senate hasn't done badly as the guardian of propertied interests. It's a moot point whether senators have done equally well at the task originally deemed their most important of all—the protection of minority and regional rights.

#### They Quote George Brown

It is this function which accounts for the rigid distribution of Senate seats. Each major region of Canada was to have an equal number, 24 apiece. That meant 72 senators when Canada consisted of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. By a constitutional amendment of 1915 the west became another region with 24 senators, for a total of 96. Newfoundland's entry brought the Senate up to its present figure of 102.

This regional equality in the Senate was designed to be the offset, the balancing factor against Ontario's claim for "Rep by Pop" in the House of Commons.

George Brown, the Ontario Grit who made common cause with his enemy Macdonald to bring Canada into being, said in the Confederation Debates, "Our Lower Canadian friends have agreed to give us representation by population in the Lower House on the express condition that they could have equality in the Upper House. On no other condition could we have advanced a step."

George Brown's words are often quoted by senators to prove another of their favorite contentions—that without the Senate, Confederation would not have been possible. Only this stabilizing body with its evenly distributed membership, they say, could allay the fears and mutual suspicions among Canada's disunited provinces.

These fears have greatly diminished in eighty-seven years but they haven't yet vanished entirely—witness the difficulty we now find in contriving a way for Canada to amend its own constitution. The last time the Senate was discussed at a dominion-provincial conference was in 1927 when Mackenzie King made a half-hearted gesture toward carrying out his party's platform pledge of Senate reform. The conference got nowhere.

Some senators argue that the Senate cannot be abolished or even altered without its own consent. This is non-

sense. The British North America Act is still amended by the British Parliament, at Canada's request. If a Canadian government were to ask, with the support of all provincial governments, for the abolition of the Senate the British Parliament would certainly amend the BNA Act accordingly.

But there is no present prospect of any such request being made. Provincial as well as federal politicians nurse within their secret hearts the hope that they, too, may end their days in this peaceful haven. Also there is probably even now some genuine regard for the Senate as a guardian of established rights.

In actual practice, though, the Senate has done nothing in particular to safeguard provincial rights against federal encroachments. In all questions of that sort the Senate has followed the House of Commons and championed federal against provincial power. The role of defending provincial rights has been amply filled by the provincial governments (which turned out to be far more powerful than the Fathers of Confederation intended) and by the courts.

Minority representation in the Senate has always been a matter of some debate. In one sense the minorities are scrupulously represented—so many English-speaking Protestants from Quebec, so many French-speaking Catholics from the west, so many English-speaking Catholics from Ontario or Nova Scotia, and so on.

Politically, though, minorities are not represented at all. Social Credit governments have ruled Alberta for nineteen years, CCF governments have ruled Saskatchewan for ten, and Premier Duplessis' Union Nationale has held office in Quebec most of the time since 1936. None has representation in the Senate.

Conservatives usually get about a third of the popular vote in a Canadian general election and they now have fifty-odd seats in the Commons. They have seven senators. Ironically, four of the seven represent Saskatchewan which has elected only one Conservative MP (John Diefenbaker) in the last three elections.

All but one of the seven Conservative senators are over 70, and four are over 75. If the Government were to bring in one often-recommended reform and establish a retirement age for senators the Opposition in the Upper House might be wiped out in the lifetime of the present parliament.

In any case it's obvious that the Senate is in danger of becoming a one-party House. If the Liberal Party wins one more general election, extinction of the Conservative Opposition becomes very probable. Prime Minister St. Laurent, in the recent debate on the increase of parliamentary indemnities, said he had never seriously considered any departure from the present method of appointing senators. Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed the Prime Minister's difficulty in 1906, in words that apply with equal force today:

I do not say that I must select (a member of my own party), but I do say that when I have come to the moment of selection, and have to select between a Tory and a Liberal, I feel I can serve the country better by appointing a Liberal than a Conservative. And I am very much afraid that any man who occupies the position I occupy today will feel the same way. So long as the appointing is, as it is today, in the hands practically of the First Minister, I am afraid we stand little chance of reform.

Experience has borne out his words. Sir John A. Macdonald is still the only Prime Minister ever to have appointed a political opponent to the Senate—and



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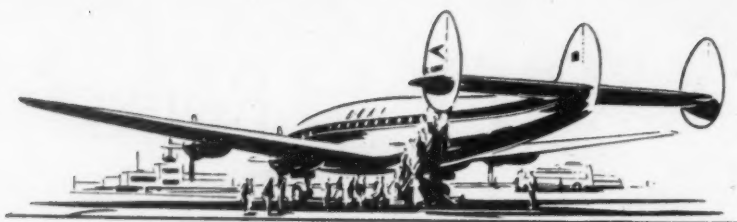
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even then the political opponent was a personal friend (also named John Macdonald) who had stood by Sir John in the Pacific scandal of 1873.

Invariably the enjoyment of power has moderated the politician's zeal to reform the Senate. In the election campaign of 1896 Sir Richard Cartwright, a Liberal firebrand, thundered to an audience in Toronto's Massey Hall, "When shall Providence remove this millstone from around the necks of the Canadian people?"

Cartwright was one of the first Liberal appointments to the Senate. By 1906 he was delivering himself, in a Senate debate, of what is still a favorite quotation among senators: "It is not by any manner of means a trifling thing to say when I say that the value of the Senate is not only in what the Senate does but in what the Senate prevents other people from doing."

When Mackenzie King took office in 1921 with a heavy Senate majority against him he exacted a pledge from each Liberal senator he appointed. They were all sworn to "support such measure of Senate reform, in conformity with the requirements of the Constitution, as may be introduced by the Liberal administration."

### King's Memory Lapsed

Obviously his plan was to introduce the "fundamental reform" that the Liberal platform promised, as soon as the Senate had a Liberal majority. But as luck would have it that moment didn't come for a long time. Even in 1930 when the Mackenzie King Government was defeated by R. B. Bennett's Conservatives, the 44 Liberal senators were still outnumbered by 34 Conservatives and 12 "unaffiliated" senators who'd been appointed by Sir Robert Borden under the Union Government of 1917-20.

The Bennett interlude, 1930-35, restored a Conservative majority. Meanwhile Mackenzie King's zeal for Senate reform had waned. Nothing more was heard, after 1935, of the "senators' pledge" he had once exacted. By 1941 the Liberals at last achieved the Liberal majority which has now become overwhelming; nowadays only the CCF talks about abolishing the Senate, and even "reform" is discussed in an aimless and half-hearted way when the subject comes up.

Actually there is room for considerable doubt whether some of the suggested "reforms" would really bring improvement.

Appointment of some senators by

provincial governments would help to correct the imbalance of political parties—there would by now be a small handful of Social Crediters and CCFers from the west and a few more Ontario Conservatives. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the change would improve the Senate's personnel in any other way.

Indeed, the Senate's talent for putting its worst foot forward has somewhat obscured the fact that it does do some useful work.

Recently, as has always happened when the Senate acquires a party majority of the government's color, its actual rejection of bills from the House of Commons has dwindled to zero. The Senate has not voted down a government measure since 1940. This may expose the Senate to the suspicion of being a rubber stamp, but at least it refutes the charge that an irresponsible Upper House is thwarting the will of the people.

Amendment is another matter. Writer R. A. Mackay's study of sixty years' work in the Senate showed no appreciable difference in the number of bills amended, no matter whether the Senate's majority is for or against the party in power. Some of the amendments are mere comma-chopping, but some are of real importance and value.

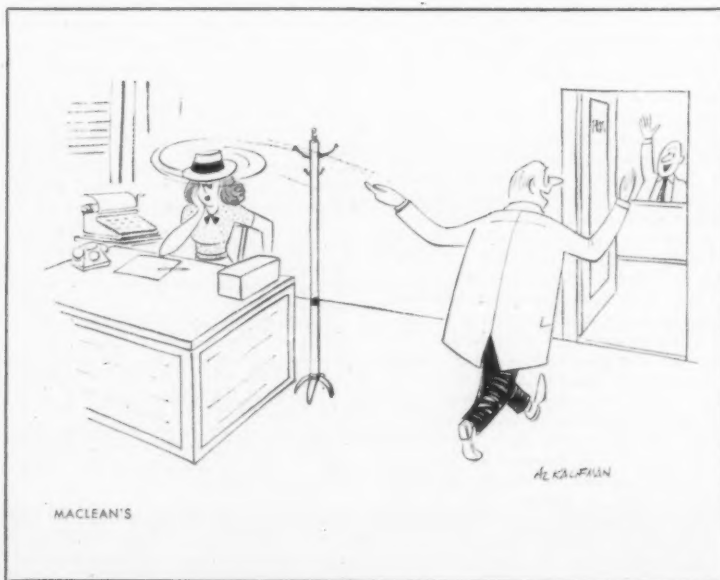
"The Income Tax Bill of 1917 was practically unworkable when it came before the Senate," says Mackay, "and only by the Senate's amendments was it put into anything like satisfactory shape."

The Senate also did useful work on the present revised Income Tax Act—not only by amendment but, more important, by two years of special committee work before the new bill was even drafted. Many of the Senate committee's recommendations are incorporated in the law.

Committees do an important fraction of the Senate's work. The busiest and best known is the Divorce Committee which grinds out about three hundred divorces a year for Quebec and Newfoundland.

Almost all private bills originate in the Senate. The Senate may also originate as many "public bills by private members" as it likes—Sen. Euler's long and eventually successful campaign to legalize margarine is an outstanding example.

But the most important legislation in any session is government legislation and this (except for money bills) the government may introduce in either House as it chooses. In the past, ministers usually preferred the Commons



MACLEAN'S

AL KAPLAN



because they liked to introduce their own bills themselves. Since 1945, however, a change in the Senate's rules has permitted cabinet ministers (who are members of the House of Commons) to come before the Senate and explain in person any government legislation they may choose to originate there.

The result has been some increase in the number, and a great increase in the importance, of bills which are processed by the Senate before going to the Commons. Government bills have been started there in numbers averaging about a dozen a year, some of them major jobs.

Senators are fond of pointing to their members' record of experience. They have 30 ex-MPs, five of them former cabinet ministers, and 21 ex-MLAs, of whom 13 sat in provincial cabinets. These figures overlap a bit but certainly more than half the present Senate had previous legislative experience in one field or the other.

However, there are forms of service to the Liberal Party that are rewarded with senatorships which may appear less than useful in the eyes of the average voter.

One is to be defeated at the polls firmly, repeatedly and expensively. Half a dozen members of the present Senate acquired their political experience as defeated candidates—two were beaten three times running.

Prof. R. MacGregor Dawson recalls one senator, now dead, who was defeated in five consecutive general elections. "Finally a grateful government granted what an unappreciative electorate had withheld," he relates, "and the perpetual candidate triumphantly entered the legislative halls as a senator."

#### A New Trend Coming?

Another type of political experience which often entitles a man to a senatorship is to be president, secretary or similarly active official in a party organization. Eight senators now list this and no other political apprenticeship in the Parliamentary Guide. Others, who indicate no connection at all with any political party, might perhaps be identified by the Recording Angel as large contributors to election-campaign funds.

However it's unwise to base too many conclusions on categories and paper qualifications. Two of the ablest members of the Senate today are Adrian Hugessen and Norman Lambert. One was a defeated candidate, the other a Liberal Party official. Both are superior in ability and energy to many a retired MP or cabinet minister.

Recently there have been indications that the Government intends to improve the calibre of the Senate. Last year's appointments all went to Liberals but all did not go to the Liberals who had the highest seniority in party service.

Ross Macdonald, now Government Leader in the Senate, was in the last parliament the ablest Speaker the House of Commons had had for many years. John J. Connolly, of Ottawa, had been an active Liberal but not particularly outstanding as such—he's just an able energetic lawyer in his middle forties.

Some cabinet ministers think the Prime Minister might go further, in future appointments, and name people who aren't even Liberals.

He won't name Conservative politicians—it's too much to ask of a faithful Liberal worker, to see this coveted plum go to the very man who's been fighting him tooth and nail for thirty years. But very definite consideration is being given to the appointment of men who are not politicians at all.

One thing that has stimulated this trend of thought is the new \$10,000 indemnity. MPs got it because being an MP has become virtually a full-time job—half a year at Ottawa, the other half busy with constituents' affairs. There is no way that any man, however conscientious or industrious, could make a full-time job of being a senator. There just isn't that much work for a senator to do. Those who are busy all year round are busy with other things.

A way out of this dilemma would be to appoint men and women who are doing valuable but non-lucrative work.

Canadian scientists, historians and other such students must now seek grants from United States foundations to carry on work of great permanent value to Canada. Why should not such people be senators, and earn their indemnity by working a quarter of the time in parliament and three quarters of the time outside? Indeed some members of Maclean's nominating committee for a new Senate have suggested this very thing.

Prime Minister St. Laurent hasn't said a word to indicate any such intention and his word is the only one that

really counts. Some of his colleagues, though, and other prominent Liberals are talking about devices of this kind as a way round the problem of the one-party Senate. It would be too strong yet to say such a change is likely, but it is at least a possibility.

This would not prevent the Senate from becoming a one-party House in one sense—all members would still be Liberal appointees with no other strong party tie. But the probable end result would be not a one-party so much as a non-party Senate, which might be the best solution available to Canada. ★

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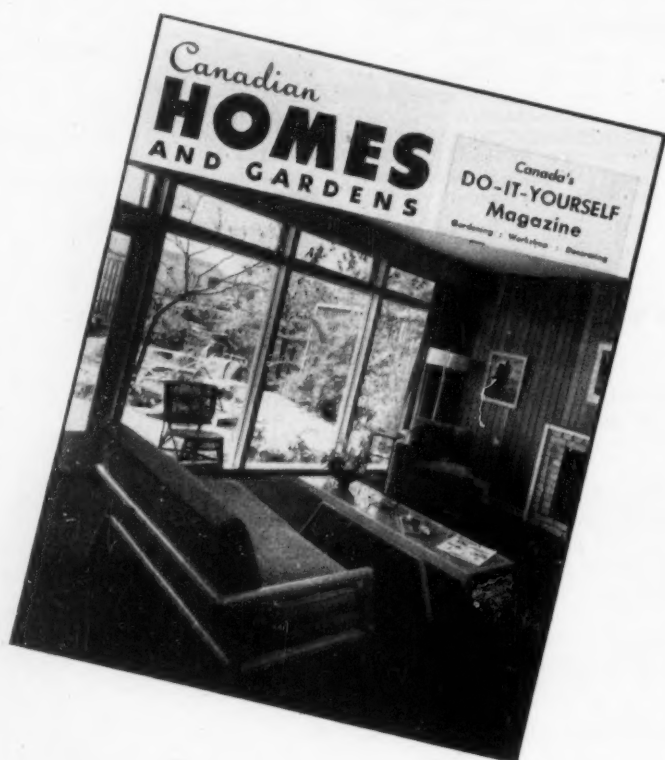
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## A New Senate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

reform? As J. B. McGeachy, of the Globe and Mail, points out, "Nobody in power at Ottawa has ever shown the slightest wish or intention to reform the Senate, except by appointing political friends to replace deceased political foes."

But there was little agreement among Maclean's panel on how the method of appointment could be changed. Three are in favor of letting the provinces in on the nomination of senators. Both Ruth Campbell, of the St. John's Daily News, and McGeachy feel there would be some advantage in allowing the provincial governments to appoint half the senators. "This would ensure representation of all parties," McGeachy says, "and would prevent the Senate from becoming the almost monolithic, one-party legislature it now is." Roger Lemelin, of Quebec, thinks the new Senate should be nominated by the provincial governments, "to re-establish political equilibrium among the Senate ranks," but would have further nominations come from the Senate itself.

### Non-Political Committees

On the other hand, Dr. MacKinnon, of Charlottetown, draws attention to the major difficulty in bringing the provinces into the appointment of senators. "I can't see how the provincial governments or nominating boards could do the job better," he says. "In any event, who would be on the nominating board; and why should provincial governments determine the composition of a federal house?"

Abbie Lane, of Halifax, Jim Greenblatt, of Swift Current, and Jack Scott, of Vancouver, think non-political committees should be made responsible for nominating senators. Mrs. Lane suggests an independent committee made up of representatives of the churches, business, labor, the arts and so on, though she admits this system would probably cause trouble. Scott thinks "non-political committees at the provincial level" would be best. Greenblatt suggests senators be appointed "through some politically disinterested (ah, there's the rub) group; maybe universities—like the Irish Senate."

Carlyle Allison, editor-in-chief of the Winnipeg Tribune, is convinced that appointment should remain in the hands of the government party "because there is little hope that the leader of any party would willingly give up this prerogative. I think, however, that

the prime minister should call for more suggestions from provincial premiers, men who are familiar with the material in their sections of Canada, but that the prime minister should not be bound to accept the premiers' nominees. These premiers should also be told very clearly that their suggestions should range over other fields outside politics."

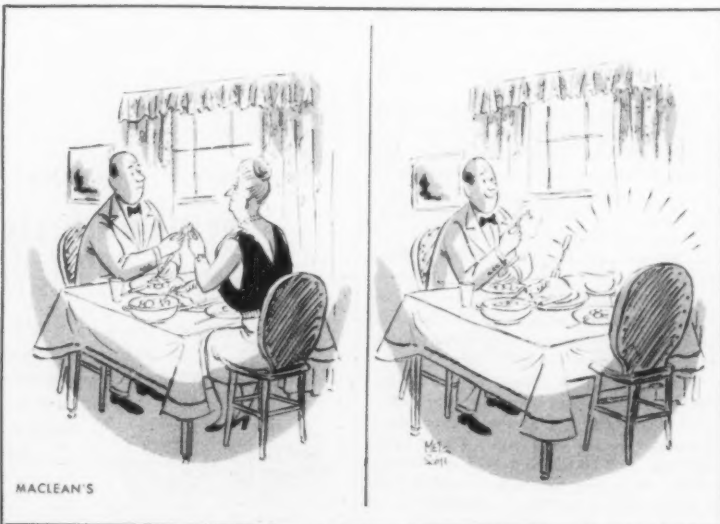
"In the long run," says Basil Dean, of the Calgary Herald, "the only effective answer is to make purely political appointments unfashionable; to ensure that they are universally regarded as in doubtful taste. It means in other words, overhauling the whole cynical and largely amoral philosophy within which federal politics are conducted in this country. All it needs is a revolution in moral and political thought, which shouldn't take more than two or three hundred years to accomplish."

The panel showed a variety of opinion on the merits of the Senate. Jack Scott and Abbie Lane think we'd be better off without it. "The Senate," Scott declares, "should be abolished. I think it's a useless relic, a criminal waste of the taxpayers' money, undemocratic in the selection of those it honors since their appointment is for service to party rather than country (by no means synonymous) and because I think that whatever prestige or power the Senate might gain by reform, it would still be a luxury. The money would be far better spent on hospitals, schools or insane asylums." Mrs. Lane points to the quiet abolition of second chambers in all provinces except Quebec, and draws attention to the fact that the only obvious result has been to make the government a little less unwieldy.

J. B. McGeachy disagrees. "In my opinion," he says, "the Senate is necessary as a revising body, does a pretty good job, does not deserve the contempt or indifference often visited upon it, and could be more useful than it is if given more work to do." But, he adds, "let us face the awful truth—it might be improved."

"The main criticism of the Senate," says Frank MacKinnon, "seems to be that there are too many government supporters in it. This situation is the fault of the Canadian people themselves, for we in Canada tend to keep governments in power much longer than do other countries . . . One solution to the problem would be more frequent changes of government."

Jim Greenblatt believes that "for the conditions prevailing in 1867 the Fathers of Confederation, modeling after the British institutional counterpart, had a sound idea. For the most part the Senate has fulfilled some useful functions. But now its responsibilities



MACLEAN'S



could be elaborated, expanded and refurbished to better meet the changing social, economic and political needs of the nation."

Eight members of the nominating panel expressed opinions on age limits for senators; three would have compulsory retirement at 75; the other five see no necessity for such a limit. McGeachy does not believe in an arbitrary age limit for senators but he would "declare vacant the place of any senator incapable of attending the debates." Lemelin wants "a medical examination imposed on the senators before each session."

MacKinnon feels appointments should be for life "to make the posts attractive, independent and continuous. I don't favor a fixed retirement age, for there is no way of determining the final limit of a person's usefulness. An occasional Dessaulles (who died at 103) can be tolerated for the great advantage of retaining some Aylesworths and Dandurands."

Another suggestion made by several members of the panel was limiting the term of senators at anywhere from five to ten years. This has often been suggested as a way to keep the age limit down and to spread the honors around. Dean raised one of the major difficulties to be faced if senators are appointed for a definite, renewable term. Unless senators are appointed for life, he says, "they are bound to concern themselves with the prospects of reappointment. Supposing they are appointed for ten years; as the ten years draw to a close they will be wondering what their chances are of renewal, especially if a different party from the one that appointed them is now in power. Subconsciously they will be endeavoring not to irritate the government of the day unnecessarily, and their essential independence will have been destroyed."

In an attempt to escape this difficulty Newfoundland's Ruth Campbell would combine a non-renewable ten-year term with fixed retirement at 75, "and a contributory pension scheme as in the Commons."

#### "World's Strongest Man"

The nominations for this new Senate tend to reflect strongly the attitudes of each panel member. Scott, for example, who is in favor of getting rid of the Senate, found he could only nominate persons who fell in a very narrow category, since "the men and women I'd be tempted to nominate—the outstanding British Columbians—are doing work too worth while to send them to that Siberia." He decided to choose people who are "(a) worth honoring, but (b) whose contribution to the progress of British Columbia isn't such that it would be missed by sentencing them to Ottawa."

Here then is the nominating list of Maclean's panel. It provides the full 102 members for a Senate, broken down into the constitutional provincial ratios.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA.** Six senators, chosen by Jack Scott, of the Vancouver Sun.

**David Ormiston**, a 79-year-old old-age pensioner and wharf-sitter.

**Douglas Hepburn**, who is rated as the world's strongest man, since his weight-lifting victories in Sweden, "to give to the Senate an air of virility that's sorely lacking."

**Jan Stepaniuk**, a New Canadian farmer who has to work on the roads to get enough money to keep his farm going.

**Earle Birney**: "Birney of course is our leading poet and says things fancier and often clearer than any politician I ever heard. Like most people he's re-

quired to earn his keep at more mundane things—as a university professor in his case—and this keeps him from saying all the fancy, clear things he has in mind. The Senate would be a fine place for Earle to reflect, contemplate and compose without distraction."

**Alfred Law**, a 66-year-old retired railway engineer.

**Leo Sweeney**, "British Columbia's No. 1 booster, that man who wears the defiant straw hat in the worst rain-storm . . . The Senate is in desperate need of a little color and a few laughs, and Mr. Sweeney can provide both."

**ALBERTA.** Six senators, chosen by Basil Dean, of the Calgary Herald.

**Dr. E. P. Scarlett**, chancellor of the University of Alberta, "because he possesses . . . the most cultivated mind in Alberta and one of the most cultivated minds in Canada."

**Donald Cameron**, head of the famed Banff School of Fine Arts, since "he combines a genuine affection for the arts and the things of the spirit with an astute business sense which would do credit to the operations manager of an oil exploration company."

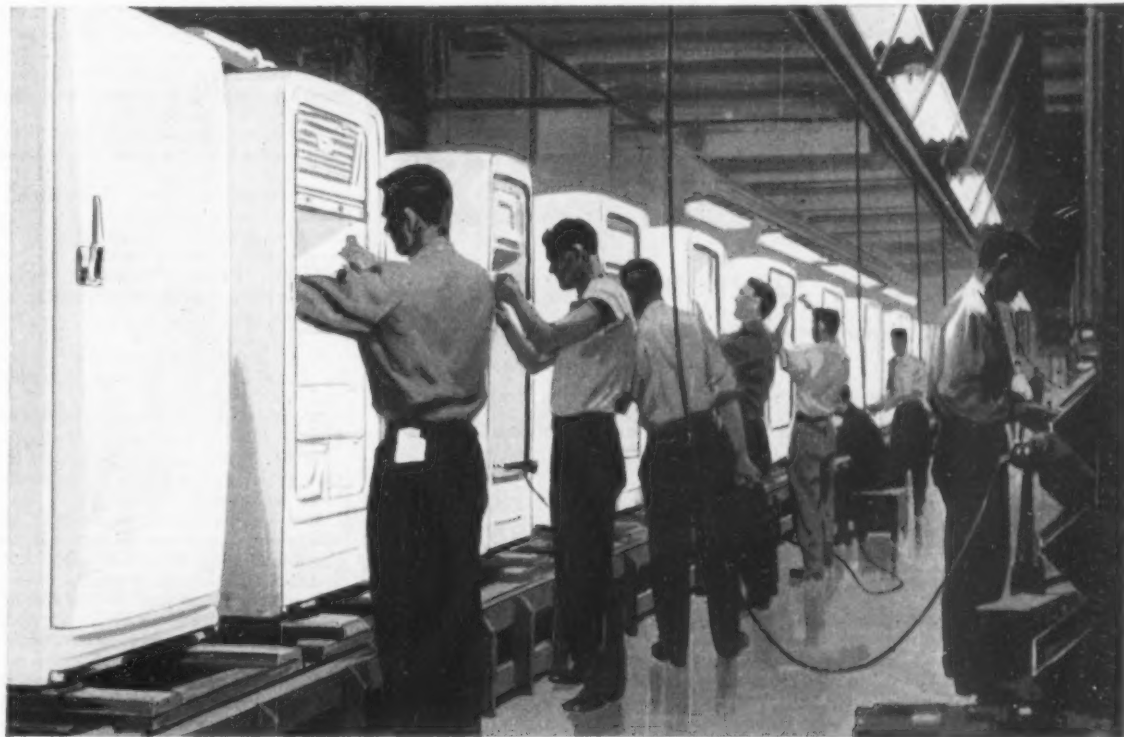
**Mr. Justice W. G. Egbert.** Though

Dean doesn't think judges should be taken from the Bench and appointed to the Senate, "Gordon Egbert's claim to a senatorship derives principally from his clear conception of the position of the Bench in the modern state."

**C. S. Noble**, inventor of "the Noble blade, a plow which turns over the soil immediately below the surface without exposing the topsoil to winds which will carry it away and which has done more to prevent wind erosion—the curse of the prairies in the Thirties—than any other development in farming."

**J. J. Zubick**, who ran against

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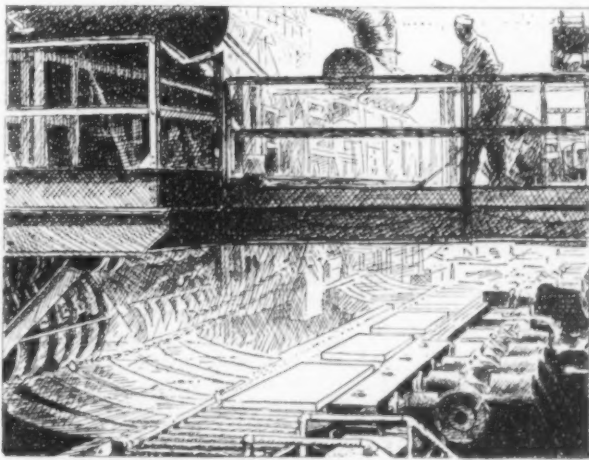


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Premier Ernest Manning in the last provincial election in Alberta (and was defeated).

Charlie Willis, editor of the Stettler Independent, "the most articulate and forthright weekly newspaper editor in western Canada."

SASKATCHEWAN. Six senators, chosen by Jim Greenblat, of the Swift Current Sun.

Greenblat feels "the Senate needs a strong dose of high-pressure, grass-roots public relations on a scale which would bring it closer to the people."

Hon. T. C. Douglas, present Premier of Saskatchewan, who "would soon put the Senate's name in lights all over Canada. A dynamic personality. Despite his philosophies, an ardent Canadian."

Ariel F. Swallows, QC, "a man with a terrific impact on his community."

Andrew King, editor of the Estevan Mercury, "maturing in years but young in spirit."

James Fraser, a farmer from Pambrun, "a God-fearing man, he speaks as he feels."

Dr. Oscar M. Irwin, of Swift Current, "a bundle of hot tamale . . . who could be counted on to do more than keep a seat warm in the Senate."

A. W. (Pallie) Pascoe, of Moose Jaw, a retired postal department inspector.

MANITOBA. Six senators, chosen by Carlyle Allison, of the Winnipeg Tribune.

W. J. Waines, dean of Arts and Sciences at the University of Manitoba.

W. R. Leslie, superintendent of the Dominion government experimental farm, at Morden, Man.

Reg Grose, deputy minister of Industry and Commerce, "a man who has studied for years Manitoba's industrial and natural resources potential, who is young and full of zeal to tap and develop Canada's resources."

W. L. Palk, superintendent of the T. Eaton Co. store in Winnipeg.

R. H. G. Bonnycastle, president of the Stovel-Advocate Press, "a public-spirited younger man who has shown his capabilities in the presidency of the Canadian Club, the Chamber of Commerce and other Winnipeg organizations."

D. Bruce Shaw, a director of A. E. Ames and Co., "a man with principles who is not afraid to speak out in a meeting."

ONTARIO. Twenty-four senators, chosen by J. B. McGeachy, of the Globe and Mail.

McGeachy presents a group that includes representatives from every major occupational group in Canada. The only representative of labor in this new Senate, Pat Conroy, comes from McGeachy's group. The arts are represented by a novelist, Mazo de la Roche, playwright and author Robertson Davies, L. A. C. Panton, principal of the Ontario College of Art, Dr. Healey Willan, "Canada's greatest musician and composer whose learning and wit would adorn the Senate," and E. J. Pratt, "the most distinguished poet living in Ontario, and, as his writing shows, a man familiar with the lives and troubles of ordinary people. There is nothing against making a poet a senator," McGeachy adds. "W. B. Yeats, possibly the greatest poet of the last half-century, served in the Irish Senate with distinction."

The universities are well represented in the Ontario list. From Queen's University in Kingston comes Prof. Arthur R. M. Lower, "who has probably done more than anyone else to rouse an interest in Canada's history,

even though he may have exasperated many people in the process." Four others are from the University of Toronto: Dr. Sidney Smith, its president; Dr. Edgar McInnis, a professor of history, and also head of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs; R. S. K. Seeley, provost of Trinity College, "a clergyman of spirit and erudition, who has set an example to his academic colleagues by stepping out of college halls to organize and lead conferences on public questions;" and Dean Cecil Wright, "head of the School of Law, a pertinacious debater and leader of the movement to lift the standards of legal scholarship in Ontario."

McGeachy nominated two veteran journalists, J. V. McAree, Globe and Mail columnist, "a journalist whose wisdom and humor have pleased and enlightened a generation of readers and would keep the Senate lively," and B. K. Sandwell, "doyen of Canadian journalists, who has raised the standard of Canadian writing and criticism by his example and illumined the Canadian scene, for his own countrymen and others, by his powers of observation and analysis."

McGeachy's other nominations: D. W. Ambridge, president of the Abitibi Power and Paper Co., "a captain of industry who is also a forest conservationist and has achieved cordial management-labor relations."

James S. Duncan, president of Massey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd., "a business leader who knows nearly all there is to know about international (especially dollar-sterling) trade and has done much to promote it."

Dr. Charles H. Best, "a leader in medical research."

L. W. Brockington, QC, "whose learning, eloquence and wit have enthralled many audiences."

Gen. H. D. G. Crerar, "whose advice on military questions would be invaluable."

H. H. Hannam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, "an expert on all branches of farming."

Dr. C. Jack Mackenzie, head of Canada's atomic research program.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, "who through his years out of office has continued to give the public the benefit of his counsel and who would show the Senate, or any other legislative body, how a debating speech should be composed and delivered."

Gladstone Murray, "raconteur, friend of New Canadians (and of old Canadians too), champion of the market economy, who has striven hard, and successfully, to bring about the equitable relations between capital and labor."

Charlotte Whitton, "the redoubtable mayor of Ottawa."

Sigmund Samuel, "a man of taste and deep humanity."

QUEBEC. Twenty-four senators, chosen by novelist Roger Lemelin.

I, Roger Lemelin, myself, because my father would be proud.

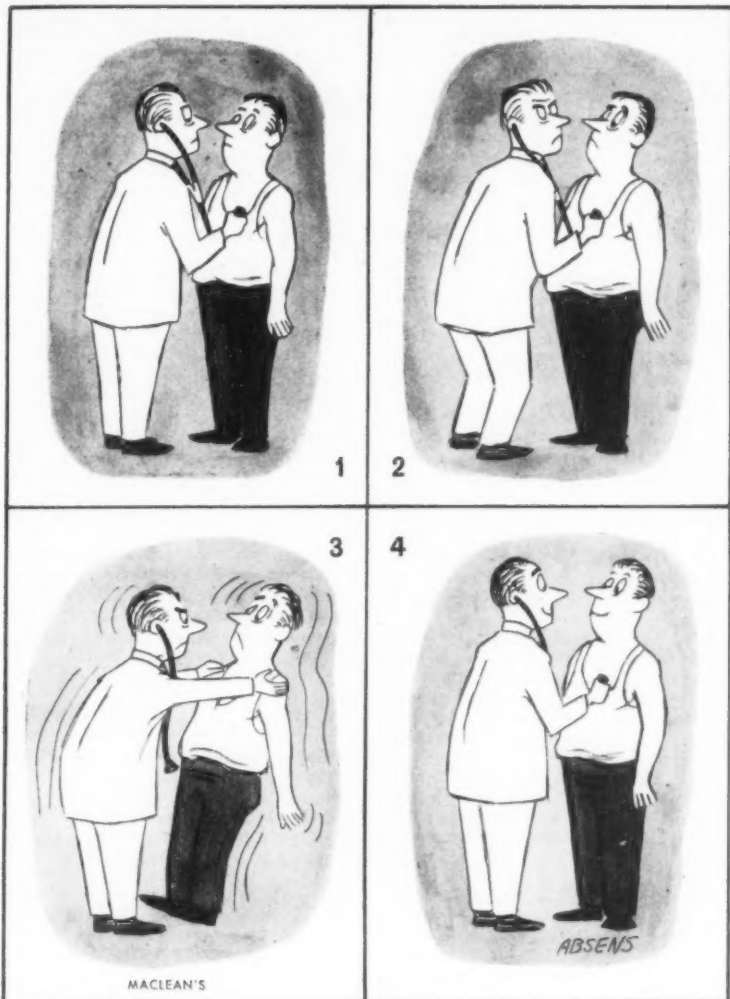
Jean-Charles Bonenfant, librarian at the Quebec Legislature and one of the experts in Canadian constitutional problems. Because he is my neighbor and because someone among us should know something about the Senate problems.

Pat Allen, my grocer. Because he represents the small private enterprise and is not related to the interests of the large companies.

Gérard Filion, journalist at Le Devoir. Because he has a temper and would help us to get mad from time to time, and because he takes himself seriously.

Msgr. Ferdinand Vandry, rector of Laval University. For the moral support. It is always good to have a priest





around, my mother told me.

**Maurice (Rocket) Richard**, to inspire us and help us reach our goal.

**Bona Arsenaault**, member of Bona-venture City. We must have a good public-relations man.

**Raoul Jobin**, famous Canadian tenor, to sing us a song when we get bored with our discussions, and to sing O Canada, when we will burst in patriotic explosions.

**Jacques Normand**, TV star. We will need distractions.

**Adrien Pouliot**, dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Laval University. Because he has humor, a quality scarcely found in scientists.

**Joseph Albert Mongrain**, former mayor of Three Rivers. Because he has left politics and still loves pre-eminence.

**Charles De Koninck**, Thomist philosopher, to represent large families.

**Claude Champagne**, music composer, to keep harmony in our ranks.

**Gabrielle Roy**, novelist. To tell us tales about the west.

**Miss Canada 1953**. Self-explanatory. (To be replaced each year.)

**Her runner-up**. Self-explanatory. (To be replaced each year.)

**Cyrille Vaillancourt**. To represent the old Senate. Also because he gives maple syrup to his friends.

**Hugh MacLennan**, to represent McGill. Because he is a good writer and I have a certain predilection for novelists.

**Father Georges-Henri Lévesque**, dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences at Laval. To serve as companion to Msgr. Vandry. They have many problems in common.

**Jean Soucy**, Quebec painter. To paint a portrait of each of us.

**Abraham Moses Klein**. To recite his poems after discussions.

**Dr. Wilder Penfield**. To survey the brainwork of the new Senate.

**Jean Bruchési**, historian. Because he would love it.

**Frank Scott**, not as a constitutional expert or socialist, but as a poet.

**NEW BRUNSWICK**. Ten senators, chosen by Dr. George Frederick Clarke, of Woodstock, N.B.

**Emery LeBlanc**, Moncton. Acadian. Bilingual. Brilliant journalist.

**Sen. Muriel Fergusson**. Fighter for the rights of women.

**W. J. Smith**, professor of economics, University of New Brunswick. Young, talented. Fights for any cause he believes just.

**Norman Buchanan**, Minister of Lands and Mines. Military Cross three times. Straight, forward, young, forceful, fearless.

**Mary S. Clarke**, my wife. Sound judgment, not swayed by sentiment.

**Mrs. Kenneth Campbell**, Saint John. Able speaker. Charming. Excellent judgment. Is aware of the importance of loyalty to the crown.

**Robert A. Tweedie**. Always a good diplomatic envoy for New Brunswick.

**John McNair**, ex-premier. Calm, judicial, dignified, generous, indefatigable worker.

**Harry Greenlaw**, Millville, N.B. An agriculturalist. Energetic. Knows needs of country.

**Dr. R. R. Prosser**, Public Health Department. Eminent psychologist and psychiatrist. Could check on any mental breakdown of his contemporaries.

**NOVA SCOTIA**. Ten senators, chosen by Mrs. Abbie Lane, of Halifax.

**Ernest Beaton**, superintendent of industrial relations for the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation in Cape



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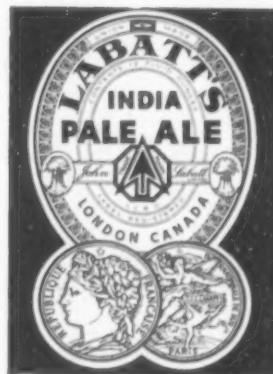
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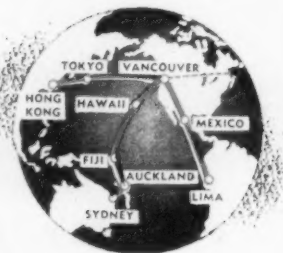


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Breton. "He knows coal mines and coal miners from the coal face on up to the highest executive position."

Judge George Morrison. "I once watched him conduct a citizenship ceremony for some New Canadians. He seemed to have such a real understanding of their past struggles and a feeling for the difficulties they would encounter in a new land."

Cecil Day, editor of the *Liverpool Advance*. "A man who wields a courageous pen, he has been taking pot shots at the Senate—both seriously and in fun—for years. In the past, each time there has been a Senate vacancy in Nova Scotia he has made a facetious application for the job. Now he should have it."

Mrs. J. E. (Allie) Ahern, of Halifax. "She's practical and fair-minded and could add more than a decorative note to Canada's most famous Gentlemen's Club."

Capt. Angus Walters, of Lunenburg, the salty old skipper of the *Blue-nose*. "He could, and would, keep our fishing industry to the forefront and, incidentally, add some color to the Senate."

Rev. Nelson MacDonald, of Dartmouth. Has worked in the Antigonish Movement; by forming co-operatives and credit unions among the farmers, fishermen and townspeople, he has helped to give them a new measure of independence.

Mrs. Margaret Norrie, proprietress of Fundy Farms, North River, Colchester Co. "She has a practical knowledge of farming and its problems. As capable as any man to represent farmers."

Isabel Macneill, formerly of Halifax, who now is superintendent of the Ontario Training School for Girls at Galt. "She knows all about penal problems and is an expert on reforming people. There's a real need for her in the Senate."

Brig. H. V. D. Laing, secretary-treasurer of the Maritime National Fish. To represent the military, and because he has "good business executive ability and a sincere interest in Maritimers and the Maritimes."

Joseph Howe, ghost, "as a constant reminder of Maritime rights."

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Four senators, chosen by Dr. Frank MacKinnon, principal of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown.

Walter R. Shaw, retiring deputy minister of Agriculture. "He has made great contributions to the agricultural industry, not only in his province but also throughout the country."

Frank Walker, associate editor of the *Charlottetown Guardian*, "one of the best-informed citizens in the province, whose wide experience, ability and integrity would be as effective in the legislative process as they have been in the management of a newspaper and the advising of the many public men who have valued his friendship."

J. O. C. Campbell, practicing lawyer and former deputy attorney-general. "Legal scholar and court lawyer, he has been eminent in the field of dominion-provincial relations."

Frank W. Curtis, engineer and head of the County Construction Co. "An outstanding businessman of wide interests who has been president of both the Charlottetown Board of Trade and the Maritime Board of Trade."

NEWFOUNDLAND. Six senators, chosen by Ruth Campbell, of the *St. John's Daily News*.

Raymond Gushue, president, Memorial University. "Recognized for his contributions to the province's fisheries problems. Has made an outstanding

contribution to the growth and academic advance of Memorial University."

Henry M. S. Lewin, general manager of Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills. "His vision and enterprise have been invaluable throughout the program of industrial expansion which has made the Bowater plant one of the largest pulp and paper manufacturing units in the world."

Gerald S. Doyle, president of Gerald Doyle Ltd., and owner and publisher of the popular monthly newspaper, *Family Fireside*.

Dr. John McKee Olds, of Twillingate. "Beloved by all the residents of the outports, Dr. Olds carries his services by hospital boat to those along Notre Dame Bay who are unable to reach the hospital at Twillingate. He has also done splendid work on the Labrador coast and as a doctor accompanying the Newfoundland seal fishing fleet."

Arthur Monroe, president of Newfoundland Fishery Products Ltd. "Progressive and imaginative, he has originated and developed this highly integrated sea-to-consumer fishery service, and is leading the way in revolutionizing the fisheries which are Newfoundland's basic industry."

Henry G. R. Mews, mayor of St. John's since 1949. "He has made a notable contribution to the city's growth and welfare."

J. B. McGeachy's comment on his choices for the Ontario members of this new Senate could apply to the list as a whole. "Whether this group could ever manage to enact laws," he says, "or would simply talk interminably, I have no idea. At any rate, they would make an interesting dinner party." ★



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# IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

## Lowdown on a Totem Pole

THE SAKAU'WAN totem pole in the Royal Ontario Museum, which artist Duncan Macpherson painted for our cover this issue, is considered the largest and finest example of the craft in existence. It was carved in 1865 and discovered in 1927, decaying in the forest country of the lower Nass River in northern British Columbia, by Dr. Marius Barbeau, of the National Museum, Ottawa.

Barbeau, after long and delicate negotiations with an Indian chief, obtained the pole for the Royal Ontario Museum. It took a railway engineer and a crew of Indians to get the pole down and into the river—a difficult operation for the pole is carved from an eighty-foot tree and weighs several tons and the workmen had to be careful not to damage the carving.

Meanwhile, in Toronto, special provisions had been made to receive the totem. In a sense the building was literally built around it. The museum had to engage the Dominion Bridge Company to erect it in three sections. The first two gave no trouble but when they came to put in the third it looked as if it wouldn't fit. The architect sweated; the museum administrator frowned. But it slipped into position with a scant six inches to spare.

Obviously the angle from which Maclean's readers view the pole is an impossible one unless the roof of the museum is torn off. Duncan Macpherson reconstructed it carefully after making many sketches.

To understand the meaning of totem poles in general, one has to understand the primitive highly complex society of the Coast Indians and their unusual set of values. Their attitude toward property, for example, was the opposite of our own: they renowned a man for what he could give away rather than for what he could keep. A man could easily humiliate a neighbor by breaking up one of his own canoes and tossing it into the sea. (To keep up with the Joneses the neighbor would then have to smash two canoes—and so on.) If one tribe really wanted to humiliate another tribe it held a giant feast—called a "potlatch"—invited the rivals and then gave them everything it owned.

Well, there were these two tribes, the Killer-Whales and the Eagles. The Killer-Whales decided they'd have the biggest totem pole in the world and they engaged the greatest totem artist in the business to carve



The totem on the way from B. C. to Toronto. It had been an eighty-foot tree.

it for them—a man named Oyai. This got the Eagles in such a state that they decided to put up an even bigger totem pole, so naturally they engaged Oyai too.

They located an enormous red cedar tree on the Portland Canal, about ninety miles from their village, cut it down and floated it back. Oyai spent an entire year carving it and he put fifteen major carvings into it, all mythological symbols such as the Devil-Fish, Dragon-Fly and so on. This done, the Eagles held a magnificent potlatch, humiliating the Killer-Whales all to pieces by giving away blankets, smashing canoes, etc. Then as a clincher, up went the totem. It took three days to raise.

Today the pole is the envy of thousands of visitors who come to the Ontario Museum. The totem pole era is ended, but this one is likely to endure for decades—it's been shot full of preservative and packs a tiny extinguisher on its back in case of fire. ★



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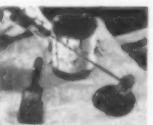
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LOCAL THEATRE

# MAILBAG



## PULLING THE LION'S TAIL

It disgusts me when some of Mailbag correspondents revert to the old lion tail-pulling idea and gabble about independence, which we already have, or the flag, which is absolutely ours. The Union Jack in the corner naturally signifies the British origin of this country. If there should be a change, which I am not against, I believe the fleur-de-lis should also be shown. The British and French peoples were the founders of this country and should be the only Canadians concerned in the matter.—A. V. Drackett, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Any Canadian worthy of the name who wants to retain the Union Jack, or that other fiasco, the Red Ensign, as a national flag should have plenty of enemies. All these flags do is remind us of battles and squabbles which we want to forget, and we will not achieve our national unity until we do. Ours is supposed to be the land of the Maple Leaf but where oh where is that Maple Leaf? Let us all, as true Canadians, put the Maple Leaf where it belongs—on our own flag.—G. B. Kennedy, Prince Albert, Sask.

I can assure M. R. Daoust, who says most Canadians want a "true wholly Canadian flag," that we will

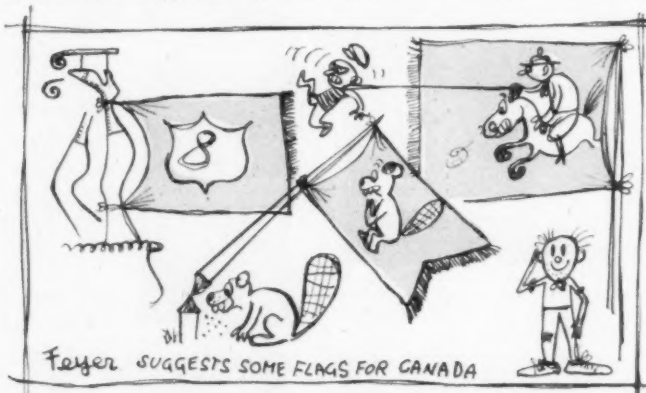
or any big British inland city during the German air raids, he would be very proud of his British citizenship.—Nora Manitus, Magog, Que.

Why not invite our artists and designers, both amateur and professional, to submit ideas before we come to a definite decision about a national flag? A committee would select the best and place them to a national vote.—B. Traxell, Borden, Sask.

If any person or group of persons is qualified to have a vote on this unnecessary business of changing our flag it should be those who lie in hospitals, those in wheelchairs, those who have been impaired by fighting for our country. . . . These are the ones to decide; not men catering for votes. . . .—G. V. C. Myles, Nashwaakasis, N.B.

### John Lofft's Rumania

I read with interest and concern John Lofft's article, My Six Weeks With the Comrades (Feb. 1). Interest, because I was with Lofft on the trip; concern, because I went to Europe with a desire to foster understanding across the main barrier separating people and thoughts today. In my opinion Lofft's article does not contribute substantially to



remain loyal to our flag, to our Crown, and to the justice and freedom which they symbolize, thus blocking the bloody advance of those who with hammer and sickle would replace unity with dissension; love with fear; and prosperity with destitution.—Sherwood J. Sugden, Toronto.

I have two suggestions to relieve M. R. Daoust of the indignation of having to live under a foreign flag. First, I would like to suggest that Mr. Daoust twist his own neck rather than that of our respected Judge Chevrier (Maclean's, Oct. 15), or, in the event that this solution should fail to obtain the desired end, that he return to the country of his origin where a flag less foreign to him than our Canadian flag obviously flies. . . .—Patrick Sutherland, Mundare, Alta.

The letter from your reader makes very sad reading. I take it the foreign country to which he refers is Great Britain. I take it also that he is Canadian born, in which case he is a British subject—of this he should be so proud—and had he lived in London,

popular support for the present government. . . .—W. E. Willmott, Montreal.

A sincere desire for peace and friendship were the only qualifications necessary to attend the Bucharest festival. This Canadian reciprocated by repeatedly denouncing his benefactors as members of a Communist front, and adversely or cynically described the individual members and their activities. . . .—S. Smith, Victoria.

I was reminded of the story of two students who were asked to write an essay on slum life. One wrote of dirt and degradation, the other of petunias and pansies. One's own attitude leads one to see accordingly.—The Rev. John Douglas, Kintore, Ont.

### Spade Work for the Blind

Referring to the article on Col. Eddie Baker (Feb. 15), one would not wish to deprive him of the admiration, credit and recognition of his courage in his accomplishments in the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, however. . . . the tendency is to forget the people who did the spade work.

In 1918 C. W. Holmes was appointed to the directorship of the Blind Institute and held that office until his resignation in 1923. The broad and lasting nature of the fundamental plans laid down and work inaugurated by Holmes received Dominion and U. S. recognition. . . . Holmes' accomplishments are the more remarkable considering the fact he was deprived of his sight at the age of eight. . . .—A. N. Risk, Kingston.

Eddie Baker's apparent nonchalance is the result of a careful and infinite study. I have met him on entering a strange hotel—he enters his room, feels carefully every piece of furniture, its position in relation to the space in the room. A day or so later I have taken strangers into his room and have thrilled to his "take the big chair in the corner" or "watch out for the table by the bed." He had memorized every stick of furniture and the capacity of his room for the convenience of his visitors. . . .—Harry Bray, Toronto.

### A Home of Their Own

Earle Beattie made some very sound observations in his article, The Longest Cold War in History (Jan. 15). Unfortunately many tenants, especially if they have children, are not in a position to rebel against unfair conditions. For these people, building a home of their own is the only solution—if they can afford it with present-day material and labor costs. If they can find fifteen or twenty others who would like to acquire a home they could form a co-operative building group and save a third or more of the cost. There is now quite a bit of literature available showing how it is done.—P. A. Haridge, Ottawa.

### Only Too Fashionable

Plaudits to Blair Fraser for his timely article, What We Don't Know About the U. S. (Jan. 15). Most of the Canadian misconceptions he has listed are only too fashionable, riding as they do on the crest of a wave of anti-U. S. sentiment. . . .

Let us always remember that there are extremes and extremists in both Canada and the United States, but that it has been a predominant sense of balance and proportion in both countries which has kept us at peace and which has drawn us closer economically and culturally than few other nations have been drawn since the beginning of history.—Blair Baillie, Vancouver.



## When the Mormons Came

I wish to call your attention to an inaccurate date in Robert Collins' article, How Lethbridge Licked the Drought (Feb. 1). Charles Ora Card, the writer's grandfather, is reported to have begun the Mormon settlement in southern Alberta in 1877. The correct date is 1887.—Brigham Y. Card, Edmonton.

## Rhymes for a Model T

Thanks to you and Bill Stephenson for your tribute to the Model T (Feb. 15). We bought one, named it Katydid and went places. Never in all the 29 years it served us did it leave us stranded away from home. For some years during that time an inch-and-a-half pipe took the place of a worn-out muffler and tail-pipe and no unusual sound betrayed the substitution.

In '24 we bought it new,  
A Model T and touring too.  
And as we drove our knowledge grew  
Of how cars go.

As years passed by it wore and wore,  
The doors all squeaked, the curtains  
tore;

But still it went with puff and roar,  
As old cars go.

On June the first of '53 we sold the  
dear old Model T,  
And both of us were grieved to see  
The old car go.

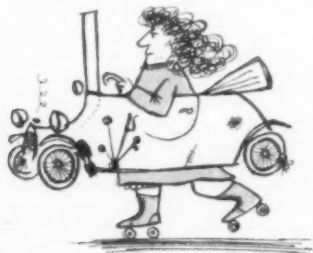
The engine sputtered, then took hold  
And on its wheels it proudly rolled.  
We turned away not to behold  
The old car go.

And so it's gone! We miss it yet.  
A better car we'll never get.  
And now we're sorry that we let  
The old car go.

—Mrs. John R. McEachern, Argyle, Ont.

● I very much enjoyed Stephenson's article but I find a few holes in it. You did not back up a hill because "she did not climb like she used to;" you backed up a hill because you were low on fuel and had to depend on gravity for the gas to reach the carburetor. Stephenson says the lights worked straight off the generator. The lights ran off the magneto until 1919 when some of them ran off the battery. He also mentioned that the Model T had no starter. The fact is that they had no starter until 1919 when they came out with starter, generator and battery.—George Leveridge, Victoria.

● . . . Backward or forward, she always made any steep grade and took the roughest roads . . . The only way to dim the lights was to honk the horn



and we had to press that button until the oncoming car had passed us . . . Bless her memory.—Mrs. M. Hilgers, Calgary.

● I still have a few woodworking tools which were used by my brother and Henry Ford once in an outshed off Woodward Avenue, Detroit, about the turn of the century when they were making patterns for castings to be used in the making of the first experimental Ford car . . . My brother had no money for the venture. He only worked.—The Rev. Leonard Bartlett, Thamesville, Ont.

● . . . How well I recall watching my dad cranking in vain to get Lizzie started. Finally in disgust he aimed a well-placed kick at her front fender. The motor roared into life . . . On another cold winter morning, having jacked up a rear wheel to ease cranking and having started the motor, the vibration was so great the car jumped the jack and headed down the road with my dad running after it yelling, "Whoa, Lizzie! Whoa!"—C. S. Gris, Kimberley, B.C.

## Charge Your Glasses!

Allow me to thank you, and to congratulate you, on your editorial, Our Ice-Water Loyalty (March 1). It is both timely and to the point. Did you ever hear a Canadian Club, for



example, sing God Save the Queen? The members show no enthusiasm and give little thought to the words . . . They fail to recognize that the anthem is not a funeral dirge.—W. R. Francis, Prince Albert, Sask.

## They Want Censorship

I have been becoming increasingly alarmed over your attacks editorially on such things as Communism censorship and film censorship. You have become too complacent and free thinking. Your hatred of McCarthyism is disgusting. Senator McCarthy is a man who is willing to sacrifice his personal happiness and safety to destroy and bring to light a great enemy of our time. Communism will never flourish if exposed to the brightness of day. Your worst editorial was the one in which you criticized film censorship (As Usual, the Censor Defeats His Own Ends, Feb. 15) . . . —Mary Tierney, Clinton, Ont.

● Your bland assumption that censoring "defeats its own ends" is unsupported by facts today . . . —Harry McKervey, Rocky Mountain House, Alta.

● Your editorial follows the pattern of other editorials sniping at Catholic Quebec and Catholics in general . . . —Mrs. J. Palmer, Southey, Sask.

## Somebody Loves Us

I thought you would be interested in the graceful tribute paid to Maclean's by Rosita Forbes in her magnificent book, Appointment with the Sun! On page 378 she says that Canadians were reading, "their favorite magazine—probably Maclean's: the beacon of reasoned and informed opinion from Quebec to Vancouver Island."—Fred Vernham, Vancouver.

● May I say how much we enjoy your magazine and that as a journalist myself I particularly admire the quality of your reporters and feature writers.—Pierre Marty-Picard, Paris, France.

● I consider Maclean's the best of its kind anywhere.—George C. Lloyd, Eau Claire, Wis.

● My mother quotes it more than her Bible.—Mrs. R. D. Sperry, Halifax.

● Your editorials should be required reading for every Canadian.—Mrs. G. H. Loane, Fredericton, N.B. ★

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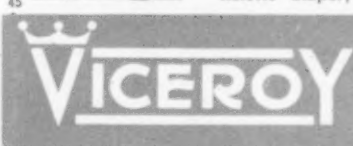


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A FIVE-YEAR-OLD in Guelph, Ont., went to visit some friends who pointed out that he had his shoes on the wrong feet. With a sheepish grin and without a word of comment the boy crossed his legs, and stood in that position for the remainder of his visit.

A country clergyman calling on one of his parishioners in Queens County, P.E.I., asked for the family Bible so that he might read a few passages before he left. The head of the house sent his younger son to get it. "Quick, get the Bible, Willy," he said. "You know that big book we all read so much." The boy was back in a moment with Eaton's mail-order catalogue.

Victoria, B.C., continues to have trouble with censored publications. The Totem Theatre, seeking a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, a racy French picture magazine featuring pages of gorgeous girls and night-life scenes, found it is banned in Canada. They needed the magazine as a prop for the play *The Happy Time*, but finally settled for *Homes and Gardens* on the theory that it couldn't be seen from the audience anyway.

In Fredericton, N.B., government officials were puzzled when a cross check between recipients of blind pensions and those holding drivers' licenses was made. It was found that fourteen names of motor vehicle license holders corresponded with names on the list of blind pensioners. In one case a blind pensioner holding a driver's license had been the operator of a school bus during 1952.

A curious piece of news appeared in the *Kitchener, Ont., Record* in its report on the local Red Cross Society. Speaking of Red Cross work at Freeport Sanatorium the paper noted that "more than 3,800 girls were given to inmates during the year."

Taxes and increased postage rates seem to have rendered some citizens slightly punchy. A young man went into an Edmonton drugstore and said firmly to the clerk: "I'd like five dollars' worth of four cent stamps." "That's a lot of stamps," the clerk said pleasantly. "Yes it is," was the answer. "I wouldn't be buying this many either if I hadn't heard they were going up in price."

In Prince Rupert a judge fined an Indian woman two dollars and fifty cents for crossing the street against a red light. She paid the clerk with a five dollar bill but didn't wait for change. The judge noticed this and remarked that she should wait for her money. "That's okay," she said, "I got to cross back to the other side."

When the chief of police in Sydney, N.S., advertised for an extra patrolman the most likely candidate for the job was an immense young Scot whose English was not very good, but whose physique was magnificent. He was hired and assigned to a beat on Charlotte and Esplanade Streets. Early one morning he came on a dead horse in the middle of Esplanade Street, pulled out his flashlight and began writing a report in his note-



book. "3.30 a.m. found a dead horse on . . ." but he could not spell Esplanade. He scratched his head, then carefully replaced book, pencil and flashlight in his pocket, grabbed the horse by its two hind legs and dragged it three blocks to Pitt Street. Then with a satisfied smile on his face he began again: "3.30 a.m. found a dead horse on Pitt Street . . ."

Though many Toronto landladies still refuse to have any truck with children one man found a temporary solution to his problem. When he enquired about rooms the landlady asked him if he was married and had children. He told the woman that his wife and two children were in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. "I'm sorry to hear that," she said, and accepted two months' rent in advance. A few hours later he returned with the wife and the two children. The landlady was furious. "You told me they were in the cemetery," she said. "That's true," he replied, "but I didn't say they were dead." The landlady took a liking to the children and they stayed longer than two months.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.





## S CURVE

Keep your eyes open on sharp curves and S-turns. They account for many of the accidents that maim or kill thousands of Canadians every year. Straightening highways will help save lives.



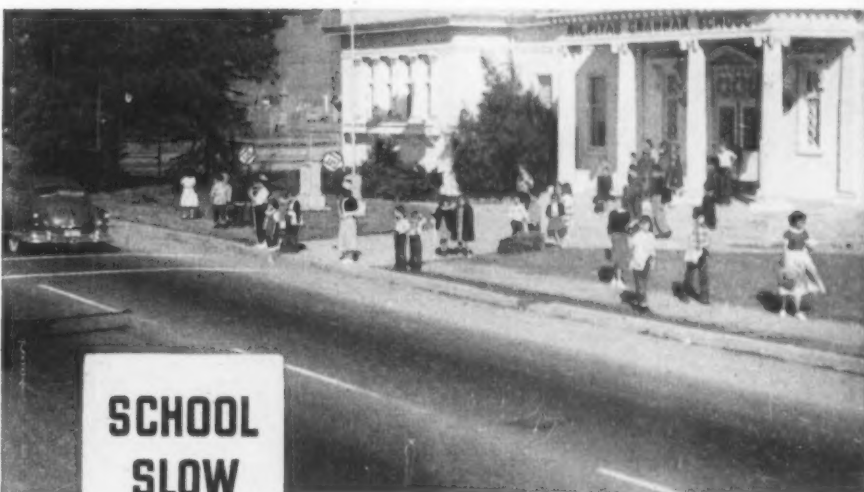
## SOFT SHOULDER

Drive carefully when you see this sign. If you're going too fast you may skid off into mud and wind up in a hospital. Good maintenance with a motor grader can provide wide, firm shoulders.



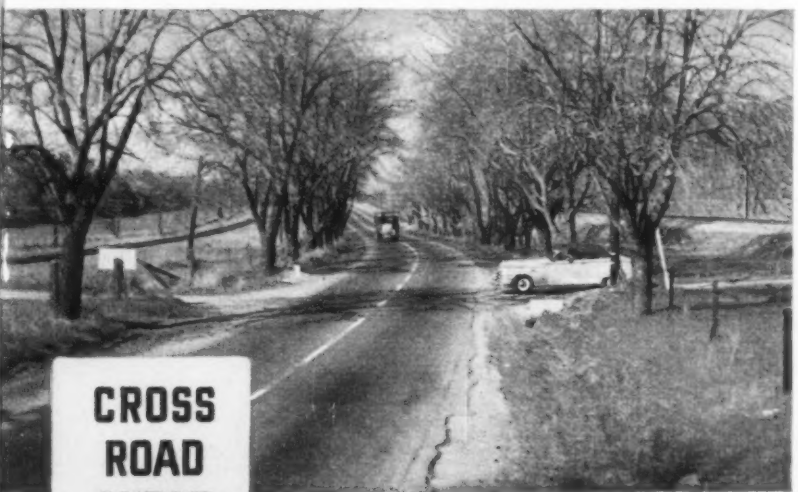
## NARROW BRIDGE

Here is a bad one! Approach with caution and don't try meeting another car here. All culverts and bridges should be built to highway width, and highways should be wide enough for safe passing.



## SCHOOL SLOW

Slow is right! Remember, those children have to cross, and they trust you to let them do it safely. Some day all busy highways will bypass towns, and more youngsters will live to grow up.



## CROSS ROAD AHEAD

Watch this one! Wherever two roads intersect, there are likely to be crashes and deaths. Overpasses cost money, but they eliminate accidents. Let's stop murder at the crossroads!

*Do you realize the price you pay for poor roads? The steadily climbing highway accident rate is more than a disgrace to the motoring public. It's a financial drain on the whole economy. And it's a daily threat hanging over you and your family. Give your support to every sound highway improvement program. Speak up for better, safer roads!*

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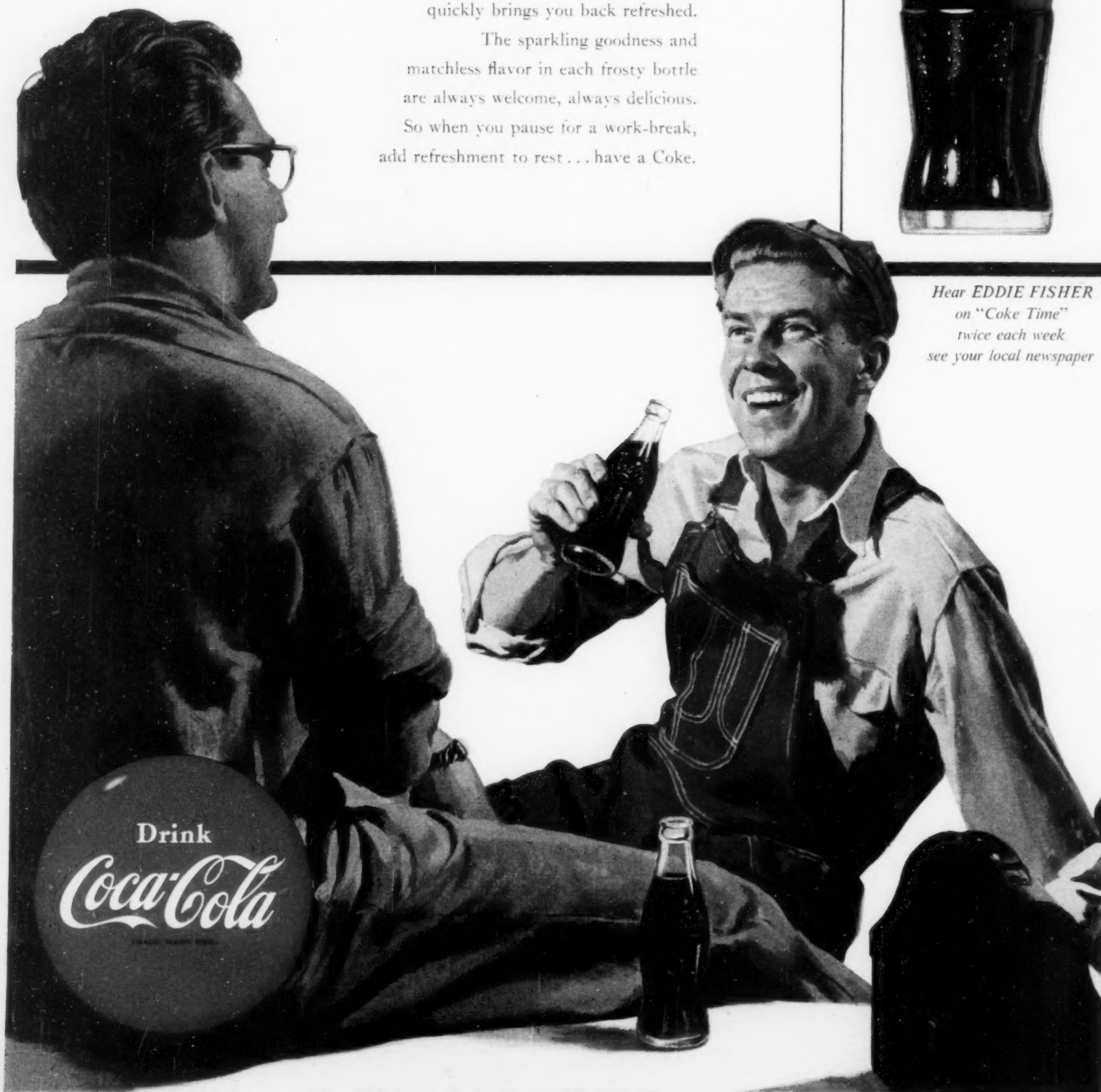
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 15, 1954



